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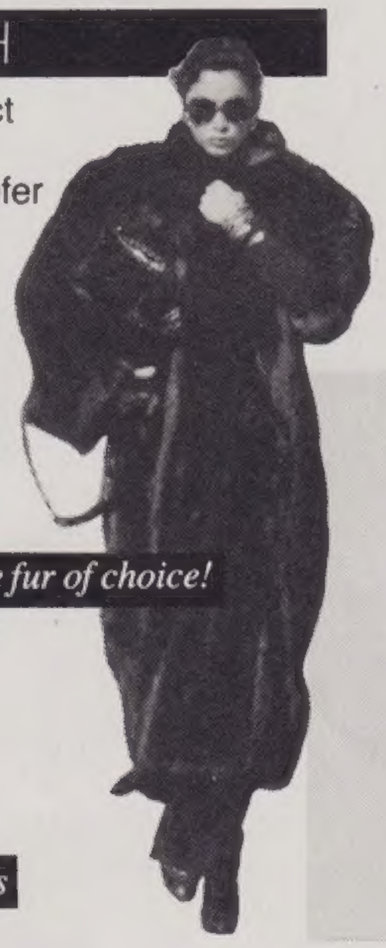

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Vogue ISSN 0042-8000 is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Robert J. Lapham, President; Eric C. Anderson, Treasurer; Pamela M. van Zandt, Secretary. Second-Class postage paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year; $46 for two years. In Canada, $43 for one year, $84 for two years. Elsewhere, $45 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies in U.S., $3; in Canada, $3.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on last label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. VOL. 175, NO. 12, WHOLE NO. 3245. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. However, Vogue cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder CO 80322

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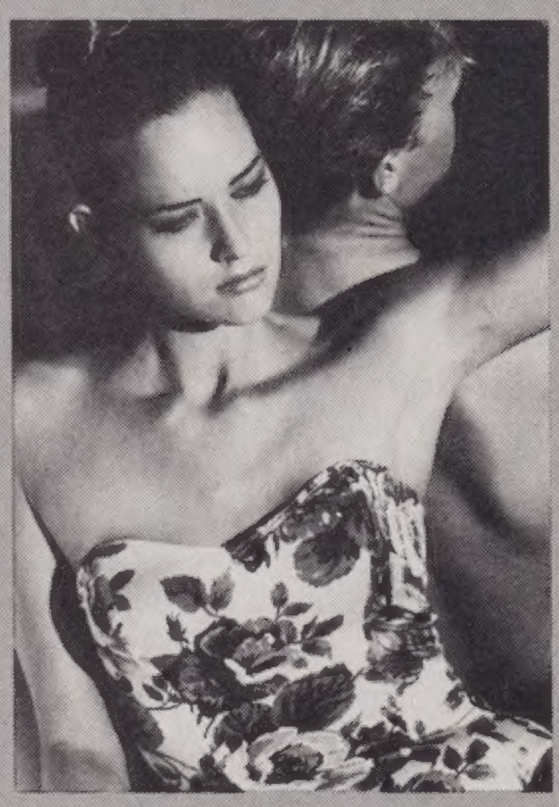

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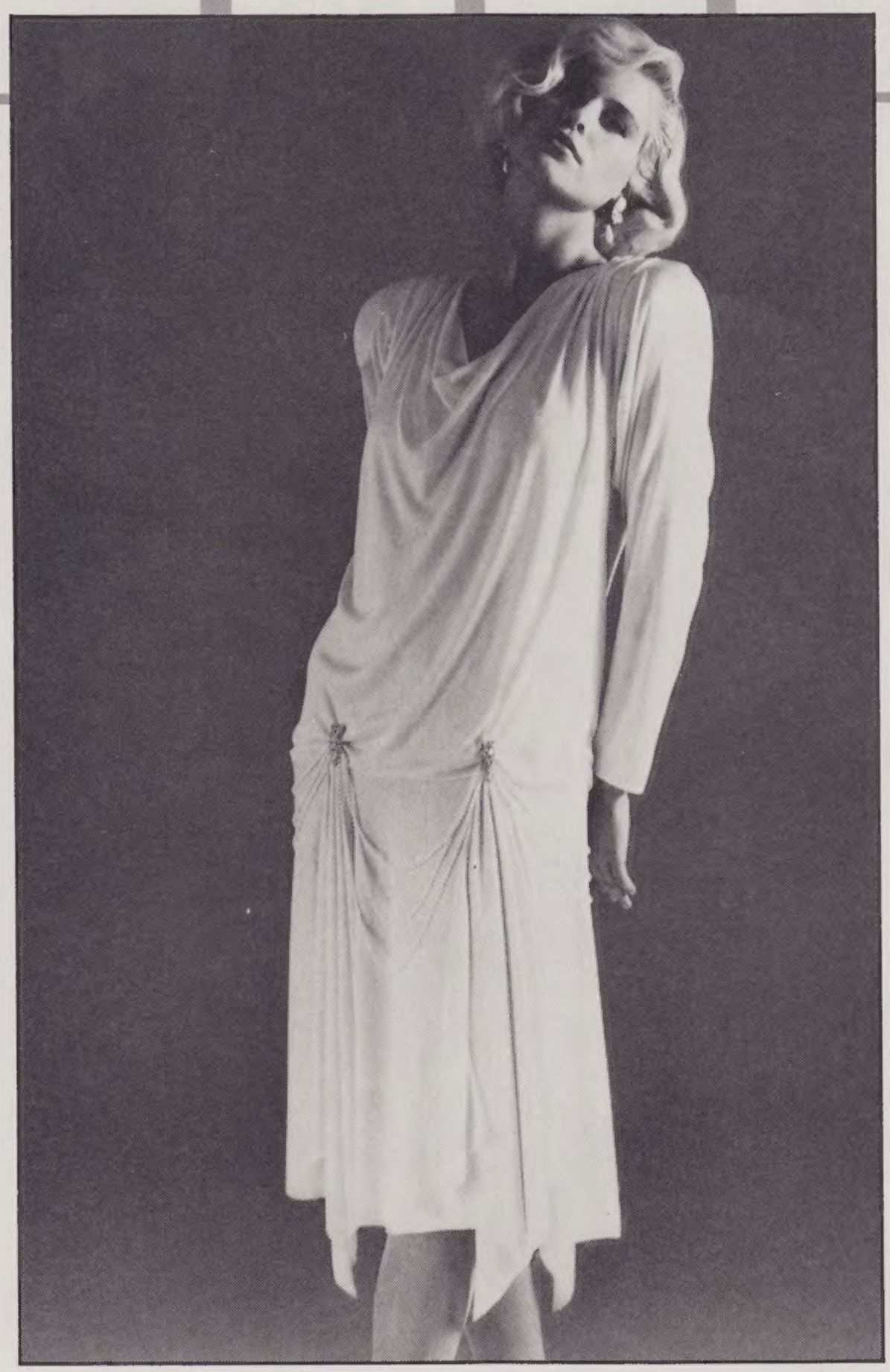

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PERRY ELLIS SHOES

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My latest list of what I like and don't like so much about women.

My dislikes.

1. A woman who tells you everything. As soon as you've met her.

2. Who can't go to the movies by herself.

3. A woman who wears exercise clothes when she isn't exercising.

4. Who uses a pencil to dial the phone.

5. Who reads book reviews. Instead of books.

6. A woman who calls everyone darling.

7. Who thinks it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once.

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My likes.

1. A woman whose best friend is a man.

2. A woman who loves dogs that are bigger than cats.

3. Who enjoys getting dressed for dinner. At home.

4. Who sings, loud, even though she's tone deaf.

5. A woman who gets mad. And isn't afraid to say so.

6. A woman who sends a man flowers, just because it's raining.

7. Who doesn't think it's extravagant to buy two bottles of perfume at once. Mine, of course.

Bill Blass

Bill Blass Perfume.
At the Ultima II counter.

Marshall Field's

Rickie Freeman
for
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Lillie Rubin

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Bill Blass

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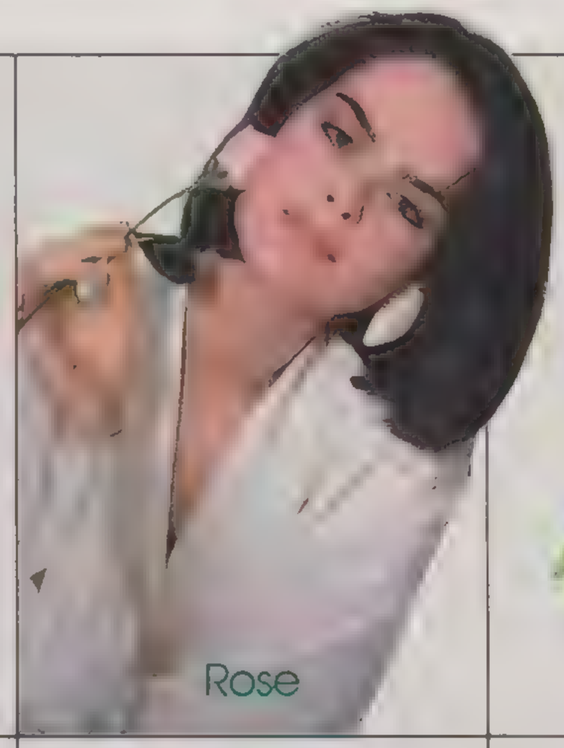

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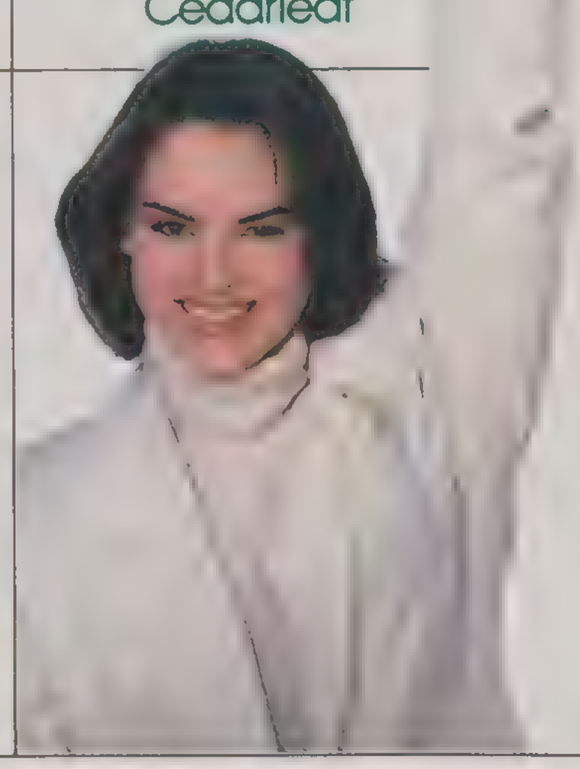

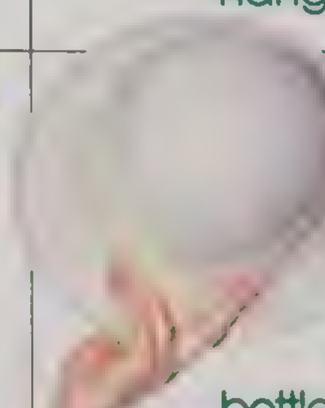

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BRITISH VOGUE Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W1R OAD
FRENCH VOGUE 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, 75007 Paris GERMAN VOGUE 44 Leopoldstrasse 8000 München 40
ITALIAN VOGUE Piazza Castello 27, Milan VOGUE AUSTRALIA is published by Bernard Leser Publications Pty. Ltd.
BRAZILIAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial Ltda. MEXICAN VOGUE is published by Carta Editorial de Mexico

VOGUE is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017
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The lift of fragrance, the pleasure of color... evening makeup—fast!

Neutrals are the mainstays of most women's makeup "wardrobes." And why not? They're comfortable—reliable, appropriate, and very attractive. But before they become utterly *predictable*, let's reconsider color . . . not odd neons, not color for color's sake, but wearable, enhancing colors—especially now, at a time when skin can really use the lift. At *left* and on our cover, on model Alexa Singer, variations of pink and lavender with depth and intensity on eyes, a bright flash on lips—all by Revlon: Superfrost Pink and Sterling Iris shadows; In the Pink blusher; Fuchsia Forward glossed with Starlight on lips. Silver body suit by Stevi Brooks. Cap by Zigou; collar by Philip Cantrell. Hair by Garren for Garren, NYC; makeup by Ariella. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

RELAX Easier said than done, yes, but one tempting means seems to fit at least occasionally into even the most active woman's life: a slow, fragrant bath. "Slow" depends on the bather but for "fragrant," there's delightful help on the way . . . Bob Mackie's brilliant-floral body lotion with its very feminine, difficult-to-capture freesia note; the dynamic green/floral of Armani Bath and Shower Gel in a tube soothes dry/sensitive skin (and could even transform a shower at the gym). And afterbath, a real splurge: scented, glimmered bath powders to polish skin—the racy, dazzling Maxim's de Paris (a complex of florals, fruits, with a kick of amber) in luminescent gold. From Chanel, the right numbers—No. 5's pale pink, No. 19's mint green, No. 22's lavender—powders that add gloss where they're visible (on collarbone, shoulders), fragrance where they're not. Jovan's version: Musk Evening Edition lotion moisturizes, scents, and gilds in one easy sweep . . . Fragrance collections—soap, lotion, and powder—offer ways to layer, build, and lengthen a scent's wear, underscore its richness. The idea has been organized in the floral purity of Le Jardin de Max Factor; in Houbigant Lutèce's lush Rose de Mai/peony/mandarin mix; and the very practical pleasure of scent that travels well—Adolfo's portable lotion, cologne, bathing gel.

As men actually try—and find they like—wearing fragrance, caring for skin, those products evolve, become more sophisticated. Take the latest Aramis: called Tuscany, it has a smooth, gutsy intensity that's Italian in essence (lemon, lime, orange, oregano, cumin, and musk notes) and style (a handsome "columned" bottle in a tailored leather case)—irresistible....As for skin: When Erno Laszlo discovered that 7 percent of their skin-care users were men, they decided to formulate skin-care rituals that tackled men's skin challenges—shaving, harsh weather, sports stresses—individualized to the man; new at Laszlo counters.

DAY TO NIGHT: QUICK-SWITCH BEAUTY

In a festive, frantic month, some beauty effects that make the transition from day to evening with real speed, real drama: • frosted peachy-pink loose powder touched on browbones, high on cheekbones • translucent loose powder brushed all over the face, lips stained with matte, true-red lip color • the spark of creamy gold eyeshadow on outer corners of the eyes, on browbone, and through brows (the means: Chanel Topaz French Glow highlighter) • gold mascara on lashes *and* brows • gold gloss slicked over matte day lipstick • the quick definition of brows darkened, eyes liquid-lined, lips matte red (try this with skin "paled" with light foundation; one with a golden, not a chalky, cast) • for the most romantic, sheer, opalescent wash: Princess Marcella Borghese Tinta Trasparente Eyecolour Mousses • for the ease of having it all in one *small* place: IS and PupaColor makeup kits—reduced to the size of an index card and newly stocked with iridescent evening makeups • Plexiglas overlays, or polish-on-a-stick *(pictured right)*, at Manhasset, New York's Nubest & Company Salon instantly show how a nail color (or a textured or jeweled ornamentation!) "reads" on a woman's own hand • the slickest thing on nails: Aziza's quick-on, quick-dry Polishing Pen in every option from natural to classic red to pearlized lacquers.

ROXANNE LOWIT

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YOUR LETTERS

September salute
As a first-time subscriber to Vogue (though I used to page through my aunt's copies as a girl), I feel compelled to comment on your catalogue-sized September issue!

I took the magazine, plus a community project and some church reading, along on my husband's and my annual R&R to Vail. For ten not uninterrupted hours, I relaxed and reveled in each of those 786 pages. I read every article, particularly those on health, both mental and physical, and the book reviews, as I perform dramatic book reviews. The fascinating fashions always give me ideas for my own as well as my daughters' wardrobes. . . .

When the time comes, I plan to renew my subscription. Keep up the good work!

Pata Kenning
Littleton CO

A light at the opera
Peter Watrous' article on Erie Mills, "The Diva's Progress" [September 1985], was most welcome. We who have been privileged to hear her in the hinterland via performances with Minnesota Opera, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, Minneapolis Chamber Ensemble, and American Public Radio already know what New York audiences are learning—namely, she has a glorious coloratura soprano and a terrific personality. Frankly, I don't know what's taken New York so long. . . .

Leslie Radloff
W. St. Paul MN

Beyond the baby boom
As an eighteen-year-old entering college this month, I found Leslie Bennetts' article "Baby Fever" [August 1985] very interesting. I have always known that I wanted a career *and* children, but many of my peers do not share my views on motherhood. I wonder what Miss Bennetts would find if she questioned some girls my age on the subject. Have the outlooks of younger women changed so much since career women began to "make it" over a decade ago? I think not.

B.J. LaRochelle
Baton Rouge LA

Pornography: the alert is on
I am writing in response to Hillary Johnson's article "Does Porn Hurt Women?" in the September 1985 issue. In the scene she described in the movie *Tool Box Murders*, I believe the man actually carries a nail gun instead of a rifle. This scene was shown on the Phil Donahue show. It makes me very, very sad that so much of our human population has been brainwashed to believe it is acceptable even to think this behavior is okay. I wish articles like this, concerning treatment (violent) by men towards women, would be published in the men's magazines, for example, *GQ*. As a first-year student at law school, I hope eventually to support women in their battle against violent pornography. An excellent article. . . .

Kathryn Vaughan
Norman OK

Fifty years of Vogue
Vogue is, and always has been, the matchmaker in the successful marriage of two art forms: fashion and photography.

While researching your Christmas issue of 1936, I found a letter from an appreciative fan of one photographer, Mr. Horst, singing his praises; and now, nearly a half-century later, I want to express the same thanks, only more so. Horst, Penn, Avedon, and fabulous Sheila Metzner, new girl on the block, all in one issue!

Can one ask for more—except, perhaps, someone to carry my September Vogue for me?

Sandy Schreier
Southfield MI

New vacation "trends"
Jan Morris' article in Vogue (August, 1985) on Santa Fe, New Mexico, was an exercise in how to be boring and ooze reverse hip pretense in one long, "snap, crackly" breath.

We all know what's bad about "tourist" towns and we also recognize the grinding sound of the trendiest one-upping the trendy, but now too trendy, but still okay because I'm writing about it. I'm no "tourist," I'm an "artiste." Nobody can pull the wool over my eyes. No, we wouldn't want you to look bad, going to an outdated trend spot without being the first to acknowledge it, and still accepting it—arms akimbo. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Santa Fe, even if it was teeming with the likes of Jan Morris, would still retain its essence, oblivious to transient human commercialism.

L.A. Zacher
New York NY

Advantages of being adopted
I was so glad to see your article about adopted children in the "Mind Health" page of your August issue.

I was adopted and used to feel that my parents loved my sister, their biological daughter, more than they loved me. I now know that this is not true. I am obviously quite special if they cared enough to adopt me.

You were 100 percent correct, at least to this adoptee, in saying that adoptees felt more in control of their lives. My parents are wonderful and have given me a terrific life as their own daughter. I really couldn't have asked for any better. Thanks so much!

Amy C. Horne
Easton MD

The other side of Italy
Thank you for finally setting the record straight. Thanks to Gini Alhadeff's article ["Italian Pleasures in New York"] in the "Celebrating Italy" section of the September issue, I don't have to do any explaining about my ancestors in the "French Italy of Piedmonte." For years people didn't know about this province, or about the people, the fine-boned aristocratic race of the Alps. Now, if only you could do an article concerning our foods, untypically Italian, our *bagna calda*, our *pascoi*, and our *sabayon*. Not to mention the resorts of the Alps and the design schools of Torino. Thanks. *Grazia sempre*.

Liz Roberts
Saddle Brook NJ

Setting the record straight
Lisa Liebmann's "Art" column about Judy Chicago's *The Birth Project* (August, 1985) errs in describing this nonprofit corporation as one which "supports her." Quite the contrary! Judy Chicago has never received a salary or fee from the corporation; indeed, she paid studio rent for the space in which she worked on the project in our headquarters. Likewise, Liebmann erred in describing the needleworkers' expenses. The nonprofit corporation raised and spent about $350,000 to fund the making of The Birth Project—studio materials, fabric, thread, and the exhibition presentation format. On an average, this means that each needleworker was given $3500 in out-of-pocket cash support for the project she stitched—which was then exhibited with her credits prominently featured.

Show me another needlework project where stitchers can give time in return for $3500 worth of materials, assurance that their work will be loaned to museums and other sites, and ongoing care of the work in perpetuity—and I'll be impressed and amazed! Few stitchers get that kind of support.

Incidentally, Judy Chicago gave all the finished works to the nonprofit corporation. She cannot participate in any funds recouped from their distribution.

We are still $100,000 in debt from the costs of completing the project and welcome tax-deductible contributions. Perhaps if we had charged people a fee to work on it, as architect Paolo Soleri does, as artist Red Grooms's workshop does, and as noted archaeologists do to finance projects, we would not be facing this deficit. However, we charged no fee, and supplied expensive materials. I'm afraid that is so unusual that it is often misunderstood.

Mary Ross Taylor
Executive Director
Through The Flower
Benicia CA

A man's home—his museum?
A point you failed to mention in your article about Yannis Gaïtis [on the "Living" page by Barbara Plumb, August 1985 issue]: He died of cancer about a year ago. His house on Ios may be turned into a Gaïtis museum.

Michele Biety
Kyklades Greece

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Y S A T I S

Une rencontre

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BEAUTYSTYLE

What's news in beauty and fitness? Just about everything ...as you'll be reading here: people...places... trends...ideas. By Andrea Robinson and Dorothy Schefer

ARE LOOKS KEY TO A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE? ACCORDING TO YALE PSYCHOLOGIST ROBERT STERNBERG, THE SURPRISING ANSWER IS YES. "A MAN CONTINUES TO CARE ABOUT HIS WIFE'S PHYSICAL ATTRACTIVENESS; THE MORE ATTRACTIVE HE FEELS SHE IS, THE MORE SUCCESSFUL THE RELATIONSHIP IN THE LONG RUN."

DEATH BY CHOCOLATE...

That's the name New Yorkers have dubbed one of the best chocolate truffle-cake desserts being served in some of the city's best restaurants. "Food of Our Own Design" (201/762-0985)—whose concoction it is—doesn't have a clue why people call it that...and while they won't reveal the ingredients, they did oblige us by adding up its calories: approximately 400 per one-inch slice! If you think that's a lot, another version offered at America, is, they claim, *1000 calories per slice!*

FIT FOOD

● IF YOU CAN'T GET INTO A SPA THIS MONTH—AND WHO CAN IF SHE DIDN'T BOOK MONTHS AGO?—NEXT BEST: THE MEAL PLANS IN *SPA FOOD* (BY EDWARD SAFDIE; CLARKSON N. POTTER, INC.). THE PHOTOS—BY LILO RAYMOND—ARE EVIDENCE OF THE FACT THAT LOW-CAL FOOD CAN BE ANYTHING BUT DREARY...

Ballet's loss is women's gain, *since professional dancer* ***Stephanie Herman*** *began her one-on-one exercise business. Though it can be disconcerting working out with a ballerina when you see what her body can do, exercise with Stephanie is always fun. Each private class varies from session to session—routines are never dull—and her manner is supportive, encouraging. Why does she want to work out with men and women? Says Stephanie, "I spent so many years in training, I know a lot about the body. I enjoy giving to women who don't know anything about their bodies and sharing my knowledge with them." One woman who exercises with Stephanie—Bergdorf Goodman president Dawn Mello—is so pleased, she's just asked Herman to organize a class for Bergdorf Goodman execs on a regular basis at the store. (212/496-2213).*

STAR SECRETS

Get ready! Cher, who was in NYC trying to sell her beauty and fitness secrets to the highest bidder, has teamed up with Robert Haas (remember him? he was Martina's nutritionist and author of Eat To Win—New American Library/Signet) to write what's being called the definitive health and fitness book (rumor has it the advance for their effort—due in '88—is one million dollars). But you won't have to wait that long to get more "advice" from nutritionist Haas. The title of his newest book, out next month, Eat to Succeed (Rawson Associates).

EXACT COLOR... that's what women searching for a perfect foundation match look for, but do not always find. Companies know foundation "loyalty" is near zero, as women hop from brand to brand looking for a better match. To help: Prescriptives' foundation awareness—a more personalized approach to choosing the right foundation—a forerunner to their overwhelming success with Custom Blended Foundation. The evidence: the Fifty-eighth Street entrance of NYC's Bergdorf Goodman, where two women can usually be seen conversing, looking into a mirror—just part of the Custom Blending procedure using natural light to help find your exact color match.

MAIL-ORDER BEAUTY

As "free" time diminishes and shopping falls to the bottom of Things To Do, cosmetics companies are looking for other ways of providing *service*—the current beauty buzzword...

● Look for more mail order/direct mail trends. Surprising examples: Catherine Deneuve's new scent, due March...and Giorgio Sant' Angelo's environmentals.

● Phone-ins...Lancôme, for example, answers any questions their Biotherm customers have about their new treatment line, on an 800 phone number.

● Two of the best mail-order beauty kits:
For makeup, Marilyn Miglin's, whose order form is "swatched" to show every color (112 East Oak St., Chicago, IL 60611)...and for skin: Simone France's simple and easy-to-follow skin caring...getting great word-of-mouth. Simone France, 220 East 54 St., NY, NY 10022.

Modern Times

● In addition to listing movies/theaters/clubs, London's *Time Out* has added a new category: *Mind and Body*, announcing the week's events related to "health, growth, and fitness."

● Calling it a "subject of increasing relevance to all Americans," *Time* magazine recently announced its new "Health and Fitness" section, which will appear on a regular basis...And, a recent cover story in *The Economist*—the conservative financial weekly: "The Western Way To Die"—detailing facts especially pertinent to their readers, the movers and shakers in the business world. The subjects covered: death from heart disease, poor diet habits, lack of exercise.

● Newest Filofax "organizer" for women: a twelve-month computer-printed menstrual/fertility chart that helps you to keep track...

BEAUTY RX

WHILE MORE AND MORE SKIN CREAMS HAVE BEEN LABELED AS OVER-THE-COUNTER TREATMENTS, NONE REQUIRED A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION—UNTIL NOW. FIRST TO NEED ONE: A THERAPEUTIC HAND/BODY LOTION CALLED LAC-HYDRIN, DEVELOPED BY WESTWOOD PHARMACEUTICALS FOR MODERATE TO EXTREMELY DRY SKIN AND AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH YOUR DOCTOR...

Flight Cream?

We all know what flying does to skin. (If you don't, check out your dinner roll next time you fly. The roll hardens within a half hour, as moisture is leeched from it by dry cabin air.) To combat the "stress" of skin exposed to frequent air travel, Prescriptives—a very modern-thinking company—has developed Flight Cream (to be launched in February) with ingredients that hydrate skin and enhance natural color (you know how pasty tired, dry skin can look). It's billed as a "booster shot" for dehydrated skin; we can't wait to try it...

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What's new—
Movies,
Art, Music,
TV,
Theater...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

ME TARZAN, YOU ISAK DINESEN

Africa on film— from the ridiculous to the sublime

Streep and Redford in Sydney Pollack's *Out of Africa*

Bogart with [illegible] in *African Queen*

One monkey shines in *Jungle Manhunt*

In her memoir, *Out of Africa*, which is coming out this month as a movie with Meryl Streep and Robert Redford, Isak Dinesen wrote of a radiant night spent on the Masai Reserve, lit by a single star, "like a silver point in the sky of citrine topaz," and of her sense of oneness, her special covenant, with the place. "The air was cold to the lungs, the long grass dripping wet, and the herbs on it gave out their spiced astringent scent. In a little while on all sides, the Cicada would begin to sing. The grass was me, and the air, the distant invisible mountains were me, the tired oxen were me. I breathed with the slight night-wind in the thorn-trees."

As a boy, I longed for Africa and that feeling of exultation and belonging that Dinesen spoke of, as I have longed for few things in life and with the kind of hopeless ardor that you can sustain only when you are a child. With its thick, vine-woven jungles and teeming plains, Africa was for me what Paris or the Orient are for others: an exotic ideal where all possibilities for romance and adventure could be realized. Not a real place exactly, but a place where the real geography overlaps with some imaginary world you hold within yourself. In the strictest sense, my childhood passion had nothing to do with the real Africa; certainly not the Africa of famines or apartheid. Instead, the Africa of my imagination was the Africa that most of us know from pulp fiction and movies; from the twenty-six *Tarzan* novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, who never once set foot in Africa; from Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan who starred in six of the *Tarzan* movies based on Burroughs' books; from H. Rider Haggard's *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*; from *Mogambo* and *Hatari* and *The African Queen*; and, later, from Hemingway and Dinesen.

With its great white hunters—big *bwanas* like Clark Gable, John Wayne, and Gregory Peck standing their ground in the face of charging lions, and cool British colonialists shepherding long lines of chanting *totos* through *juju* country—the Hollywood Africa was as much a fantasy as L. Frank Baum's *Oz*. (What most often passed for the dark jungles of the Congo was actually, at least in the Weissmuller *Tarzan* films, a wooded area in North Hollywood.) It was a racist fantasy, too, a white Africa where blacks figured primarily as beasts of burden and crocodile bait; or, to nudge the stereotypes up in time, a black Africa where, for instance, in *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, which has become the all-time top-grossing foreign film, both the primitive and civilized natives are portrayed as slapstick caricatures.

My obsession with the African continent was sparked, as a child, by the allure of its great, mysterious beasts, which seemed to spring not from life, but from the pages of a storybook; and by the idea of living alone in the trees, away from adults, wild and unfettered. Later, my interest was bound up more with matters of style, with the strict codes of behavior that I thought at the time had something to do with manliness and honor, and with sex. That the big skies of Africa, the tumbling waterfalls, the lion hunts,

O'Sullivan and Weissmuller as Jane and Tarzan

and safari camps were sexy was well understood by Burroughs and Hollywood and Hemingway. I don't know if it was the movies I fell in love with, watching the silhouette of Maureen O'Sullivan's body against the side of her tent in *Tarzan and His Mate*, but I fell in love with something. What I learned from Ava Gardner in *Mogambo* and Elsa Martinelli in *Hatari* was something different: that a woman is never more desirable than when wearing jodhpurs or frolicking with baby elephants.

The walk from Hemingway's Africa to Dinesen's is not such a long one. Though the two writers never met, their paths crossed in curious ways: when Hemingway accepted his Nobel Prize in 1954, Dinesen was one of three authors who, he claimed, was more deserving. And Robert Wilson, the red-faced hunter in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," is rumored to have been based on her husband, the Baron Bror von Blixen (who in the film of *Out of Africa*, is played by Klaus Maria Brandauer, star of *Colonel Redl*). Still, the few steps that separate the two Africas make a great difference. Both Dinesen and Hemingway wrote about a country that challenged and exhilarated them, and in a way that served their own purposes. Hemingway seemed to respect Africa, as a testing ground like the bull rings of Spain, the battlefields of Italy, or women anywhere, more than he loved it. The war within him was always the same war: he could have been anywhere. In *Out of Africa*, Dinesen often embroidered the truth, turning fact into fiction, but she wrote from her genuine awe and affection for the place and its people. Reading the crisp, heart-sprung descriptions of her African world, you feel that she saw the place cleanly, that it was still a place of dreams and romance, but that somehow it had been shaken free of a lot of nonsense and returned to you as you had imagined it, stern and majestic and hauntingly beautiful.—HAL HINSON

DOUGLAS KIRKLAND and Universal City Studios, Inc The Bettmann Archives Movie Star News Photofeque

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Kurosawa (*left*) scales the heights with *Ran*, and star Tatsuya Nakadai

MARTIAL ART: The triumph of the New York Film Festival

Ran, the twenty-seventh film by the great Japanese director Akira Kurosawa, seventy-five, is a swirling epic full of sound and fury, a retelling of *King Lear* against the crimson background of Japan's sixteenth-century feudal wars. There is certainly no sign of flagging energy in this virile parable of filial disloyalty and bloody vengeance.

Though Kurosawa has recast Lear's daughters as sons in his film, he has given the role of villain to the old king's daughter-in-law who seeks revenge for his annihilation of her family and possessions. Most of *Ran*'s emotional electricity is provided by these two arch enemies: Tatsuya Nakadai, as old Lord Hidetora, conveys with heartbreaking solemnity the growing insanity of the stripped and defeated chieftain, while Mieko Harada's bone-chilling Lady Kaede is the magnet of the film, all calculated passion as she seduces her brother-in-law, icy calm as she demands the head of his wife.

Ultimately *Ran* (''chaos'') is a glorious contradiction—a meditation on the life of the sword and its horrors, as well as an irresistible and painterly tribute to that life. The ferocious courage of equestrian soldiers, charging in intersecting lines and planes with their banners the color of blood, makes it one of the most beautiful war movies ever made.

—MOLLY HASKELL

© RANCINAN-SYGMA

HAVING IT ALL, HOLLYWOOD STYLE

With a fall line of the sort of powerhouse women's roles we haven't seen since the Golden Age of the studio system, Hollywood, the artful seducer, made up for a summer (if not a decade) of benign neglect. Exit baby and bully pix and enter The Women....not just strong women, but towering, uncompromising women in Oscar-sized performances.

Where did they come from, these dynamos, and the actresses to play them? A government employee, Marie Ragghianti of *Marie*, who takes on the state of Tennessee; *Sweet Dreams*' Patsy Cline whose talent and no-holds-barred confidence made her the top woman country singer of them all—historical public figures and private goddesses, women who hold their own with men and face down whole societies. All of them are larger than life yet lifelike, thanks to the richly measured, peak-of-their-career performances of Jessica Lange (*Sweet Dreams*), Glenn Close (*Jagged Edge*), Sissy Spacek (*Marie*), and Meryl Streep (*Plenty*).

If these heroines come from a fascinating diversity of backgrounds, they also share in the conflict deemed universal to ''strong'' women: i.e., between the urge to Be Somebody and the no-less-powerful urge to yield—to the magnetic male, to the call of the nest.

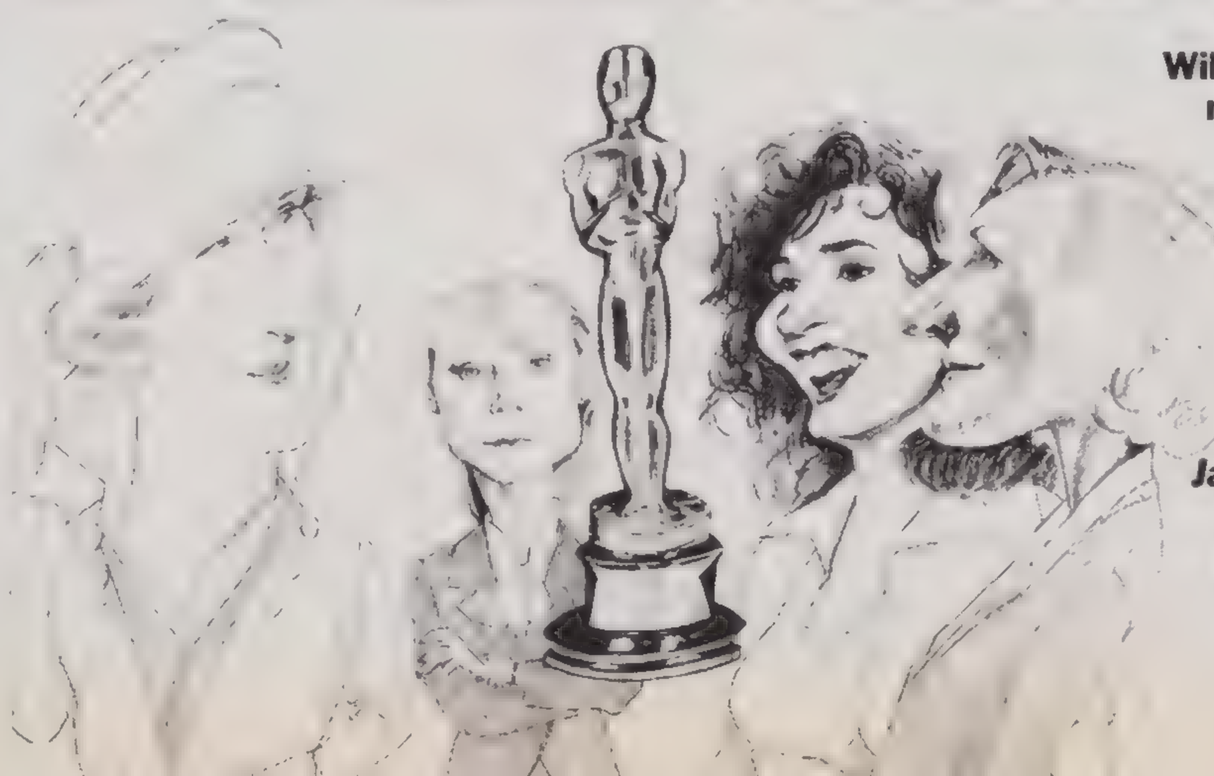
Whether from a fumbling attempt to show the divided loyalties of a woman's life, or simply to reassure middle-American audiences that these daring Wonderwomen are ''real'' women underneath, movies like *Marie* and *Sweet Dreams* underline the domestic side of life, but the effort has the tacked-on feeling of a knee-jerk reflex rather than a genuine exploration. More time is given to showing Lange as the Betty Crocker of Winchester, Virginia, and Spacek as comparison-shopper at the supermarket than to the thrilling ups and downs of their careers. It's no accident that for two years in a row, the Best Actress Emmies for Comedy and Drama went respectively to Jane Curtin (*Kate & Allie*) and Tyne Daly (*Cagney & Lacey*), in each case the nurturing Earth Mom of the pair rather than her more swinging and ''abrasive'' cohort.

The most provocative thing about *Jagged Edge*, starring Glenn Close as a lawyer drawn to a dubious client, is the way it incorporates into the marrow of its cliff-hanger plot those warring claims—in this case, between the demands of profession and the irrational, all-too-personal promptings of the heart.

As a one-time criminal (now civil) lawyer, Close finds herself lured back into the courtroom by pleas to defend a man (an appealingly enigmatic Jeff Bridges) accused of murdering his wife. Her reasons: she believes he's innocent; she'll have the opportunity to go up against the venal D.A. (Peter Coyote)—and she adores horseback riding. The fact that the rich, newly available widower has a stable full of horses can't help but tease the long-hidden erogenous zones of a beautiful, intelligent, well-bred, and oh-so-conscientious divorced mother of two.

Joe Eszterhas' ingenious screenplay, directed by Richard (*Eye of the Needle*) Marquand, has all the intricately plotted pleasures of the old-fashioned thriller, but at the same time enables Glenn Close to show the full range of her womanliness. She can be tough on her feet before a jury and go soft and cuddly with her children; she can be terrified and she can be in command, all without losing her center of gravity, her dignity as a sane, thinking, and feeling person.

The glimmer of hope contained in all these movies is that we are moving closer to the day when Hollywood doesn't have to apologize for, or explain, the Working Woman. There she is, quite simply—a fact of life rather than a problem. Within the thriller format, *Jagged Edge* moves toward the final integration: femininity is not confirmed by baking a pie or undermined by processing a tort, but it is something much larger, encompassing a whole range of impulses and constantly shifting priorities that are at least as full of drama as gang wars, star wars, and all the other masculine modes of adventure! —M.H.



Will Oscar be just one more thing to dust? Some of this season's uncompromising heroines (from *left*, *Plenty*'s Streep, *Marie*'s Spacek, *Sweet Dream*'s Lange, *Jagged Edge*'s Close) are as fanatical about wax build-up as building up their careers

PHILIP BURKE

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

CRYING FOR ARGENTINA

The politics of mothering: Norma Aleandro, best actress at Cannes, won't buy *The Official Story*

KEN NAHOUM

Alicia, a woman settling with graceful good humor into middle age, is an attractive member of the Argentinian bourgeoisie, a teacher of history who proudly claims that her subject represents the memory of a people. She and her prosperous businessman husband, who have tried and failed to conceive, are the parents of an adored and adorable adopted girl who is celebrating her fifth birthday. Or rather, the fifth anniversary of her arrival. From that chink of ignorance—a mother not knowing her daughter's date of birth—come questions and doubts, cracks in the earth, and eventually the collapse of Alicia's whole world.

In *The Official Story*, an astonishing film from Argentina, director Luis Puenzo filters the political trauma of a country through the love story of a mother and child. For the daughter, as Alicia (Norma Aleandro) comes to suspect, is the child of *desparecidos* (''missing ones''), people who were kidnapped and tortured or murdered by the military in the ''dirty wars'' of the mid- and late-'seventies. It wasn't until 1983 and the election of Raul Alfonsín that the exiles returned and began the task of tracking down the missing and their children.

The Official Story is that rare achievement, a film that fuses the political and the personal and does justice to both. It leaves us weeping, but without the ''I've been had'' feeling of either the soap opera or the political message film. One of the reasons is the unusual perspective of the script co-written by Puenzo (whose first feature this is) and Argentine writer Aida Bortnik. The logical focus of a journalist or a documentarian would have been parents in search of a missing child, but by telling the story from the point of view of the woman who is, however inadvertently, the ''villain,'' the film becomes immeasurably richer and more complex.

Alicia has lived all her life with blinders on, but once she begins to let in the light, there is no stopping her. The first glimmer of truth comes from an old friend, who has returned from exile, and, in one of the movie's most wrenching scenes, tells Alicia stories of torture and imprisonment, of babies stolen and sold.

Alicia's insistence on uncovering the truth, even after she learns it may cost her not only her child, but her relationship with her husband and her place in society, takes on the dimensions of classical tragedy. Her absolute love for her daughter leads her—indeed, *forces* her—to sympathize with the girl's natural mother and her surrogate: the grandmother who watches and waits, with silent, piteous dignity, to claim her.

If there is something a little contrived, in Alicia's journey from ignorance to enlightenment, it is offset by the carefully created sense of context around her. The whole range of Buenos Aires society is memorably cast and played; in fact, one of the revelations of *The Official Story* is the wealth and sophistication of talent in Argentina.

The child (Analia Castro) is remarkable, and one of the keys to the film's subtlety is the treatment of Alicia's husband (Hector Alterio). Suavely chauvinistic, corrupt, an arriviste, he's a monster, yet at the same time he's a doting father and a virile, sexually magnetic husband. The convulsive last scene, in which he hits his wife in a rage, and she finally falls into his arms—forgiving him, but probably for the last time—is a perfect example of the mixed feelings that Luis Puenzo keeps in balance in this proudly intelligent, powerfully moving drama, a ''political'' film that is much, much more than that.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Hair by Diana of Daniel Cohen Salon. Makeup by Philippe Pellagaud of Xavier Moreau Inc.

POWER TO THE PURPLE

Whoopi Goldberg: smart, sly, funny—ideal for Spielberg's *The Color Purple*"

Shortly before she took Broadway by storm with her gallery of comic rogues, Whoopi Goldberg was playing in a tiny San Francisco theater. One night, Pulitzer prize-winning author Alice Walker was in the audience, and she recognized Whoopi as the ideal person—smart and sly and funny enough—to play Celie, the lead character of her novel, *The Color Purple*. It was the kind of chance encounter that was almost too magical to materialize into anything more, but it worked: this month Goldberg stars in the movie version of Walker's book, along with Danny Glover, Adolph Caesar, and Rae Dawn Chong.

If *The Color Purple* was a surprising book to become a runaway best seller—the story of a poor black woman's spiritual and sexual journey to find herself, it was told in dialect and letters—then it follows a similar oddball logic to have as director the preternaturally successful Steven Spielberg, who calls *The Color Purple* ''the biggest challenge of his career.'' We say, Whoopi!

—TRACY YOUNG

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

The tracks that led to Auschwitz

In harrowing testimony to the Holocaust, *Shoah* wrenches the truth from the mundane

THE UNIMAGINABLE, STEP BY STEP

By now, there are troubling questions about how—or even whether—to continue speaking about the Holocaust. There's a danger that repeated recitals of its atrocities will lead not to remembrance but to anesthesia. Confronted with yet more evidence of horror, we resort to the distancing and essentially self-protective response that what happened is simply unimaginable.

Whatever its flaws, it's the great accomplishment of *Shoah* that it makes the unimaginable palpably, harrowingly, inescapably imaginable. This nine-and-a-half-hour documentary, which took French filmmaker Claude Lanzmann ten years to make, consists mostly of interviews with people who participated in or witnessed the extermination of the Jews. ("Shoah" means "annihilation" in Hebrew.)

Lanzmann talks with Jewish survivors who carried out various work tasks in the death camps; with Poles who were, so to speak, neighbors of the destruction (and whose reactions range from the callous indifference of some peasants to the still-live anguish of a courier who carried the news of the Warsaw Ghetto to the West); and with Nazi officials who were involved in planning and executing the Final Solution. The interviews are intercut with relentless, refrain-like shots of moving trains, memorial sites of the camps, and the surrounding pastoral landscapes, all of which gives us a sense of something irrevocably veiled: How can we pierce through those now serene meadows into the infernal reality they hid forty years ago?

Lanzmann has chosen to penetrate that reality not through documentary footage or through speculations on the moral significance of the Holocaust, but by relying on the tangibility of human presence and speech. He brings us face-to-face with those who lived through the genocide and provokes them into revealing, sometimes with almost brutal nakedness, what they thought, evaded, felt.

Such intimacy can be chillingly disturbing—especially in the case of German officials who have never unmasked themselves so fully. But intimacy is what Lanzmann wants, and he achieves it through his obsessive pursuit of precision, of small, concrete detail. How, exactly, did the gassing vans at Chelmno function? Could the peasants tilling the fields near Auschwitz smell the stench emanating from its ovens? What were the dimensions of the undressing rooms leading to Treblinka's gas chambers?

Shoah has some annoying features—Lanzmann's own self-satisfied sense of historical mission, for one, and a repetitiousness that is often carried far past its intended effectiveness. Still, there's something immensely powerful in his method, for it allows us to begin grasping the actual steps, acts, moments that constituted the ungraspable abstraction of the Holocaust. When Franz Suchomel, the deputy commander of Treblinka, points at a diagram to indicate the flow of human traffic through the camp's routes we cannot help but understand—because he's in front of us, embodied, speaking—that to him processing large numbers of Jews was, for all the odiousness of blood and feces and corpses—a job, a bureaucratic task that he was proud to carry out efficiently. And when Abraham Bomba, a Jewish survivor, describes how he and his fellow barbers cut inmates' hair in Treblinka's gas chambers, we're forced to hear the snip of the scissors and to absorb the fact—irreducible to moral categories or even to pity—that, minutes before entering the last circles of Hell, women and children sat through something as ordinary, as obscenely familiar as a "haircut."

Lanzmann has pointed out that if the Germans had not used elaborately camouflaged language for the process of the Final Solution, it probably couldn't have been carried out. Through his insistence on naming the unnameable, he undercuts—perhaps more effectively than most images—the mechanisms of denial. Photographs of emaciated and dead bodies tell us only that something horrible happened. Words imply and implicate human agency: they let us know that in order to achieve that end result, somebody had to do something—and somebody had to endure real pain. By applying direct, accurate words to such acts and such suffering, *Shoah* radically and irrevocably alters our apprehension of the Holocaust. —EVA HOFFMAN

VOGUE, December, 1985

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

Freer Gallery of Art, Washington, DC

JEWELS IN THE CROWD

Art books: the best of the season

From Edo to Dada: a "Courtesan" (c. 1700–25) by Kaigetsudō Ando (left) and a 1922 poster (right) by Schwitters and Van Doesburg

Reproduced from Kurt Schwitters

ART...

Art books do make excellent Christmas gifts; knowing this, bookstores are crammed with illustrated books designed to entice the weary shopper into an easy and sometimes pleasurable and practical solution to the problem of what to give the girl (guy) who has everything. I confess to calling my trusted bookseller and asking about the latest illustrated art books, hoping to find some last-minute gifts. But it is getting harder and harder to discover anything worthwhile.

Unfortunately, with recent rising costs, publishers have been less and less willing to take chances on the new and unexpected. This is especially true of art-book publishers whose color-reproduction costs are particularly high. The tendency to cut expenses and publish shorter, more popular texts by hiring unknown authors who are not experts or art historians has meant that few outstanding art books are appearing these days. Nevertheless, a number of unusually fine books are in the bookshops now. Here are some I found of particular value:

FRANCIS BACON by Dawn Ades and Andrew Forge (Harry N. Abrams, $49.50). Published on the occasion of the landmark Tate Gallery exhibition of the leading contemporary English painter of psychosexual angst, this lavishly illustrated monograph contains an excellent introduction to his complex, ambiguous erotic imagery by Andrew Forge; he explains, among other things, that the Expressionist Bacon was surprisingly inspired by the classicist Ingres. There is also a very illuminating note on Bacon's painterly technique by Andrew Durham. The plates are good enough to suggest the greatness of Bacon as a subtle colorist who has learned the lessons of Matisse as well as those of the Old Masters and translated them into a thoroughly unsettling modern idiom.

KURT SCHWITTERS by John Elderfield (Thames and Hudson, $45). This is another exhibition catalogue that stands on its own as an outstanding art book one wants to own. Elderfield, director of the Department of Drawings at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, is one of the most lucid and cogent art writers currently working. He has made great sense out of Schwitters' complex career in Germany and later in exile in Norway and England, a career almost as fragmented as Schwitters' elegant lyrical collages that inspired artists to integrate popular images into their works. In Schwitters' hands, collage becomes an intimate, poetic, and painterly medium as well as a means to document autobiographical events in a manner that decisively influenced American artists like Rauschenberg and Johns. Indeed, it could be argued, Schwitters made collage a major art.

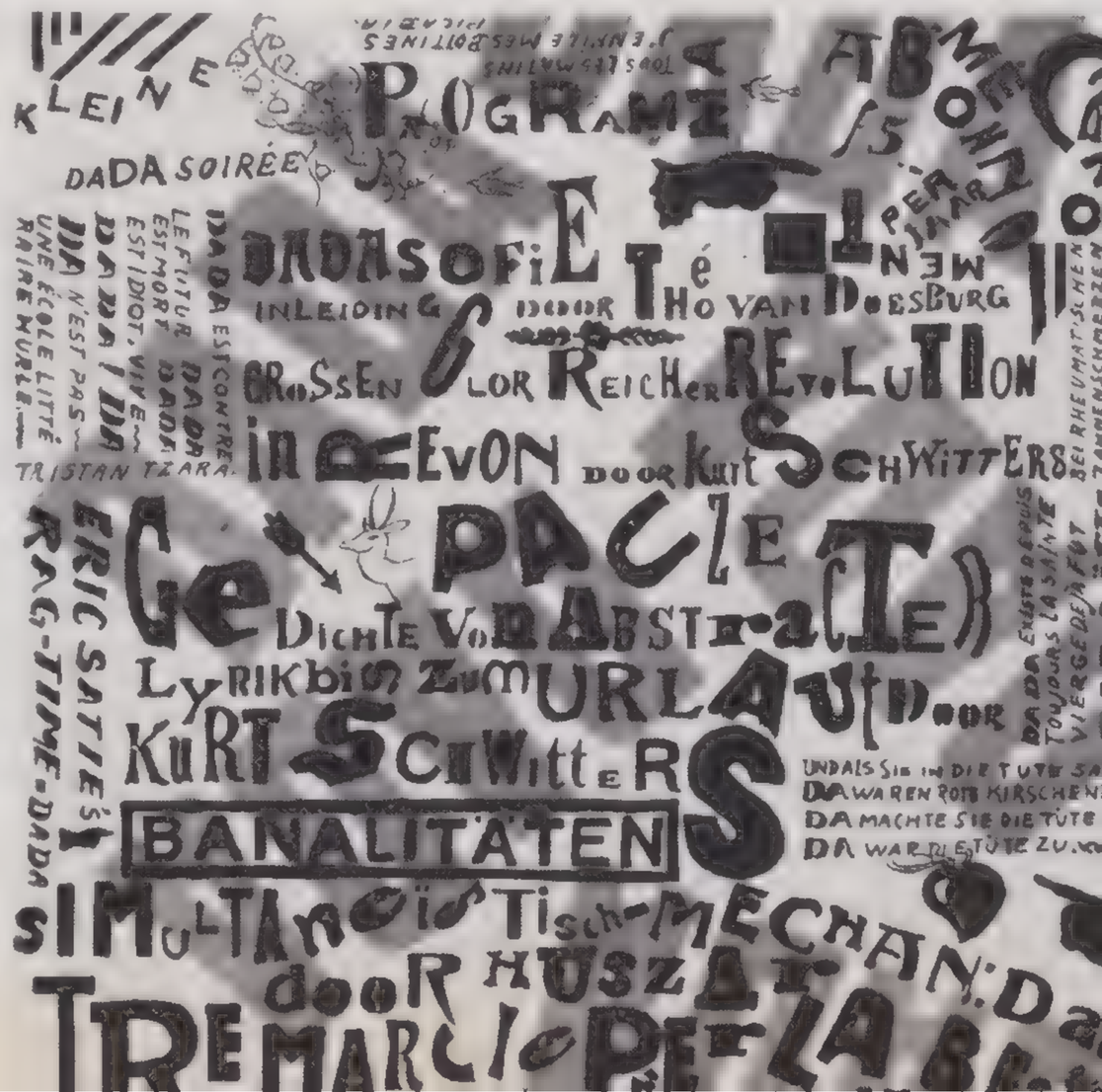
Every detail of the book, from design to typography to text, reflects Elderfield's understanding of the experimental work of the Hanover Dadaist, who also participated in the Constructivist movement. The author's brilliant interpretation of a dazzling "minor master" makes one reconsider the meaning of that term in the light of the complexity of Schwitters' visionary, sensitive, fragile but durable art.

DEGAS: Pastels, Oil Sketches, Drawings by Götz Adriani (Abbeville Press, $75). Isolating Degas's works on paper from the rest of his oeuvre is an intelligent way to inform us of Degas's particular qualities as a draftsman, which made him unique among his Impressionist contemporaries, who viewed line as an academic convention left over from the art of the past. It is true that the other Impressionists drew, but none could rival Degas's fluency and mastery of the crayon, the charcoal, the pencil, and the pastel. Degas's own views on drawing are liberally quoted. For example, we learn that, in his will, Degas requested his only eulogy was to be, "*Il aimait beaucoup le dessin*," (he loved drawing very much). The author also includes a good technical analysis of Degas's style as a draftsman that creates a new understanding of his contribution to the art of drawing.

ART OF JAPAN by Danielle and Vadime Elisseeff (Abrams, $125). If you want one book on Japanese art and culture, this blockbuster volume is a fine one to have. The contents are coherently organized to explain the meaning of the various arts in relationship to Japanese culture, and the 176 color plates (there are a total of nearly 800 illustrations) are of extraordinary quality. This book is truly, like the arts of Japan, a luxury item; it is a mental voyage to an exotic culture that has become so important to our own that we now view it with special fascination.

The entire range of the achievement of Japanese civilization, from the tiny exquisite lacquer work and embroidered kimonos of artisans, to the scroll paintings of the scholar-monks, to the great Buddhist religious architecture, makes one want to investigate further each of these subjects. What comes across above all is how much attention the Japanese pay to everything they do, the lack of hierarchy between important and "unimportant" activities, the concentrated precision that is brought to all activities from religious ritual to the routines of everyday life.

Also recommended: an inexpensive ($16.95) Modern Masters series of well-written paperback monographs on popular American artists, including Johns, Pollock, Gorky, and De Kooning, published by Abbeville Press.—BARBARA ROSE



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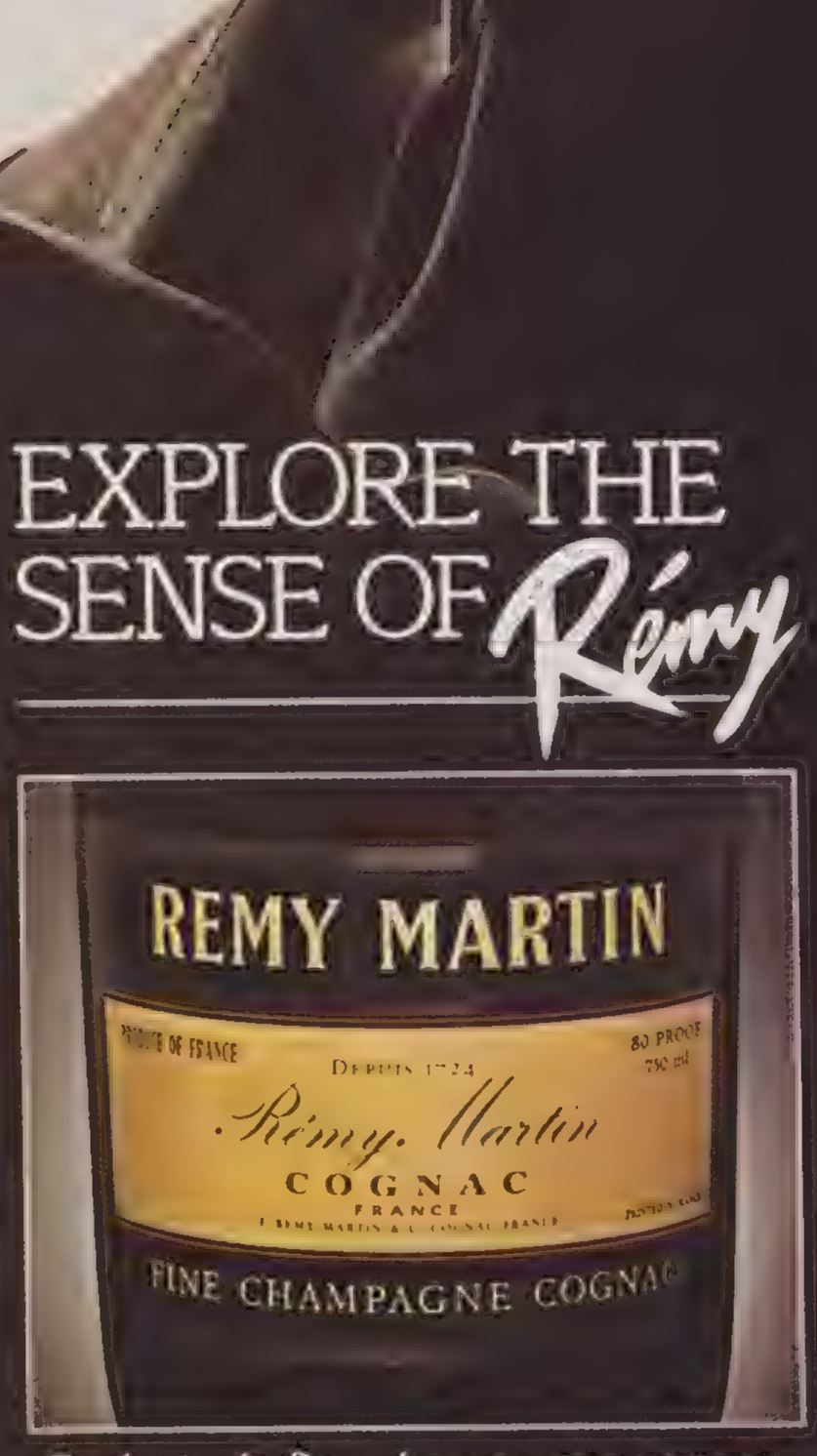

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART...

THE GODS MUST BE FLATTERED

Sumptuous sculpture from ancient India

Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Indian Museum, Calcutta

Kushan Sculpture: Images from Early India, The Cleveland Museum of Art; through January 5, 1986 The founder of Buddhism, Siddhartha Gautama, was born toward the middle of the sixth century B.C., but no portraits or effigies of him are known to exist prior to the first century A.D. Why the long image gap? According to historians, the Buddha did not consider himself a deity and his early followers felt no need for an idol to worship. Then, around the first century B.C., a new school of Buddhism emerged known as Mahayana. In the succeeding three centuries, during the reign of the Kushan empire, which stretched from the region around Delhi in northern India to present-day Pakistan and Afghanistan, Mahayana's adherents deified the Buddha and began creating icons of him.

Two schools of sculpture thrived in the Kushan period—one in Gandhara, in the Himalayas at the western end of the Empire, the other in Mathura, the capital city in the plains south of Delhi. For nearly a century, scholars have argued ("overargued," according to Sherman E. Lee, the former director of the Cleveland Museum) whether it was the Mathuran or the Gandharan school that originated the image of the Buddha.

Starting in the fourth century B.C., when Alexander the Great passed through Gandhara, the Greco-Roman world established trade routes in the region. One result was that the Buddha image in Gandharan art was influenced first by Hellenistic traditions, then by Roman styles of the first and second centuries A.D. Many Gandharan sculptures of the Buddha and his followers, the bodhisattvas, are based on classical statues of Apollo. For Westerners, therefore, Gandharan sculpture, usually made of greyish schist or stucco, is particularly accessible.

Mathuran art developed the essential model upon which most later Indian sculpture was based. The sculpture, usually carved in reddish sandstone, is alive with sinuous figures, often semi-nude or scantily clad. Mathuran *yakshis* (symbols of fertility) are the Indian ideal of feminine beauty: smiling, voluptuous women whose fleshy bodies are ripe with swelling hips, slender waists, cylindrical limbs, and full, rounded breasts. Now Stanislaw Czuma, the Cleveland Museum's curator of Indian and Southeast-Asian Art who organized the show, makes a persuasive case for Mathura as the prime ideological and stylistic source.

About a third of the 130 pieces in the show come from the superb holdings of the Cleveland Museum, which boasts the finest collection of Mathuran art in the United States.

The show travels to the Asia Society in New York City in February, and to the Seattle Art Museum Pavilion at the Seattle Center in May. —DAVID BOURDON

The two faces of Kushan art: Gandhara's "Head of a Bodhisattva" (*far left*), a fourth-fifth century stucco in the Greco-Roman manner, and Mathura's "Bhutesvar Yaksi" (*near left*), a second-century sandstone in the more familiar, traditional Indian style

ITALIAN ALCHEMY:

The riches of "poor art"

The Knot: Arte Povera at P.S. 1, The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, New York City, through December 15 One of the most important exhibitions of contemporary Italian art to reach New York City in recent years is installed in, of all places, a recycled turn-of-the-century school building in Long Island City, Queens. The show is the largest and most thorough survey ever mounted in this country—perhaps anywhere—of a school of art known as Arte Povera, which literally means "poor art." Developed in the late 'sixties, Arte Povera is the Italian counterpart to the Conceptual and "anti-form" schools that existed simultaneously in this country.

The twelve Arte Povera artists included here make a virtue of seemingly structureless composition in their process-oriented work and seek to abolish the traditional *(Continued on page 84)*

Giuseppe Penone's "Proceed in Vertical" (foreground), 1985, and "Charcoal, Tree, and Leaves," 1984-85

VOGUE, December 1985

NICK WALSTER

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by Gloria Vanderbilt

Let it release the splendor of you.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART ...

(Continued from page 82) hierarchy of materials by using "poor," perishable, and/or unorthodox media, such as rags, banana leaves, ice, and whistling tea kettles. Needless to say, their art is not extremely ingratiating or marketable. But it has a serious, high-minded quality that makes its successor style, Neo-Expressionism, look relatively glib and commercial.

The show spills across three floors and the basement of P.S. 1, a warren of old classrooms and hallways that now constitutes the perfect setting for the sprawling sculpture, which in these surroundings assumes a casual elegance.

Many of the Arte Povera artists appear to be practicing an obscure, private form of alchemy in their enigmatic use of steam, mirrors, electricity, and ice. Gilberto Zorio, one of the most intriguing of the Povera artists, uses long, curved

Arte Povera: an art of ice and steam, rags and mirrors

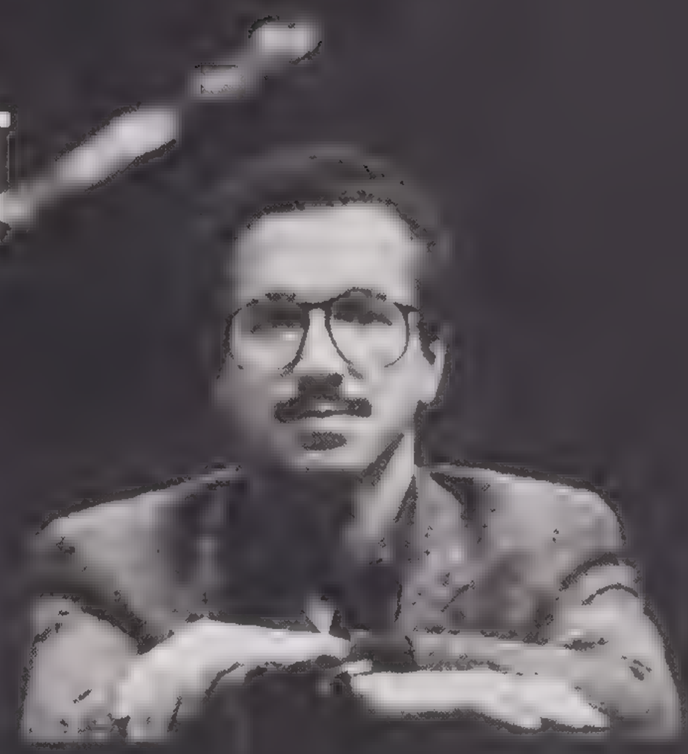
rods of copper and rough-textured crucibles filled with colored chemicals to create energy fields. Pier Paolo Calzolari, another outstanding figure, plugs in electric generators to make ice form around sentences composed of metal letters. Mario Merz assembles curved metal tubes, C-clamps, and jagged sheets of glass to make a nest of inaccessible "igloos." Giovanni Anselmo wires irregular blocks of granite to a wall, as if returning stone to the mountain in a reverse metamorphosis. Giuseppe Penone fuses the organic and inorganic, setting out clay pots of live shrubs that grow through wraithlike human figures of bronze. The mixed metaphorical imagery keeps the imagination moving.

The presentation is largely the work of two major forces in the contemporary art world—Germano Celant, the Genoa-based critic/curator/impresario, who has been writing about Arte Povera since 1967; and Alanna Heiss, the president and executive director of The Institute for Art and Urban Resources, which administers P.S. 1. After seeing an earlier version of the show (also organized by Celant) last year in Turin, Heiss had the vision and courage to bring the exhibition to New York. Sculpture shows are always expensive and financial support for exhibitions of contemporary sculpture is hard to find, but Heiss managed to wring money out of corporations (including Alitalia and Fiat U.S.A.), foundations, and government agencies in order to mount the show. Many of the artists were flown in to adjust their works to P.S. 1's space or to create new pieces. Celant selected the works, supervised the installation, and wrote the catalogue.

Arte Povera may not be the most durable sculpture of this era, either materially or esthetically. Nevertheless, this is a vital, tantalizing show that any of this country's leading museums of contemporary art might have been proud to produce.—D.B.

MUSIC ...

KEITH JARRETT HEADS FOR "SACRED GROUND"



A controversial fellow, pianist Keith Jarrett is loved by his audience and not so loved by critics. Three years ago, after shedding a profitable career that started with Miles Davis's revolutionary electric band and ended with his own overwrought but popular solo piano improvisations, Jarrett dived into a new role—classical pianist. He put together a wide repertoire including American classicist Samuel Barber, Mozart, and experimentalist Lou Harrison. Fans flocked to his concerts, while purists, who thought such a move was unbecoming, thumbed their noses.

Then, this spring, as if to confuse everyone, Jarrett abandoned his classical forays, too, except for "special projects," because—get this, aspiring pianists—he said he wasn't challenged enough, and the lack of spontaneity in the classical world bored him.

His first "special project," "Sacred Ground," commissioned by the Chamber Music Society at New York's Lincoln Center, will be performed there this month by a heavyweight quartet—flutist Paula Robison, clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, cellist Fred Sherry, and Jarrett.

Jarrett has always been an effusive romantic type, and his description of "Sacred Ground" sounds about as romantic as you can get. " 'Sacred Ground' is a tribute to cultures that have remained firm in their belief that they are intimately bound to the earth," says Jarrett.

But he grinds a few axes with the piece, too: "It's a way of trying to do something outside the so-called sophisticated realm of modern classical music, because its sophistication is mostly false. 'Sacred Ground' is a naïve piece, very simple and songlike. Modern music has become fun and games for analysts, but my work depends more on the integrity of the performance than on the complexity of the composition."

Jarrett has often been criticized by his detractors as being emotional and flamboyant at the expense of coherence. But with "Sacred Ground's" radical turn to simplicity, and a group of gifted musicians on hand to interpret it, Jarrett might just have found his stride. He already has his audience.—PETER WATROUS

THE FLOWER CHILD WHO REFUSED TO WILT

With her icy clear soprano, flowing blond hair, and conscience-stirring songs, Joni Mitchell was the perfect 'sixties flower child. But with little to complain about during the late 'seventies, she seemed to fade away, as if she were sapped of energy. On *Dog Eat Dog* (Geffen), her first album in three years, things have changed and she throws down some fighting words. The water, air, and earth are being polluted. Corporations are getting away tax-free. America has become a consumer society, where a Porsche symbolizes success, and brother, if you don't have one, stand back. None of this is hot news, really. But compared with the calculated slathering of lost/found love across MTV, her message sounds positively commune-istic, 'sixties-ish and, well, fresh.

Mitchell has kept up with musical styles, and the record brilliantly fuses her own oddball harmonic quirkiness with soft versions of rap and funk innovations. Simulated scratching opens one song; another uses as its rhythm track what sounds like a cigarette machine being activated over and over. On most of the tunes, Mitchell's voice, which alternates between urgent plaintiveness and mocking condemnation, works on the same level as an instrument and is integrated perfectly into the arrangements. It's as if Mitchell, in true 'sixties fashion, is demanding democracy, knowing that a group effort is always more powerful than a solo flight. —P. W.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THEATER...

DROOD AWAKENING

Broadway's musical mystery date with Dickens

By December 2, when *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* reaches Broadway, the first act will surely be a bit shorter. A few of the songs may have been cut and a few more may have been added, and the choreography will doubtless have a harder edge. What the people who see it on opening night, and on all the many nights it's bound to run, will see is probably a sharper and snappier show than the one the audience in Central Park's Delacorte Theater saw this summer. But, ah, the losses.

They're a dense Manhattan sky and a few stars peering feebly at the greatest city on earth. A breeze that came up every night around nine and tangled with the hair of cast and spectator alike. The occasional police siren knifing its way through the music, and the occasional moon fighting, and losing, a battle with the kliegs.

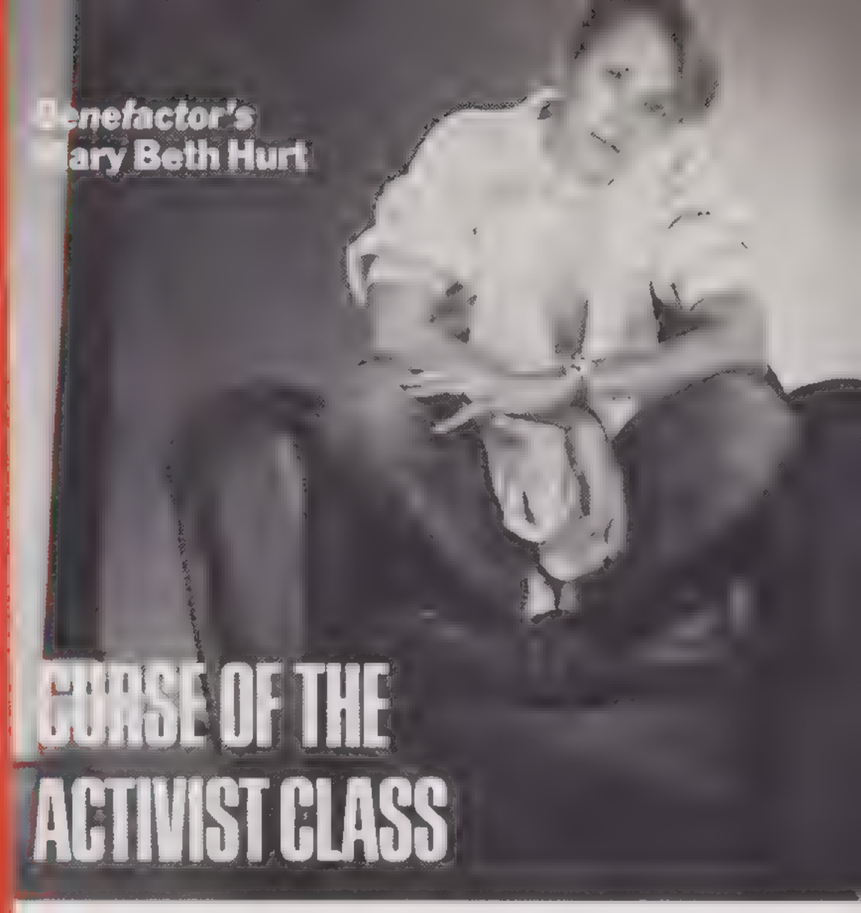
Enough sentiment. This is what remains. The bones of Dickens' novel, about which Michael Innes, detective fiction's *grand maître*, once wrote "...of all mystery trails laid by an English writer, this is one of the most worth following for what we find by the way." Extraordinary characters like John Jasper, music-master and dope addict, and Durdles, stonemason and drunk. A puzzle—was Edwin Drood murdered and if so by whom?—that's never solved because he who set it didn't live to unravel it. Charles Dickens halted his pen in the middle of a sentence, "Or if I was to deny—", and died twenty-four hours later.

What else? George Rose (the "very model of a modern major general" from *Pirates of Penzance*), whose role in *Drood*—narrator, master of ceremonies, sheriff—is a bit hard to define, but whose presence is indispensable. Cleo Laine, the great British jazz singer, runs an opium den and sings songs like "The Wages of Sin" with a voice and a sensibility that make Madonna and such sound like baby sparrows chirping. Betty Buckley, from *Cats*, as Edwin Drood, more or less crammed into her jacket and trousers (Miss Buckley's body isn't boyish) and projecting youth and insouciance. A score or so of singing actors with not a bad voice among them, acting girlish or sinister or sexy or whatever it is the occasion demands. A book, music, and lyrics by Rupert Holmes which, while draining *Drood* of much of its menace (this is, after all, a novel that opens with a junkie's vision), retains a lot of its fun.

Edwin Drood is not being played straight, but as if it were being performed by a third-rate company of British music-hall performers. Nor does Mr. Holmes try to solve the mystery. Instead the audience does so, by voting on the villain and the identity of the thickly disguised gentleman known as Dick Datchery.

The audience also gets to choose the couple most likely to have a romantic future, and last summer, more often than not, they chose George Rose and Cleo Laine. Not that anyone thought they had a romantic future, of course. They just wanted to hear the pair bellow yet another number. Who wouldn't? —MARY CANTWELL

PHILIP BURKE



CURSE OF THE ACTIVIST CLASS

Anyone rushing off to see Michael Frayn's latest play expecting the belly laughs of *Noises Off*, his hit Broadway farce, is likely to be surprised. *Benefactors*, which played for a year-and-a-half in London and picked up Frayn's habitual fistful of awards, is not exactly "unfunny," but the sort of mirth it engenders is more on the order of the ironic chuckle or rueful grimace of recognition. The play, which comes to Broadway this month starring no less a quartet than Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and a lone Brit, Simon Jones (Bridey in *Brideshead Revisited*), is that rare thing—a literate and uncomfortably truthful work by, for, and recognizably about the liberal, socially concerned professional class. This is a race rapidly becoming extinct in the Western world and on its stages as well.

In England, these people tend to cling together in North London, which is where we find David and Jane—in an uncannily accurate stripped-pine kitchen embellished with a wood-burning stove. David is a humanist architect; Jane, an anthropologist. Across the way are David's chum Colin, an old Etonian nasty, and his meek wife, Sheila, down on both their luck and each other.

Benefactors is about, among other things, the concept of benefaction—now so out of style that one British theater critic claimed it was as appealing as a fatal disease. David and Jane constantly try to help out these neighbors whom they don't even like very much—but their good deeds have the effect of wrecking the other couple's marriage and, very nearly, their own. At the same time, David's design for a housing project in a "twilight area" of London, which began as a humanely planned spread of low-rise dwellings, metamorphoses into two gigantic and ideologically unsound skyscrapers. We last see the four in very different relationships to one another.

Replete with references to London architecture, Cambridge degrees, and with protagonists wearing a shabbiness that is quintessentially London-professional, this black comedy is the most *English* English play I've seen in a long time. So how will it go on Broadway? I asked its author first. Michael Frayn replied that he had thought that only the British could understand *Noises Off*. That play is now doing very well in almost every country in the West and, in one case at least, beyond: his daughter had just returned from India to report that an unofficial, unlicensed production was very popular in Bombay.

Then I asked the same question of *Benefactor*'s director, Michael Blakemore. "Oddly enough, the American critics who came over to see it were much more tuned into its ideas than the British ones," he said. "In America, change and social mobility are part of life. In Britain, the idea of change is so unbearable that we tend to block it from our minds." —VICTORIA RADIN

RICHARD CORMAN Hair and makeup by James [illegible] dMars

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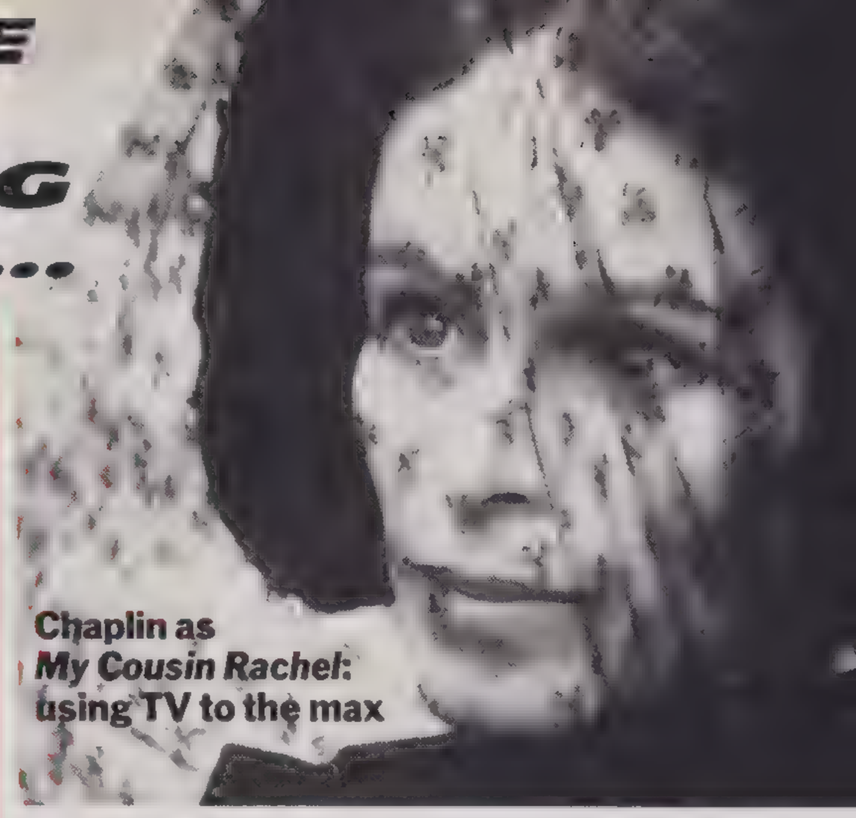

Chaplin as *My Cousin Rachel*: using TV to the max

My Cousin Rachel, PBS's adaptation of the novel by Daphne Du Maurier, is mysterious and rather sexy, a classy Gothic, not a bodice-ripper. In *My Cousin Rachel*, nothing is ripped; instead, things are unlaced (carefully, delicately, teasingly unlaced). Geraldine Chaplin, with her extraordinary face that seems unable to make up its mind—gaunt and angular, almost skeletal around the cheekbones; big, round, and sensuous at the eyes and lips—is perfect as Rachel, a woman we cannot make up our minds about. Her long neck and graceful movements look modest and feminine one moment, serpentine and sly the next. Brian Farnham, the director, is not Alfred Hitchcock, and *My Cousin Rachel* is not as moody and fine as *Rebecca*, but it is an alluring work, made with a deft, light touch.

The English keep cranking out these adaptations of novels, and PBS keeps buying them, and more often than not they're good: the acting is calm and sure, the scripts intelligent, respectful of the original works, the direction unobtrusive and discreet. If, with a few exceptions, like *The Jewel in the Crown*, they all seem much the same, standard, then at least that standard is high. The brilliance of these *Masterpiece Theatre* series lies not so much in the individual works as in a recognition of what you can do on television that you can't do in a movie, can't do anywhere actually except in a book: you can take your time, and characters and plots and ideas can take theirs. PBS series have a gentle, insidious quality that makes them very different from movies—they seem to drift along, dry and a little detached, and yet they get under the skin.

The energy and enthusiasm of PBS fans seems out of all proportion to the ladies sipping tea on the screen, but people rush home to see more than ladies and tea. They want to see what happens next. Television has many limitations—a small screen, poor sound—that make it far less sensual, less exciting than movies. But TV can do one thing awfully well—it can tell a story.

There are some stories, however, some novels, that TV, even British TV, should keep its mitts off. *Bleak House*, I think, is one of them. The eight-hour series on PBS is somewhat more ambitious than the average British series, and that's one of its problems. The camera grovels in the mud, lurks in the fog, turns every wet paving stone into an event. Dickens wrote about mud and fog and paving stones, too; he wrote about everything: every detail of England is touched on in *Bleak House*, and every detail of England finally touches on every other. It is a brilliant, seamless book about a grim, seamless world. The famous comic characters, the Smallweeds and Guppies and Turveydrops, are fanciful and wonderfully odd, but Dickens is always careful to make us feel that they are somehow inevitable, natural phenomena; ripples and waves in a great, stark ocean of injustice and simple stupidity. The TV version, on the other hand, stands each character up on a stage and has it grimace and dance in a spotlight, and, not surprisingly, most of the performances are wildly overdone and theatrical. The screenplay has taken huge chunks of the book's dialogue and turned them into stagy sorts of monologues, and the director is given to artificial and melodramatic transitions—candles being snuffed out, pff! darkness!—in a story whose very fabric is transitions of the subtlest nature. There are good things in this show. Diana Rigg is uncompromising and impressive as Lady Dedlock, bringing cold and disturbing determination to that haughty person's bored façade. Jonathan Moore plays Mr. Guppy, the avid young legal assistant, as a sharpster with moments of embarrassed integrity, and he's creepy and touching at the same time.

Bleak House is too good a story to fail completely on the screen, but, finally, this show is absurdly, vulgarly "Dickensian." Perhaps *Bleak House*, so colorful and dramatic to begin with, should have been done in the strictest *Masterpiece Theatre* style: that cultivated, almost abstract narration of events. I don't know. These British imports are very good at what they are good at, and to give a decent rendering of a decent book is a great accomplishment. But perhaps art requires either an artist or the most modest of directors. Sometimes they're the same thing. Ross Devenish is certainly neither.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

PEER PLEASURES High tea in English "Treasure Houses"

You might say it's a bit like Alistair Cooke guest-hosting *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. But *Treasure Houses of Britain*—PBS's paean to English high society, premiering this month—is as stodgily endearing as a chapter of Dickens, full of peers and peeresses who fuss over their houses as they would a prize sheepdog.

Host Lord John Julius Norwich (author of *A History of Venice*) remembers running, as a small boy, from ghosts through the endless hallways of Belvoir Castle, his family's home since the time of William the Conqueror. The present Duke of Buccleuch, twice descended from Charles II, shyly boasts of forty-five Van Dyke miniatures in one of his houses; in another hangs the only Leonardo da Vinci in private hands. And how cheering is Lady Victoria Leatham's hearty enthusiasm as she tackles the idiosyncracies of restoration in her Elizabethan mansion.

At the National Gallery of Art's accompanying exhibition, the heirlooms and objects from their estates command center stage; in this series, it's the lives entwined with these treasures that draw us in, and engross us.—LISE FRIEDMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

TV ... TV ...

COULDN'T WE JUST IMAGINE?

John and Yoko get docudramatized

"Yang, yang, I hate you," sings Yoko Ono—or a small, pretty woman rather resembling Yoko Ono—in a recording studio. Late-blooming flower children, or people who look like them, lurk about. On the other side of the glass, John Lennon—or a pale, angry young man in granny glasses who is a near clone—takes morose swigs from a beer bottle.

The important thing to ask yourself on the set of *John and Yoko: A Love Story* is, could people have dressed like this? Could they really have worn those flared denims and platform shoes, that sort of peasant blouse, or have this quantity of hair? Once into it, the next question is, where were you when Lennon was killed?

I know I was sitting in my London house watching a group of workmen bungle the installation of my central heating because it was one of them who heard it on the radio and told me about it. He was crying. Sandor Stern, the writer and director of *John and Yoko*, heard it as a news flash during *Monday Night Football*, purveyed by Howard Cosell.

Stern says he is a product of the 1950s and was never a Beatles fan—more progressive jazz and Bob Dylan. When he was asked to write and direct the five-million-dollar, three-hour, duo-biopic, running on NBC on December 2, he immersed himself in all the available material and spent forty hours interviewing Yoko Ono. "She's a unique lady," Stern said carefully over lunch in the bus converted to a canteen parked outside the London film studio. "She sees the forest before she sees the trees. But she's nothing like her public image. She's very charming and somewhat shy, but she's also very tough."

Yoko gave the project her blessing, which wavered when, through the sort of grisly mischance that seemed to dog her days with Lennon, the press found out that the real name of the actor chosen to play him was Mark Chapman, the name of Lennon's killer. Chapman was replaced by Mark McGann, a Liverpudlian who had already impersonated the younger Lennon in a musical play that has just reopened in London. "Lennon sings out in a very determined fashion because his eyesight is so terrible," says McGann, who sometimes slips into the present tense. Yoko is re-created by Kim Miyori, a delicately made Japanese-American, latterly of *St. Elsewhere*, who talked to me about the dearth of good roles for Asian actresses.

The original Yoko emerges from the script as very strong-minded and extremely long-suffering. Her life with Lennon encompassed their divorces from their previous spouses, the abduction by her ex-husband of her first child, two miscarriages, a drug bust, John's addiction to heroin, his infidelities, their separation for eighteen months, and finally his murder. Not to mention F.B.I. surveillance, Vietnam, Nixon, and Watergate. So what was to be learned from their story, I asked their film biographer? "Tolerance," replied Sandor Stern. "Don't believe public images. Things are not always as they appear." —VICTORIA RADIN

PHILIP BURKE

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BETWEEN US

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

In her own words…

"I have always been motivated by my belief in my ability to make a difference in this world, and I believe we all have that ability…A support system for women must include child care, equal pay, and encouragement from all aspects of our culture, from advertisements to children's books… Women have made and continue to make decisions that shape the destiny of this country."—*Ann M. Evans, mayor, Davis, California*

"The poor, black, aged, and disadvantaged in the U.S. do not have equity of access to health care with those who can afford to pay for it. We need to rethink our national budget and reset our priorities. Do we want people to live better and longer lives or do we want to put our money into less productive programs?"—*Edith Irby Jones, M.D., first woman president of National Medical Association, [predominantly black physicians], and clinical assistant professor of internal medicine at Baylor College of Medicine and University of Texas Medical School, at Houston*

"Our nation's economy will not reach its full power or potential until it makes full use of the productive capacity of the growing number of women in the labor force. We just can't afford to waste one bit of human talent in our country today."—*Lenora Cole Alexander, Ph.D., director of the Women's Bureau, U.S. Department of Labor*

Sexism with a smile?

The hit comedy *Turning Around*, made by Maureen Longworth, M.D., a resident at the University of California, San Francisco, San Francisco Hospital, may not be shown at your neighborhood theater, but this witty piece of movie-making does have a universal message. Using medical students as actors, Dr. Longworth has staged five skits—and, by casting women in the dominant "men's" roles and men as their victims, has exposed sexism in medical education to hoots of mind-opening laughter.

In those brief scenes, the women have no trouble acting overbearing and flirtatious toward the hapless males; and the men in the cast receive their barbs with suitable (or actual) bewilderment and distress. A male applicant is asked by his female interviewer whether he plans to marry and how he could possibly be a good father if he were also an M.D.; in class, only female physiology is considered important, and a male lecturer jeered and ignored; surgery training is pressed on the women, but one man is advised to become a pianist because he has beautiful hands ("a good profession for a boy"); a woman doctor pats her male nurse on the rear and calls him a "good boy"; and when these medical students begin to practice what they've learned, a woman doctor prescribes Valium and psychiatry for a man with an obvious head injury while her colleague suggests a complete medical work-up for a woman with a mild headache.

"The film really shows how we are all conditioned by our society to respond in a sexist manner," said Dr. Longworth. "It's fruitless to blame men or blame women; we have to recognize that the behavior is in all of us in order to correct it."

When Maureen Longworth, a psychology graduate, entered medical school at the age of twenty-nine, she expected respect but got blatant condescension. When women in her class would rise to announce a meeting of interest to them, the men would hiss. One day, Ms. Longworth made a meeting announcement; and when the hissing started, the women stood up and said "Stop that." Those men did; and the ones who see this film will have to do some self-reevaluation, too.

Available as an eighteen-minute color film or videotape, *Turning Around* can be bought or rented; info, Maureen Longworth, M.D., P.O. Box 881532, San Francisco CA 94188.

All rise…

Meanwhile, on the engineering-education front, those in charge at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, realizing that one-quarter of its student body is now made up of women, decided to acknowledge these "daughters" by changing the title of its alma mater song from "Arise Ye Sons" to "In Praise of M.I.T." In the verse, "all sons" have become "all ye of M.I.T." Though the famed school did graduate its first woman engineer, Ellen Swallow Richards, in 1873; it was 1984 before the Alumni Association elected its first woman president, Mary Frances Wagley.

Sisterhood is solvent: women and worldwide credit

Women who never before had access to bank credit for their businesses are finding it now through Women's World Banking, an international independent financial institution that helps entrepreneurial women to establish credit lines. Michaela Walsh, founder and president, explained how Women's World Banking works: Each loan is made directly by a bank or other lending institution using its usual criteria, WWB guarantees 50 percent, an affiliate guarantees 25 percent, and the bank is responsible for 25 percent of any loss. As of mid-1985, WWB had guaranteed *six hundred loans without a single default*, and their network had backed about two thousand in forty countries.

The affiliates are groups of lawyers, bankers, business and government people who know something about how their countries' economies work and are committed to helping women. These groups deposit money with the banks to be used in three-way contracts to guarantee loans to businesses that will benefit women in the economy. Almost all of these loans have been made to women, or to couple-owned businesses, and most are under $20,000, since women's businesses are often small. Currently, WWB's capital fund is over three million dollars, and the organization has made loans in, among other places, the Dominican Republic, Colombia, India, Kenya, Thailand, Jamaica, and—in the U.S.A.—the State of West Virginia.

"Most women," Ms. Walsh said, "function in an organizational mode that's quite different from men's. It's a non-hierarchical mode, a supportive system that's lateral rather than perpendicular; women deal with chaos better than men, too, in their organizational style. . . .I think," she added "that we are building on a major change in the attitude of women towards their *own* role. I am much more interested in that than I am in the attitude of others towards women because I think that, until women change their attitude about their own business capabilities, they can't expect people to see any major change in other people. When a woman gets a loan through WWB, she has learned to sell her own ideas."

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SURRENDER TO IT

Q&A

Winterizing skin and hair... stronger nails... smoother lips

Q Should my skin and hair care change as the weather gets colder?

A Yes! Cold wind and low humidity can dry skin and scalp; cause itchiness, increased dandruff, and "flyaway" hair. In winter, "baby your skin and hair," says Mary Ellen Brademas, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology at New York University Medical Center Skin and Cancer Unit. "Use a conditioner to keep hair from breaking when you brush it, and wash hair daily if necessary. This will discourage dandruff—which tends to worsen in winter; and clean, fluffy hair will actually keep your head warmer, same idea as down on a duck."

Using shampoo formulated to prevent dandruff (such as Head & Shoulders) may be especially important in winter, "but do not work in shampoo *too* vigorously," warns Dr. Brademas. "Long fingernails can scratch and irritate the scalp."

Think "gentle" when caring for skin, too. When washing your face, use a moisturizing soap or cleansing cream (such as Pond's Cold Cream) to prevent overdrying. Also choose a mild soap for body skin, and take short, lukewarm showers and baths; hot water can dry skin, cause itching.

If you usually use a moisturizer year-round, you may have to apply it more frequently in winter. Oily skin should, as always, stay with an oil-free one, such as Allercreme Oil-Free Moisturizer. Avoid using astringents before going outside; alcohol can accelerate skin's dehydration. Finally, even in winter, remember to apply sunblock regularly.

Q My nails break easily. What can I do to help them grow longer?

A Use caution when manicuring, advises Jeannette Papuga, manicurist for Pierre Michel salon, NYC. Soak nails in warm water before filing to make them pliable. Push back cuticles only slightly, and never cut them unless necessary; cuticles protect, help strengthen nails. Then, "build in" structural strength by using the soft, light side of an emery board (metal files are too rough) to file nails into a broad rounded shape rather than oval; oval nails are more susceptible to breakage. Also, keep them short; long nails not only break, they have a distinctly *un*contemporary look.

Once every two weeks, soak nails in warm vitamin E oil or olive oil for twenty minutes; wipe dry. The oil holds moisture in nails, which can dry out (read "weaken," "break") in winter's less-humid air. (New to try: Revlon's Active Grow Conditioning Nail Drops.)

For long-lasting color, apply a base coat, two coats of polish and a top coat. Allow a few minutes for each coat to dry, half an hour for all to dry completely. Add another layer of top coat the night after a manicure, again every two or three days. Top coats are thinner than polish so they shouldn't cause polish to "lift" off the nail. (L'Oréal's Grow Strong is a clear sealer with strength built in.)

Q Why do my lips tend to chap more easily in winter than in other seasons?

A Lips are more vulnerable than other skin to exposure to winter wind, cold, sun, and low humidity. They don't have moisturizing sweat and oil glands, and they lack skin's protective outer layer, the stratum corneum. In addition, winter colds promote "mouth breathing," and further chapping. Chapped lips are not only uncomfortable and unattractive, they may be unhealthy as well. "Chapped lips are more vulnerable to bacterial infection and to recurrent herpes sores than healthy lips because some of their barrier function is lost," notes Charles Zugerman, M.D., assistant professor of clinical dermatology, Northwestern University Medical School.

To protect lips from cold weather, apply a moisturizing lip balm with sunscreen thirty minutes before going outside (particularly if you're skiing; high altitudes enhance sun damage). Reapply every two hours thereafter and before going to sleep. (Medicated Blistik Lip Balm contains PABA, an effective sunscreen.) Caution: Persistent chapping and/or "cracks" in the corners of your mouth may signal a medical or dental problem and should be brought to the attention of your physician or dentist. ▽

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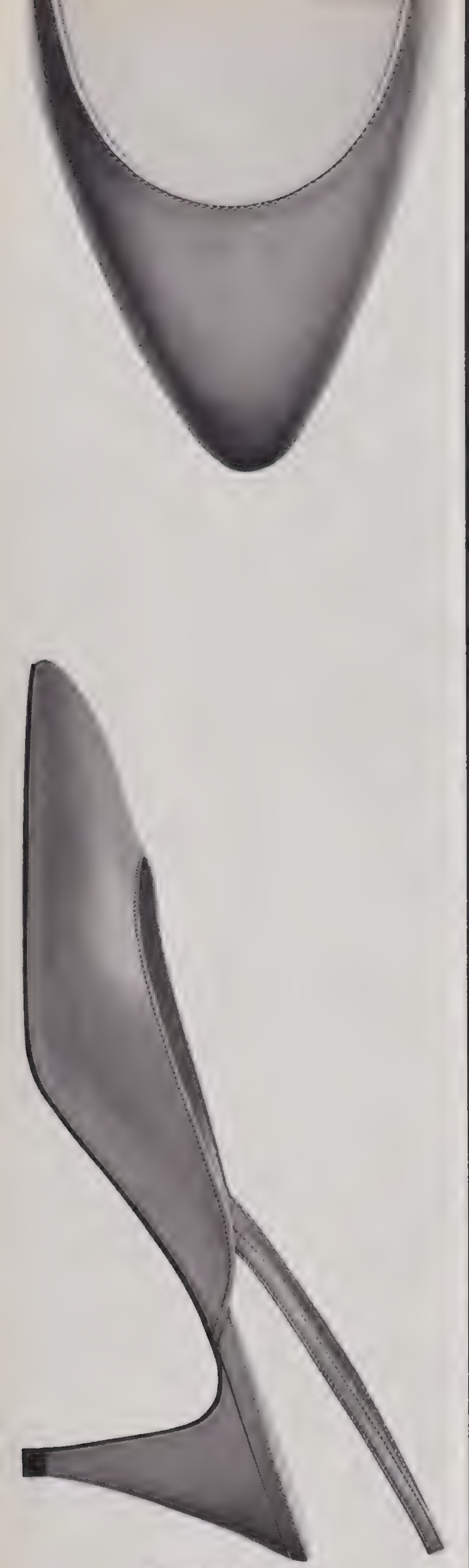

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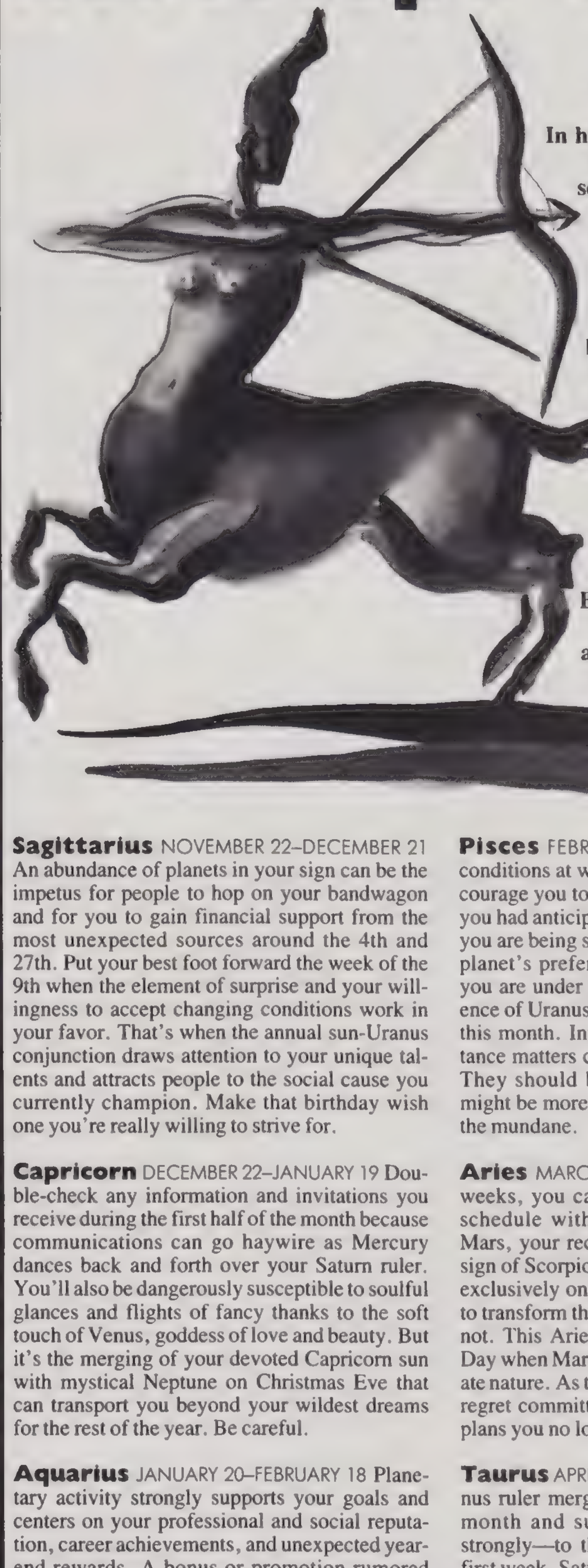
horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



December's Astrological Weather

In high-spirited Sagittarius, wits will sparkle, aspirations will soar, and intuition will speak to us loudly and clearly. Once clever Mercury turns direct on the 8th, we'll enjoy a rare two-month interlude in which the planets move forward at full strength. Now is the time to channel our energy towards finally achieving previously unattainable goals. This Christmas Eve, those requisite feelings of idealism and spirituality come to us naturally. But on Christmas Day, Mars and Pluto will brush up against one another and may create some family friction.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 An abundance of planets in your sign can be the impetus for people to hop on your bandwagon and for you to gain financial support from the most unexpected sources around the 4th and 27th. Put your best foot forward the week of the 9th when the element of surprise and your willingness to accept changing conditions work in your favor. That's when the annual sun-Uranus conjunction draws attention to your unique talents and attracts people to the social cause you currently champion. Make that birthday wish one you're really willing to strive for.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 Double-check any information and invitations you receive during the first half of the month because communications can go haywire as Mercury dances back and forth over your Saturn ruler. You'll also be dangerously susceptible to soulful glances and flights of fancy thanks to the soft touch of Venus, goddess of love and beauty. But it's the merging of your devoted Capricorn sun with mystical Neptune on Christmas Eve that can transport you beyond your wildest dreams for the rest of the year. Be careful.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Planetary activity strongly supports your goals and centers on your professional and social reputation, career achievements, and unexpected year-end rewards. A bonus or promotion rumored during the first week might be delayed until Mercury changes direction on the 8th. Remain calm and confident—within ten days, you'll have all the attention you can handle—as first the powerful sun and then loving Venus conjunct with your ruler, Uranus the Reformer, the source of your highly evolved social consciousness and present popularity.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 Changing conditions at work during the first week can encourage you to make a career move sooner than you had anticipated. Consider carefully whether you are being seduced by Neptune—your ruling planet's preference for idealism—or whether you are under the rational and rebellious influence of Uranus. Both tendencies are very strong this month. Investment, insurance, and inheritance matters can become crucial at Christmas. They should be dealt with even though you might be more interested in the spiritual than in the mundane.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 For the first two weeks, you can easily balance a hectic work schedule with holiday festivities. But once Mars, your reckless ruler, enters the seductive sign of Scorpio on the 14th, you'll tend to focus exclusively on an intimate involvement and try to transform the relationship into something it is not. This Arien insistence peaks on Christmas Day when Mars meets Pluto's intensely passionate nature. As this infatuation subsides, you may regret committing yourself to New Year's Eve plans you no longer wish to keep.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 Your easygoing Venus ruler merges with three major planets this month and subjects you briefly—but very strongly—to their disparate influences. In the first week, Saturn's cool eye will help you make the best economic and esthetic choices. An undercurrent of erratic Uranian energy around the 17th can present a romantic or financial risk you normally wouldn't take. Now you might be tempted. Then, Neptune's ethereal atmosphere extends way past Christmas, so only an equally exquisite celebration will satisfy you this New Year's Eve. *(Continued on page 122)*

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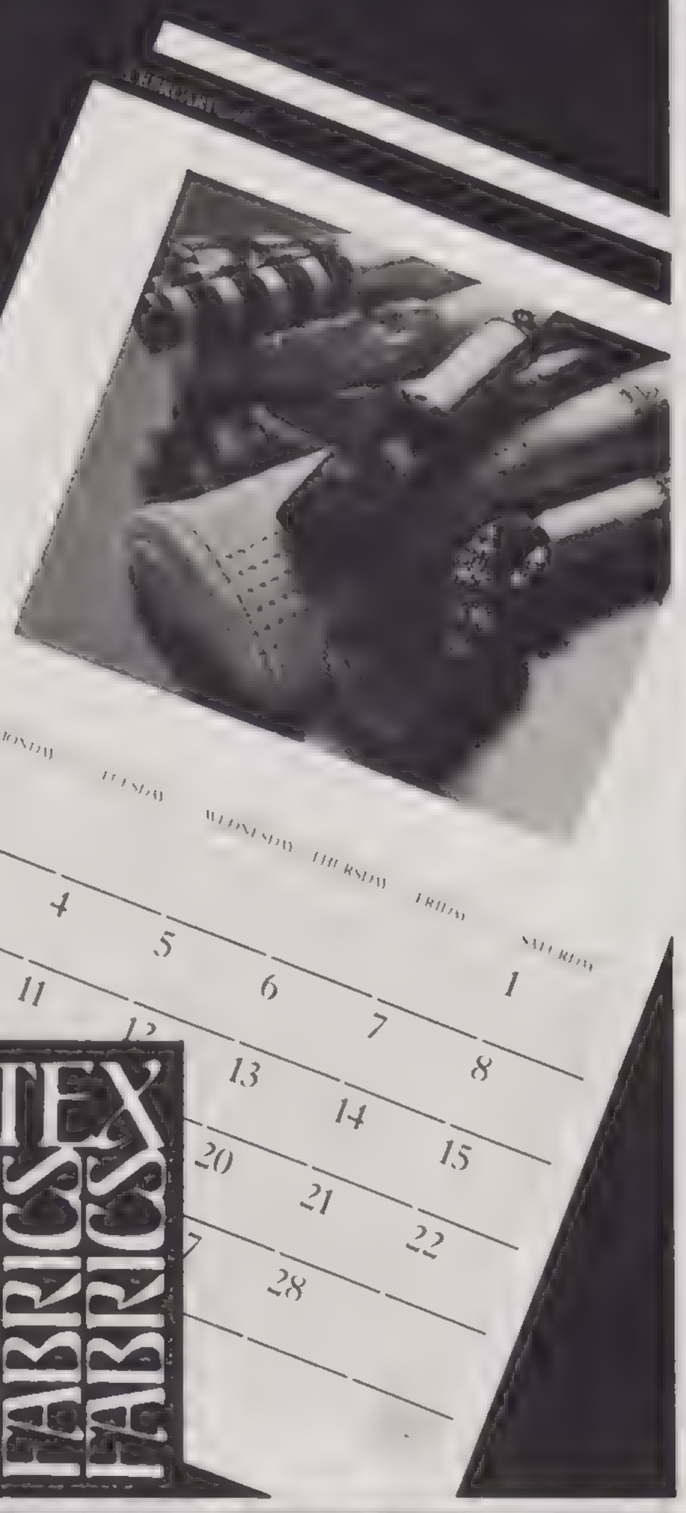

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KAREN ALEXANDER

horoscope

(Continued from page 120)

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 Accept misinformation and confusion as part and parcel of a retrograde Mercury period; and until your ruling planet turns direct on the 8th, postpone making any decisions, especially those concerning work. Whatever opportunity you might miss to show how responsibly you would handle an assignment will reappear the week of the 16th. Just before the New Year, a surprising development in a current love interest can help you realize that this relationship has more partnership potential than you had originally thought.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 Your esthetic sensibilities will be at their annual best during the first week, so let loose your artistic impulses and become more involved in a creative project. Fellow workers and, after the winter solstice on the 21st, your partner will depend on your heightened awareness. The only difficulties you might encounter are power plays within the family, aggravated on Christmas Day by the quick-tempered combination of Mars and Pluto. The Cancer full moon that follows will be a highly emotional time for all. Why not visit friends instead?

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 December is always an expansive time for Leos as the sun, your powerful ruler, transits your solar fifth house—the realm of romantic love, creativity, children, and entertainment. You can look forward to a surprising development in those areas on the 9th, as the sun conjuncts Uranus, the planet of progress. And just to insure that your holiday will be as glorious as you've imagined, the sun will meet Neptune's spiritual force on Christmas Eve, offering you a truly exalted experience.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 Don't let annoying crossed signals, missed messages, and other verbal misunderstandings disturb your Christmas shopping or holiday travel plans any longer. After the 8th, your fastidious ruling planet Mercury, the messenger of the gods, will move forward again, enabling you to proceed with a simplified schedule and a revised gift list. You might have to make sudden financial decisions at the oddest times—on Christmas Day and over that weekend—so keep track of your accountant's whereabouts.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 While Venus, your pleasure-loving ruling planet, travels through the carefree sign of Sagittarius, you'll want to spend even more money than usual. Your wisest and most beautiful purchase will be made on the 4th, your most original on the 17th. Unfortunately this bout of extravagance doesn't end until December 26th when Capricorn's steadying influence descends on you. The last week, Venus merges with nebulous Neptune and you fall prey to romantic rapture, sublime fantasy, or other great escapes.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 Thanks to the dynamic combination of daring Mars and determined Pluto this could be your best Christmas in years. As your two powerful ruling planets meet on the 25th, you can come out from behind the scene, command center stage, and reveal the plans for 1986 you've been quietly formulating. Take advantage of an excellent financial opportunity the week of the 9th to secure year-end investments and tax shelters. A strong sense of purpose is your key to success.

VOGUE, December, 1985

Buick redefines the Great American Coupe.

Once upon a time, America's roads were graced by handsome, big, sporty coupes. But in recent years, most big coupes grew to look suspiciously like sedans with two of their doors missing.

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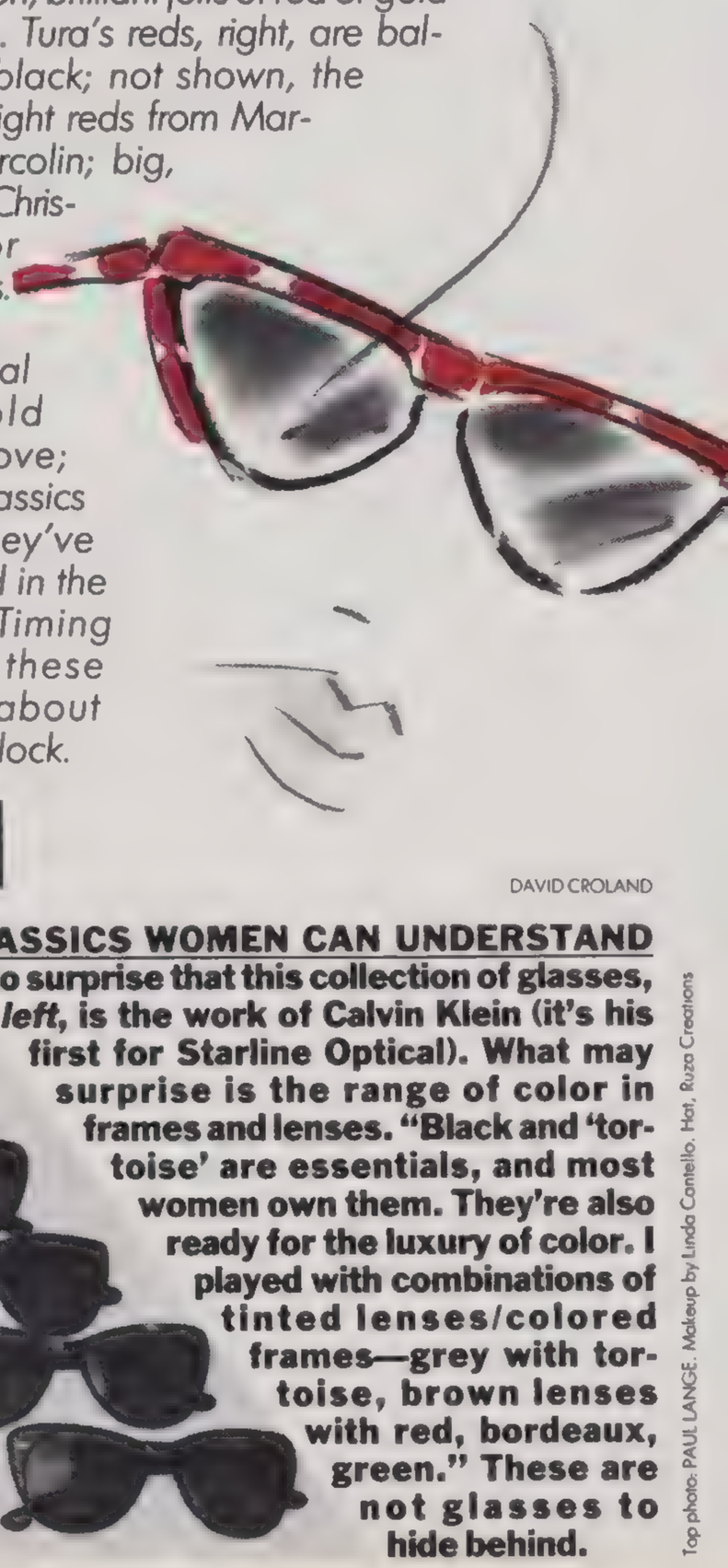
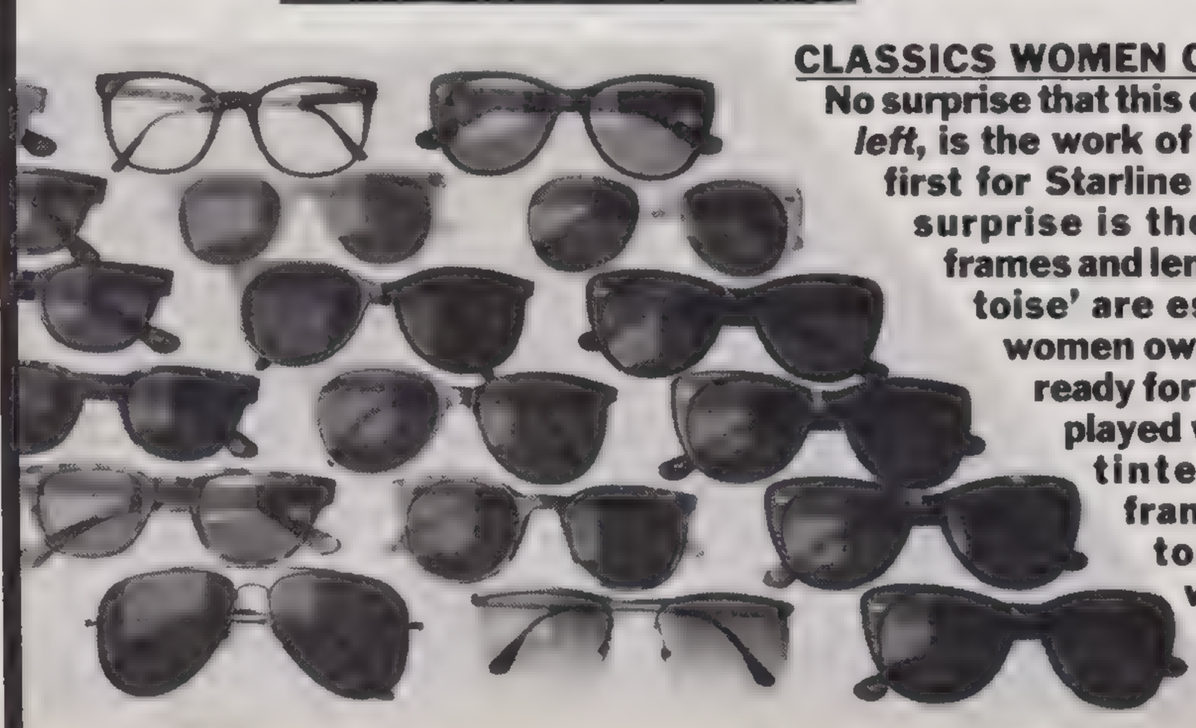
Eye makeup—it's as different today as day and night. By day: restrained, minimal. By night, quite another story. There's the return of liquid liner (more definition), the emergence of burgundy as a neutral on lids, lashes (more impact). More fun: false lashes venturing from the standard black to gold, silver, even black lace (Maybelline makes metallics spliced with black; Andrea/Mod, the laces)....And then there's the occasional glorious excess of a rainbow of shadows (such as the silky, *wearable* blue, purple, green, pink, bronze, gold in Charles of the Ritz Colormotion Eye Palette) either on eyelids or swept through and over brows. Brows are groomed, shaped, penciled, in many cases more stylized than natural (instead of thickening brows, makeup artist Linda Mason lengthens them with a line of dark brown)....Also evolving, tools to take it all off: Chanel's and Trish McEvoy's eye-makeup removers are contact-lens compatible; Andrea Eye Q's and new Take-Off Makeup Remover Cloths are non-oily portable swipes.

STANDOUTS *Revving up the black in fashion, brilliant jolts of red or gold in sunglasses. Tura's reds, right, are balanced with black; not shown, the lean, lightweight reds from Marchon by Marcolin; big, bold reds by Christian Dior for Optyl Designs. No hanging back: Optical Affairs' gold mirrors, above; Vuarnet's classics look as if they've been dipped in the real thing. Timing on shades these days? Just about around the clock.*



DAVID CROLAND



TOHRU NAKAMURA

CLASSICS WOMEN CAN UNDERSTAND

No surprise that this collection of glasses, *left*, is the work of Calvin Klein (it's his first for Starline Optical). What may surprise is the range of color in frames and lenses. "Black and 'tortoise' are essentials, and most women own them. They're also ready for the luxury of color. I played with combinations of tinted lenses/colored frames—grey with tortoise, brown lenses with red, bordeaux, green." These are not glasses to hide behind.

Top photo: PAUL LANGE. Makeup by Linda Contello. Hat, Ruza Creations

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MIND HEALTH

Deciphering the language of love…success appeal…do psychologists hate mothers?

BY CAROL TAVRIS, PH.D.

Oh, rapture! What love talk really means

English is rich in metaphors of love—metaphors that shape as well as reflect beliefs about love and people's hopes for it. A linguist at the University of Budapest, Zoltán Kövecses, has analyzed hundreds of expressions Americans use to describe love, and finds that language is more likely to express ideals of love than experiences.

The basic assumption in vernacular language is that everyone needs and desires romantic love, Kövecses says. We wait for our "true love" to arrive; "Prince Charming" appears; we are "swept off our feet"; we are at last "in love." Language reveals that we think the object of love is irreplaceable, and that love lasts forever.

Some common metaphors include *love as fire* ("burning" with passion, she's my "flame"); *love as insanity* ("I'm crazy about him"); *love as a nutrient* (she is "starved for affection," "all you need is love"); and *love as a unity of complementary parts* ("we're made for each other," "they are a perfect match"). The unity metaphor, Kövecses believes, takes its power from the image of perfect harmony, an idyllic state of matched and inseparable parts.

For better or worse, Kövecses says, this language of love is more poetic and hopeful than scientific. Divorce and remarriage statistics surely show that many people do not have only "one true love" that "lasts forever." And marriage counselors certainly know that love is not a state of "perfect harmony and unity."

The view that a couple is a "perfect match" is charming, but has special hazards if one takes it to heart. A person who feels that she is incomplete without a "better half" suffers the unfortunate consequences of believing in symbiosis. She may develop unrealistic, perfectionist standards ("I'll wait for my one true love"), as well as an inability to find other loves if "Mr. Right" fails to appear on cue.

Blame it on mother

Mothers know that, whatever they do in rearing their children, they will eventually be blamed for it. The women's movement has been drawing attention to mother-blaming by psychologists as well as by disgruntled offspring. For example, psychologists would study "maternal deprivation" and, on the other hand, "father absence." They have chronicled the many ways that mothers presumably caused children's distress and neurosis, but few (until recently) even noticed the role of fathers.

Has the last decade of consciousness-raising made a difference? Not according to Paula J. Caplan, Ph.D., and Ian Hall-McCorquodale, Ph.D., of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. They reviewed journals of clinical psychology from 1970, 1976, and 1982 to see if there had been a decline in attributing children's emotional problems to their mothers. In one hundred and twenty-five articles, seventy-two kinds of disorders were attributed to mothers, and mothers were cited five times as often as fathers in relation to their children's problems. The sex of the author, the type of journal, and the year of publication were unrelated to the likelihood of mother-blaming, which continues, the researchers say, to be a "significant and serious problem."

Decision-making—do as you think, or do as you feel?

When it comes to making decisions, whether whom to marry or what to order for dinner, some people behave impulsively, and others ponder all the possibilities. Emotion and reason have been assumed to be enemies in the decision-making process. But research shows that employing the intellect alone, or feelings alone, leads to incomplete or distorted decisions.

"Each emotion is a precise, clear message," says Kenneth S. Isaacs, Ph.D., of Storm Clinics in Evanston, Illinois. In his work with executives, Isaacs finds that those who make decisions without sufficient emotional input are often plagued by doubts and become obsessional—because they lack a sense of preference, of what feels right; that "gut feeling" of satisfaction lends a sense of closure to a decision. In contrast, those who uncritically "go with the feeling" often make illogical, impulsive choices without considering consequences or alternatives.

Healthy decision-makers, Isaacs believes, understand and integrate their intellectual and emotional motives. Anyone about to make life-change decisions for 1986, take heed.

Battle of the sexes, round 15: biology

Biologically based explanations of male and female behavior are everywhere in the news. Now biologist Anne Fausto-Sterling, Ph.D., of Brown University, takes a close look at *Myths of Gender: Biological Theories About Women and Men* (Basic Books). Human behavior is not "caused" by biology *or* environment, she argues. Human behavior is a web of interactions in which "connecting threads move in both directions": Biology can condition behavior, but behavior can alter physiology. Physical differences between men and women may help to determine our social differences; but many of the "proven" sex differences that scientists discuss are, in Fausto-Sterling's view, not proven at all.

Fausto-Sterling begins by observing that many studies of sex differences are scientifically shoddy: conclusions are drawn about women from studies done only with men; conclusions are drawn about *all* men or women from studies of middle-class whites; findings of male-female differences are pinned on gender when they could be explained by other factors. (For instance, boys as a group score higher than girls in math SATs. For years, scientists concluded that boys were "naturally" better than girls in mathematics—until it was noted that boys take more math courses.)

Fausto-Sterling then explores the evidence for such views that men are better equipped than women for math, science, logical reasoning (because of their supposed "left-brain" superiority or genetic advantage), and visual-spatial ability; and that women are passive victims of "hormonal hurricanes" (such as Premenstrual Syndrome and menopause) that make them irrational, if not positively homicidal. In each case she looks behind the façade of publicity that accompanied each of these findings ("premenstrual strain linked to crime"!) to scrutinize the evidence—when there is any. There is no credible research, for instance, that "defines and analyzes PMS."

Similarly, conclusions about the significance of left- and right-brain hemisphere differences has been exaggerated out of all proportion. Roger Sperry, the Nobel Prize-winning neurobiologist who discovered the left-right dichotomy, says that this "is an idea with which it is very easy to run wild." Even if differences are found between male and female brain hemispheres, Fausto-Sterling asks what evidence shows that such differences influence spatial and verbal ability? "The answer is, quite simply, none whatsoever."

Fausto-Sterling does not deny the importance of biology, but neither does she reduce everything to it. This important book separates science from sexism, in research and its application.

Why everybody loves winners

When a government, team, or local group does something good, its members speak of what "we" did: "we" won at the Olympics, "we" showed "them." Psychologists have given a name to everyone's desire to identify with success: "basking in reflected glory," or BIRGing for short. When a group fails or blunders, however, its members suddenly shift to "they": "they" lost, "they" don't know what they are doing. This process is now called "cutting off reflected failure," or CORFing.

C.R. Snyder, Ph.D., MaryAnne Lassegard, and Carol E. Ford of the University of Kansas found that these two mechanisms are common ways of maintaining one's self-esteem and public image. BIRGers feel a goofy pleasure in being on the same airplane as a famous person, or having a member of their ethnic group make good. Conversely, CORFers try to increase the distance between themselves and others who seem to have "failed." Usually, CORFing is an innocuous way to enhance self-esteem. But it can also lead to cruel and unnecessary rejection of groups and individuals who are "tainted" by lack of success. And here lies the risk to this familiar behavior: those who CORF today may be CORFed themselves tomorrow.

freedom

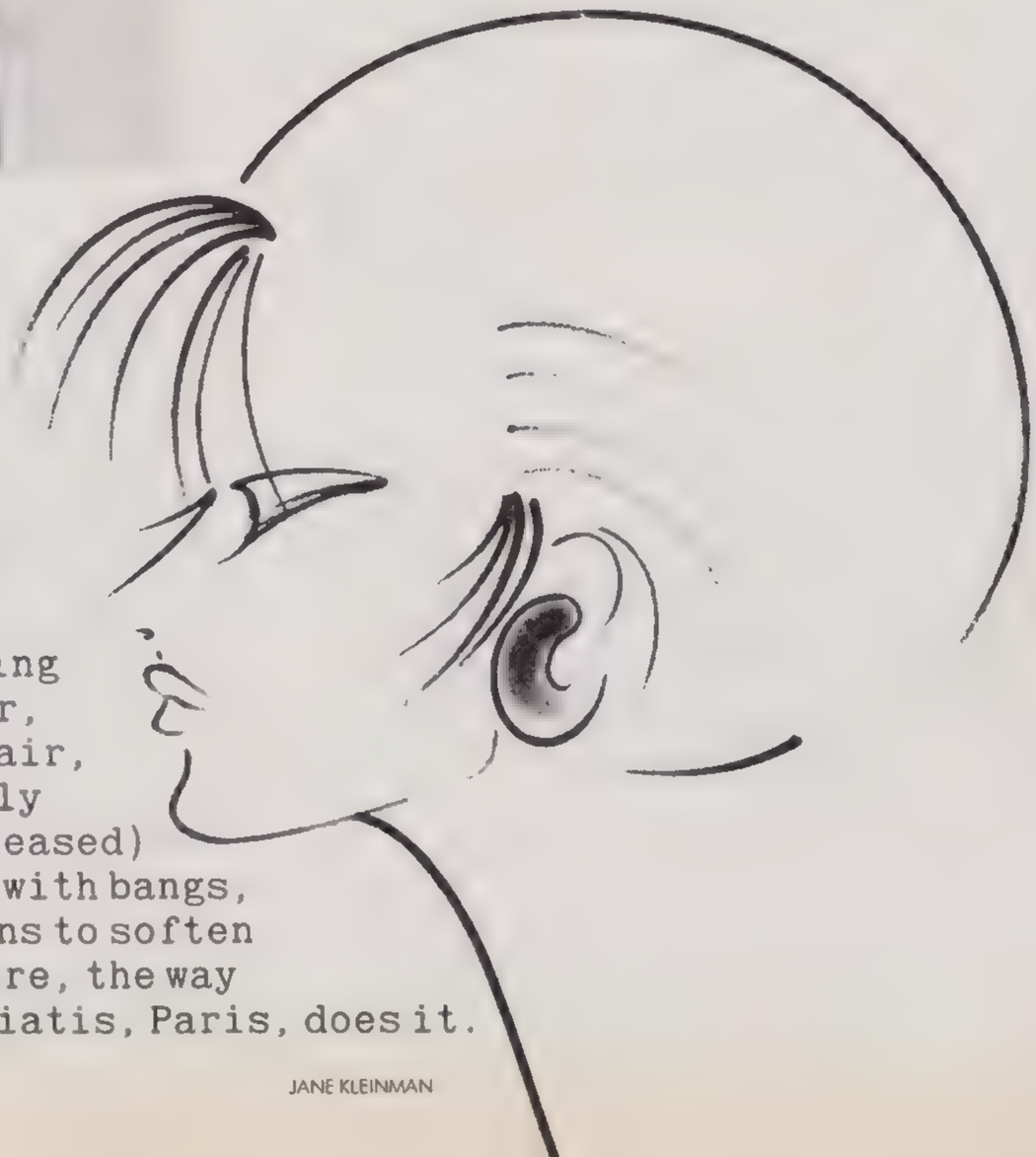
Cuts with an extra edge, versatile style…basic tools …the return of "big" hair

Modern signals: the way hair moves, changes shape in seconds—the terrific ease and versatility evident in the photos at *left* (seen again, in color, later in this issue). The starting point: a cut combining softness *and* precision—and often, now, with bangs. It's a new proportion, as seen in the neat line of the cut, *near left*, by Edward Tricomi of NYC's Pipino-Buccheri salon: a squared back, a length that edges the jawline, and soft layers that move hair forward onto the face. Bangs, too, are layered for fullness, for "weight." Instantly "turning" the look at night (photo, *top*): a shift in hair's direction, swept back with height at the crown, the charming counterpoint of a flip—direction achieved now not by teasing or setting but simply by working setting lotion into hair with hands…How to "lift" the look of your hair while it's growing out, says Ray Allington of Vidal Sassoon, who styled the look, *center left*: by cutting bangs to focus attention on eyes, away from hair's in-between length.

ANDREA BLANCH

Part of the "finish" a woman's hair has when she leaves a salon: the tools that are used. *Below*: Pro choices of Suga of NYC's Suga Salon, two pairs of scissors—one for short cuts and bangs, the other for blunt cuts…square clips for pincurls; thin versions for wisps… trio of brushes: small round to blow-dry short/curly looks; a nylon-bristled Denman brush for drying longer hair; a "must have" for gentle brushing: the rubber-cushioned Mason Pearson…and combs: a pick to lift short or curly hair; a tail comb for setting; a seven-inch "basic" to guide cutting or setting.

ROXANNE LOWIT



FULLER

Forward-looking style: rounder, "pouffed" hair, right, slightly layered (not teased) for fullness, with bangs, wispy sideburns to soften the effect. Here, the way Jean-Marc Maniatis, Paris, does it.

JANE KLEINMAN

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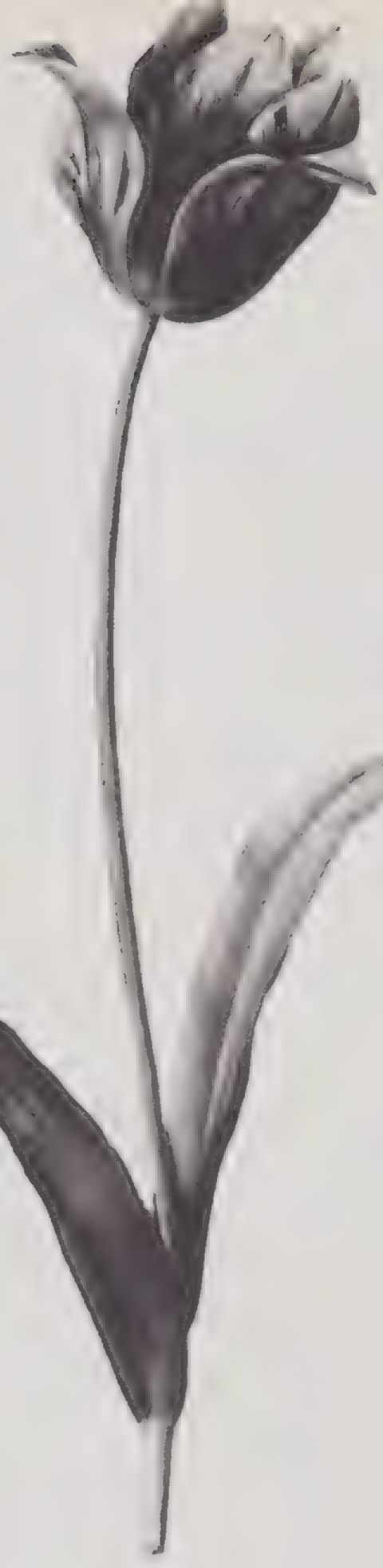
Best-selling botanical prints, a mania for ambitious English-style gardens, the luxury of cut tulips—this is the year of the flower.

By Ann E. Berman



Watercolor tulip from Les Liliacées by Redouté

At no time since the Victorian era has interest in flowers been as great. Plant nurseries find themselves completely out of stock after the swelling ranks of ornamental gardeners descend to carry off every available flowering plant. Floral designers are busy turning every inch of privately owned city soil into English gardens, and every tabletop into a floral still life. Everybody, so to speak, knows someone who's decided to go back to school and become a landscape architect.

In November in NYC, Sotheby's auctioned off four hundred and sixty-eight exquisite lilies, irises, amaryllises, and other flowers classified as "Les Liliacées." These are the original watercolors painted by Pierre-Joseph Redouté (1759-1840) for his patron, the Empress Josephine. When this issue went to press, Redouté's sixteen-volume botanical extravaganza was expected to sell for at least five million dollars. Fortunately for the rest of the flower-loving public, Redouté and other great botanical painters also made prints, but even these are selling so fast that dealers are having trouble finding enough material to meet the demand.

"This is the year of the flower," declares Stephanie Hoppen, a British print dealer whose array of flower prints created a minor riot at last January's Winter Antique Show in New York City. Many of her clients are Americans, and Hoppen reports that she is "busier than at any time in the past twenty years, and it is all flowers!" On this side of the Atlantic, dealer Graham Arader, with galleries in nine cities, has doubled last year's sales of flower paintings and prints.

Both dealers find that seventeenth-century prints by Basil Besler, eighteenth-century prints by George Ehret, and nineteenth-century prints by Dr. John Robert Thornton and Redouté are the most sought-after examples of an art that made its appearance shortly after the invention of the printing press. The first botanical prints illustrated books describing the medical uses of certain plants. These were followed by volumes designed for the botanist and gardener, with hand-colored prints that were both beautiful and scientifically correct. Such books were often commissioned by wealthy patrons, excited by the introduction of plants from the New World into European capitals, and by the establishment of the new Linnean method of plant classification.

The early years of the nineteenth century, when artists employed new engraving techniques that made the work resemble watercolors, was perhaps the golden age of flower prints. However, flower books illustrated with lithographs and photo-mechanical reproductions continued to be produced well into this century. As a result, there are botanical prints available for as little as $30. Serious collectors who concentrate on the bigger names look for wide margins, good paper condition, and avoid prints that have been recently recolored. Custom matting adds to the look: Hoppen specializes in marbled papers, applied ribbons, and combinations of colors and finishes to create very decorative versions of the traditional mat.

Part of the appeal of the botanical print is its appropriateness for the popular English country house look. Botanicals are often found inside an English country house because they depict the outdoor flowers that are an integral part of English country life. But well thought-out gardens and masses of cut flowers indoors are not merely accessories for the English "look." They represent the care, effort, and horticultural know-how that the English have always brought to their surroundings. Americans, more concerned with the appearance of their homes, are increasingly willing to spend their time and energy in the garden if it means having flowers to enjoy.

Landscape architect Bruce Kelly (who is, among other things, in charge of the landscape restoration of Central Park) finds that his clients want roses, perennial borders, and other plants that, as Kelly says, are inconsistent with the "maintenance-free landscape" that was the goal a few years ago.

> *Some speculate that the craving for flowers is a reaction to our technological age*

Florists are finding that their clients are calling for "garden flowers." "They ask for cornflowers, hollyhocks, and hydrangeas," reports Zezé, a Manhattan florist. "Potted perennials are also popular. They create an indoor garden and, thanks to advances in agricultural techniques, some perennials, like tulips, are now available all year."

Zezé and others are impressed with their clients' increasing knowledge about flowers. Amateur gardeners and even people ordering an arrangement from a shop ask for plants by their proper scientific names, chat about hybrids, and discuss ways certain flowers were used in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. Flower and garden books are one source of information and Madison Avenue's 999 Bookshop has one of the largest selections in New York City: successful garden books include *The Englishwoman's Garden*, *The Englishman's Garden*, *The American Woman's Garden*, and Lee Bailey's *Country Flowers*. Books by Gertrude Jekyll, the great English gardener of the Edwardian age, are being reprinted. At 999, *Roses for an Empress*, the story of Redouté and Josephine, is constantly on reorder. Two other major flower books have just hit the shelves: *Visions of Paradise*, by Marina Schinz and Susan Littlefield (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) celebrates the gardener as artist. *Flowers Rediscovered* by the three floral designers of Mädderlake (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) presents the casual approach to cut flowers with suggestions for airy, slightly whimsical combinations of whatever is in the garden.

Some observers speculate that the craving for flowers is a reaction to our computer age—the more technological our lives become, the more we look to nature, seeking beautiful, small-scale creations that we can control. In this mobile society, there is an increasing desire to surround ourselves with things that look as if they've always been there. Flowers have all the natural, timeless qualities we yearn for. As someone said simply: "A person would have to be mean-spirited indeed not to respond to a flower." ▽

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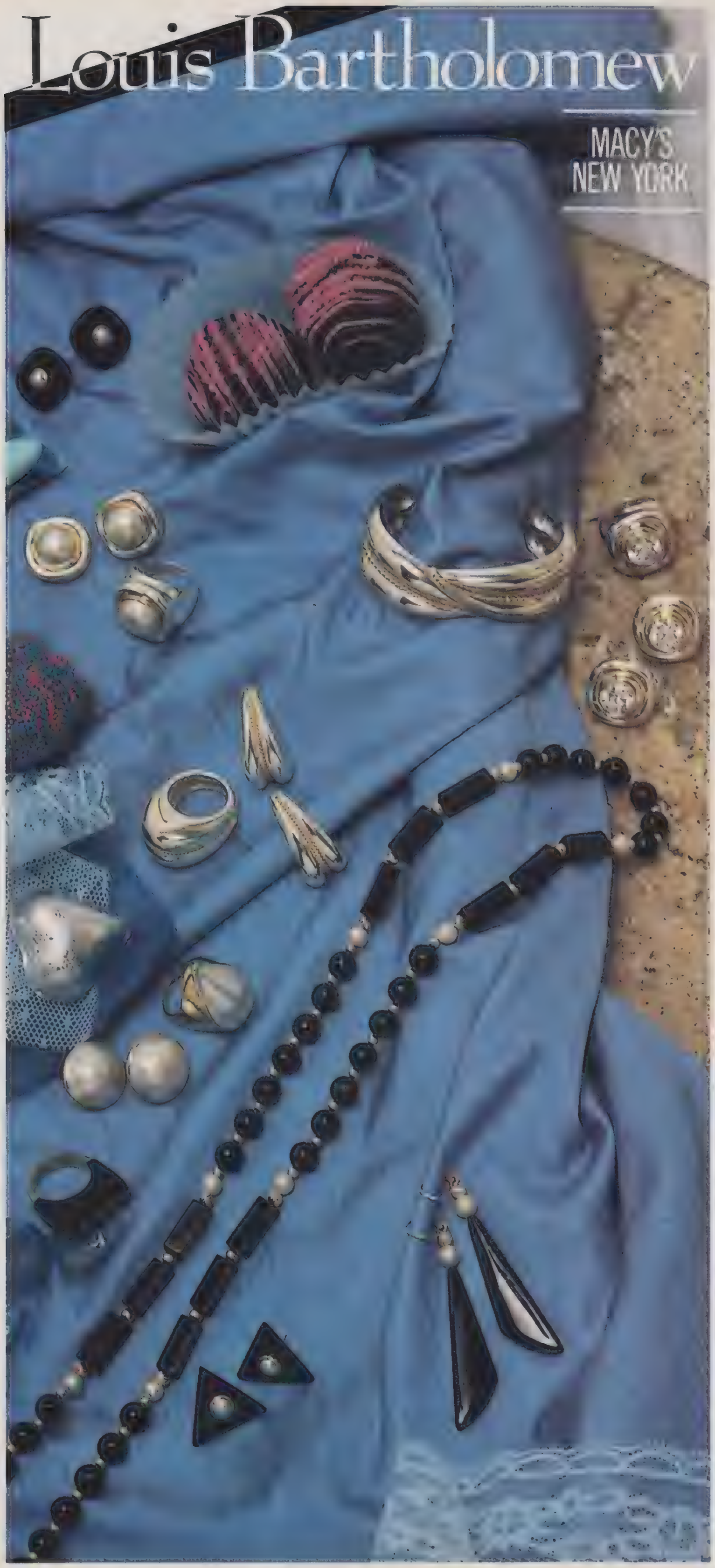

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HEALTH

Faster "strep throat" tests...new understanding of alcohol risks...your heart's surprising function

BY MELVA WEBER

Speedy I.D. for "strep throat"

"Strep throat," or streptococcal pharyngitis, is a highly contagious bacterial infection that could lead to serious heart or kidney damage. It can be treated with antibiotics, usually penicillin. "Strep" is often suspected by patients who come down with an acutely sore throat; but, in fact, only about 10 percent of America's sore throats are caused by the strep organism. Most of the remainder are caused by viruses, which do not respond to antibiotics.

Even experienced doctors cannot distinguish "strep" throat from other-caused sore throats without a laboratory test of fluid taken from the throat. The standard culture test involves growing organisms from the throat-swab sample, and takes twenty-four hours or more. Meanwhile, if the patient is quite ill, about half of doctors will administer penicillin, just in case. Such presumptive penicillin use means that many doses of antibiotics are taken that are inappropriate and may increase antibiotic sensitivity in patients and drug resistance in disease organisms, as well as having no effect on viral infections.

The medical debate about what to do for suspected strep may be becoming a thing of the past, however, as doctors in private practice, hospital emergency rooms, and walk-in clinics adopt a new quick office test that can detect the streptococcal organism in minutes. If the strep bacteria are present, a slide that bears tiny latex globules coated with antibody will quickly display clumping behavior, or agglutination, easily seen under a high-intensity lamp. When the sore throat is really "strep," the physician can prescribe antibiotics immediately and with confidence, giving the patient early relief and stopping the spread of infection to others.

One quick office streptococcus test is the Culturette 10-Minute Group A Strep ID test, manufactured by Marion Laboratories in Kansas City, Missouri. The makers stress that it's not for home use. And a sore throat is too serious for guessing. Potential threats (besides "strep") that should be medically ruled in or out include: mononucleosis, herpes, toxic shock syndrome, chlamydia, gonorrhea.

How alcohol harms

Alcoholics are more susceptible than other people to infections and have increased incidences of some kinds of cancer; but are these effects directly caused by alcohol abuse, or are they from some underlying condition that may also be related to alcoholism?

Scientists at the University of South Carolina in Charleston, and at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, conducted laboratory tests of lymph-cell cultures by treating them with graduated doses of ethyl alcohol, then stimulating them with various immune-response-inducing substances. The behavior of the cultured cells indicated impaired immune response as a result of alcohol dosage, reported the research team in *Archives of Pathology and Laboratory Medicine*. Cultured cells in the laboratory, they suggest, reflect what may happen in people with constantly elevated blood alcohol levels—the lymphocytes' protective response decreases, which may explain the increases of infections and cancers in chronic alcoholics.

The heart—a hormone maker?

Among surprises for scientists in search of naturally occurring peptides, substances made by the body to regulate life-processes: the heart appears to be an endocrine organ, maker of a chemical that it uses to regulate its own workload. At a recent scientific meeting, researchers shared data on the heart hormone called atrial natriuretic factor (ANF), which promotes excretion of sodium in the urine, thus regulating blood volume and pressure. Scientists identified the substance, a peptide (protein) that comes from the top of the heart, and its cell receptors. Other scientists cloned the gene that gives orders to make ANF, making possible a source of supply of the hormone for research. Clinical trials are underway to assess possibilities of the hormone for treating high blood pressure and related problems.

Oxygenated aid for cluster headache

The intense, sometimes disabling neuralgia known as cluster headache can bring on attacks up to five times a day, and the repeated attacks can go on for weeks or months, with headache-free periods between clusters. Various substances, including alcohol, histamine, and nitroglycerin, set off the headache during the cluster period but not in the between-cluster period. Cluster headache generally affects men more often than women. At Southern California Permanente Medical Group in Panorama City, Lance Fogan, M.D., M.P.H., treated nineteen male cluster sufferers in a study to find whether inhaling pure oxygen would bring relief. All patients had access to portable gas cylinders equipped with inhalation face masks. Half of the cylinders contained pure oxygen, half contained compressed room air, indistinguishable by odor or taste. When headaches started, patients applied their masks and started their gas cylinders, taking notes on the time, any effects on the pain, and the length of time they used the mask. The results, reported in *Archives of Neurology*: oxygen therapy proved highly effective for relief of cluster headache, compared with merely breathing pressurized air.

Health care by the book

Medical Access is a truly different—and extraordinary—handbook of medical information. This slim, softbound manual, designed like an illustrated tour guide, brings you well-detailed descriptions of 120 common diagnostic tests, thirty-two surgical procedures, and seventy-four items of important patient information on medical, surgical, and hospital care.

Architect Richard Saul Wurman has designed the book's vivid graphics, which include schematic anatomical maps of the human body's organs, circulatory system, and skeletal structure. The electrocardiogram entry, for example, both shows and tells the pattern of the heartbeat and the way it is measured and recorded on the graph paper. It also tells what the test is like for the patient, that it is painless, non-invasive, and takes only about fifteen minutes.

Surgical procedures are clearly described and illustrated, with details on the annual frequency of each operation in the United States, the usual duration of the procedure (half an hour for a Cesarean section), and the expected recovery time. There are maps of the typical intensive care unit and operating room. And there is information essential for decision-making on medical care, hospitalization, and patient rights.

This is a "what is" book rather than a how-to, says author Wurman. Its aim: to take the fear and anxiety out of medical and surgical care by telling the prospective patient what's done in various procedures and why.

Medical Access is published by Access-Press Ltd., headed by Wurman and Frank Stanton, former president of CBS. It's available through bookstores ($9.95) and at the one hundred fifty hospitals and health-care centers of American Medical International.

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battle venal

When Navratilova and Shriver team up to play Gerulaitis and Riggs, what happens?

By James Kaplan

Vegas, after all, is Vegas: self-parody on a grand scale. But in Atlantic City, New Jersey, something more insidious has happened. Atlantic City is really two cities: the huge, modern, out-and-out gambling machine, uneasily grafted onto the decaying vacation Rialto, home of salt-water taffy and the boardwalk. The contrasts here, between big business and poverty, between red velvet and crumbling masonry, are so pronounced as to make the teeth ache: I parked my car in a bombed-out brickyard at the edge of a slum right across the street from a city-block-sized edifice that resembles nothing so much as Scrooge McDuck's giant money vault.

MARTINA AND PAM ENJOY FUNCTIONING AS A SUPERB DOUBLES TEAM...WITH CONCERN FOR EACH OTHER'S MORALE, PLEASURE AT THEIR SUCCESS, RESPECT FOR VITAS'S AMAZING GETS

This is Trump Casino Hotel, and I am here to watch The Challenge, a $500,000 doubles tennis match pitting Bobby Riggs and Vitas Gerulaitis against Martina Navratilova and Pam Shriver. Which, on the face of it, has rather a classical sound—the boys against the girls!—until you remember that Riggs, who is perhaps the last living exponent of the kind of sheer corny Barnumesque hucksterism that our fast and canny age has probably outgrown, and who has promoted and packaged the match, is now sixty-seven years old. And that the whole enterprise has just a tinge of nastiness, of crassness about it. Riggs, you recall, has tried this gambit before, twice, when he was a mere spring chicken of fifty-five. He won once, beating a stately, dazed, and nervous Margaret Court, then lost once, in the extravaganza to end all extravaganzas (we thought), at the Astrodome in 1973, to a sharp, businesslike Billie Jean King.

The whole sex-battle concept seemed to have settled into a richly deserved retirement when Vitas Gerulaitis unwittingly blew fresh hot air into the old balloon last winter by remarking, he thought casually, that he would gladly bet his house that the number 100 male player in the world could beat Navratilova. The comment, quoted widely and out of context, seemed mean-spirited and irrelevant; yet now the air was in the balloon, and the balloon expanded and expanded, the primary expanding factor being the heat generated by Martina's continued and ever more awesome dominance of her sport.

The secondary factor was envy. Overaged male club players and fast-serving college boys around the country, spurred by the same ancient itch that caused Hippomenes to cast the golden balls in front of Atalanta, love to fantasize about how well they would do against Martina. This itch attests, of course, to Martina's mythic stature; but the fact that she is the most human of living legends was underlined by her puzzlement and distress at the growing hooplah. Her art is the purest; why must she mix media?

Still. The balloon was up. And I must admit that, for all my skepticism, I came to this match baffled about the outcome—and not a little intrigued. Riggs had foxed me. Somewhere, Barnum was winking. Something in us loves to be mystified, and I was bemused by this odd confluence of tennis players. And I was prey to my own maleness. If men were as much better as Vitas had said, then couldn't he, at number 22 in the world (his ranking as we go to print), take on Martina and Pam with—well, practically *anyone*? (With even *me*, for example? For didn't every tennis-playing male cry, in his secret heart of hearts, Take me along, Vitas! We can *do* it, man!) And mightn't Riggs, hearing aid and Coke-bottle-bottom glasses and all, have a few tricks left in him?

I should have known something was up when I saw the man in the lobby of the Trump Casino trying to give—not sell—his tickets to a mystified candy-counter operator. I should have known *(Continued on page 154)*

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(Continued from page 152)

something was up when the public-relations firm in charge of the event, which had been decidedly irritable over the phone when I tried to cadge a courtside seat (press seats, they told me without apology, would be in the upper mezzanine), suddenly came through at the last moment with ringside tickets—they'd been going at $500 a shot—for me and several of my fellow reporters.

I should have *really* known something was up when I overheard The Blond Dude (very expensive sports jacket; ditto haircut) say hopefully to Ilie Nastase, who was doing color coverage for TV, "I got the guys at two to one, Ilie. Whaddya think?" And Ilie, who is known neither for his gravity nor his feminist sympathies, shook his slightly balding head and said, in all seriousness, "I don't know, man. This court is really fast. And these two girls have been playing together a long time. It all depends on what kind of shape Bobby's in." Ilie did not look optimistic.

And, if I had any doubts left, the betting odds at the beginning of the match were 9 to 5 for the women. Oddsmakers, whatever their male loyalties, are very intelligent fellows. But still—*9 to 5*? Almost two to one! That would be a rout! Surely . . .

Yet there we were, in the silver-painted arc-lighted barrel-vaulted vastness of the Atlantic City Convention Center (golden pillars! green Moorish arches! lost Rialto!), in the same space where Presidents have been nominated, but even more piquantly in the very same space where, each September, a brand-new Miss America is crowned—there we were, eight thousand of us (such is the vastness of the Center that this means it was half-empty), Ilie Nastase and The Blond Dude and Herschel Walker and Donald Trump and Gene Barry and Catherine Oxenberg and Ashok Amritraj and Janet Jones in black leather and the guy in the cobalt-blue tuxedo and Bodybody T-shirt and the waitresses in their severely décolleté and hip-scooped orange-velvet bunny suits and many guys with very deep suntans and very thin watches and many pretty girls with tight silk dresses and powdered faces with hopeful expressions and many people given free tickets to pad the house and many cynical reporters—there we all were, watching Martina serve the first serve of the match, a slice wide to Bobby Riggs's backhand, a perfectly placed, devilishly spun serve, which the sixty-seven-year-old man quite gamely tried to lob over the head of the onrushing Martina. And quite a lob it would have been, too. Imagine: Martina, the best there is, giving it her best shot and running in, only to be fooled by the old slyboots! It could've set a nasty pattern. Instead, the lob rose and rose into the arc-lit barrel-vaulted vastness, then dropped and bounced six inches out. Thereby setting a pattern of an entirely different sort.

WHAT IT HAD ALL BEEN ABOUT, ONCE THE MONEY WAS COUNTED,

HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH A BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

WHAT IT HAD ALL BEEN ABOUT, MARTINA AND PAM HAD

TAUGHT US, WAS TENNIS, PURE AND SIMPLE

The rest went very quickly. In my mind's eye, I see a tape loop of the same thing happening over and over: Bobby, the forlorn but doughty, aged little boy, with his red bangs and askew glasses and Sugar Daddy (get it?) baseball cap and Trump T-shirt, putting up lob after lob, never high or deep enough (lobs may work against aging tournament players with weak stomach muscles; but to Navratilova and Shriver, lobs are canapes, tasty morsels ripe for the plucking—BANG BANG BANG; they kept smashing them back. One smash zinged into the seats and almost took my glasses off); Vitas struggling desperately to play the entire doubles court ("Just stay outa the way, Bobby!" someone yelled), running so hard that the giant Paco Rabanne patch on his sleeve jiggled. He made some impossible shots but not enough of them: he's only human, after all, and he's thirty-one years old, and anyway Pam and Martina were hitting every ball—what would you do?—straight at Bobby: BANG. Grim business.

And the women often looked grim. They got no kicks out of bombarding the old guy. Yet they did enjoy, as they always enjoy, functioning as a superb doubles team, and I saw many other looks (easy to read on their beautifully expressive faces) pass between them: concern for each other's morale, pleasure at their successes, respect for Vitas's amazing gets. They were never smug. Not for a second. The men, apart from a couple of stagey arm-around-the-shoulder pep talks from Vitas to the bewildered Bobby, never looked at each other.

The boys kissed the girls when it was all over (6-2,6-3,6-4 for Martina and Pam), but this was hollow theatrics. The audience filed out, glad enough to have had the chance to observe itself. What it had all been about, once the money was counted, had nothing to do with a battle of the sexes. What it had all been about, Martina and Pam had taught us, was tennis, pure and simple, and there is a fact to take us into the new age with amazement and some hope.

James Kaplan'*s work has appeared in "The New Yorker" and "Esquire." Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. will publish his first novel in 1986.*

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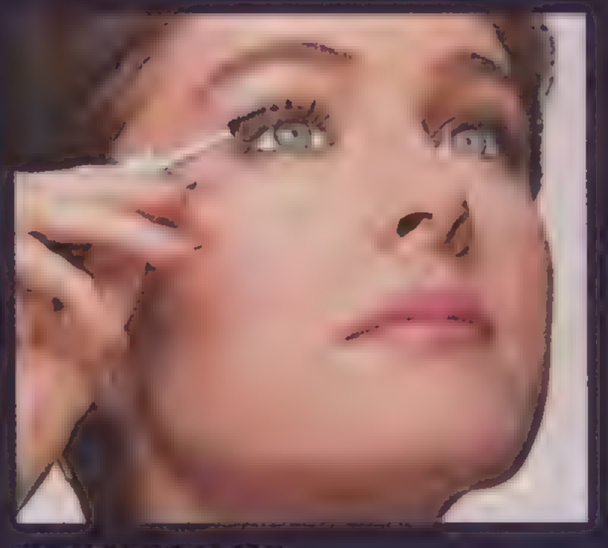

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Credit cards—the new deal… starting a business…more

MANAGING YOUR MONEY

BY MARION ASNES

Cutting the high cost of charging

Though interest rates have been drifting downward for over a year, one major source of credit has remained—until now—as exorbitant as it is indispensable: credit cards. This month, Visa and MasterCard holders whose accounts come from Manufacturers Hanover will find that the interest on their statements has dropped from 19.8 to 17.8 percent, a reduction other major banks are likely to match quickly. (At the same time, Manufacturers Hanover is raising most customers' credit limits by at least $500.) Manufacturers is not the first bank to lower its card rates, but it is the largest, with five million cardholders throughout the country.

One doesn't have to wonder why it has taken banks so long to bring credit-card rates in line with lower interest everywhere else. Despite the high cost of charging, credit-card use in America has continued to rise. That banks are moving at all is a response—at least in part—to pressures from Washington. In Congress, three bills have been introduced that would set "usury ceilings" to limit credit-card interest nationwide.

The Empress of Ice Cream—Myra Evans and Gelato Modo

Madly in love with their products, obsessed with the progress of their baby firms, disdainful of well-traveled corporate paths, entrepreneurs have captured the admiration of everyone with ambition. What makes entrepreneurs act on their dreams—while the rest of us are content to chat up our great ideas over cocktails?

As happens with more traditional careers, people who start their own businesses are often in the right place at the right time, willing to work hard and learn. But creating something from nothing requires something more: an insane passion to succeed, a vision of a grand plan, and a refusal to be held back by the possibility of failure.

Myra Evans is a perfect example of the entrepreneurial spirit. At age twenty-six, she has a bio that would make your everyday overachiever blush with envy: after graduating from Yale with a degree in chemistry—she wanted to be a neurosurgeon—Evans decided to take some time off from her medical studies and became a hot young financial analyst for Goldman, Sachs, the Manhattan investment bank. Then, in 1983, Evans left the financial world to start Gelato Modo, a chain of Italian-style ice-cream stores in New York City and New Jersey that now does an estimated $1 million-plus in sales each year. Evans developed the recipes, trained her *gelato* chefs (new batches are made each day), is now looking to expand the wholesale end of her business, and claims she has received five thousand inquiries about franchises. When asked about her drive, Evans commented, "I have to be continually challenged by what I'm doing or else it gets boring."

Before Gelato Modo entered the picture, Evans said, she had no desire to start a business. What made up her mind was the ice cream. "I was in San Francisco and went to every single *gelato* place I could find. There were lines out the door—it was a beautiful weekend. And I decided that this was a great idea for a business—I hadn't seen *gelato* in New York." A chance meeting with R. Michael Mondavi, president of Robert Mondavi Wines, on the airplane home convinced her she had a chance. "He met my ideas with approval and told me to incorporate myself very quickly and get a snappy name. If he had said forget it, I might have."

The quest for the right recipe took Evans to Italy; the search for the right location took her to the Census Bureau. When she had collected the information she needed, she began looking for backers—beginning with her colleagues at Goldman, Sachs. "I had worked in the corporate finance department and that's where I really got the knowledge to start my own business," Evans said. "People can have a fantastic idea but they don't know how to get the money to do what they want. At Goldman, Sachs, I was putting together some kind of financing every day. So I could write a great business plan."

In six weeks, Evans raised $150,000; she raised an additional $70,000 when she ran short of cash. Her plan called for franchising; but before the first Gelato Modo opened its doors in June 1983, she was negotiating a lease for a second location. "From the beginning, I knew that my investors would not be satisfied with just one shop," she explained. "They are Wall Street people who wanted to see exponential growth and go for the big kill. I wanted that, too."

When one goes for the big kill, one also chances taking a big flop, a risk that deters many from starting a business of their own. For Evans, youth was her best defense against fear of failure. She had saved up $15,000—"enough for a twenty-three-year-old to live on for six months"—and her career was just beginning, so a false *(Continued on page 160)*

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It was almost dawn when they played the last few beats of music in that little club off Avenida Copacabana. She whispered in Portuguese that my Azzaro reminded her of Amazon rain forests.

I told her she didn't have to go that far.

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At Lord & Taylor and other fine stores

(Continued from page 158)

move wouldn't have set her back. And Evans was so involved with building her business—she says herself that she was obsessed—that there was no time to be paralyzed by worry.

Their refusal to stop themselves (as well as the piles of money some of them make) is what makes entrepreneurs so glamorous; they are the poets, the mad scientists of business, ready to drive a good idea to its limit. Entrepreneurs also work terribly hard. They identify with their businesses and feel that responsibility intensely. When asked how she saw herself at the grand old age of thirty, Myra Evans replied, "The answer can only be, how's Gelato Modo?"

Design your own IRA

Now that Individual Retirement Accounts have been around for years, investors are realizing that along with the tax advantages comes a lot of detail work. If a person has five acounts, for instance, three may be in banks and two in mutual funds—all providing separate forms and requiring individual attention.

One way to reduce the time it takes to manage IRAs is to lump them together into a single, self-directed account with a brokerage house. "A self-directed IRA is more convenient because all your records are consolidated into one statement," says Hugo W. Quackenbush, senior vice president of Charles Schwab & Co., Inc., a discount broker. "Your broker can place your money in Treasury bills, bonds, and mutual funds as well as stocks, and have your dividends swept into a money-market fund automatically." In addition, an IRA holder can combine several years' deposits into a single investment. Anyone looking to start a self-directed IRA brokerage account should be aware that shopping carefully can make a huge difference. With IRA accounts, as with most financial services, charges vary: many firms exact initiation fees and annual maintenance fees on top of the usual commissions (for instance, at Dean Witter, a full-service broker, it costs $20 to open an IRA, $20 a year maintenance, plus commissions; Schwab charges only commissions).

Taking the pain out of taxes

The New Year is still a month away, but already publishers are looking forward to April 15 and bringing out a new crop of tax guides. A terrific newcomer to the ranks is *Sprouse's Income Tax Handbook 1986* (Penguin) by Mary L. Sprouse, a former IRS auditor who came over to our side in 1979. The book is huge—640 pages—but not intimidating once you've gotten beyond lifting it. Inside, everything a person needs to know about filing, paying, and reducing future taxes is clearly explained. Information is broken down into small, self-contained sections, and examples glide the reader through the math.

Most surprising is that, once Sprouse gets through with them, tax laws make sense. "I wanted to make them more accessible," says Sprouse, who also founded the Women's Tax Service in California.

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The melanoma "epidemic": self-exam steps, newest treatments. By Melva Weber

Malignant melanoma: melodious name for a dreaded form of skin cancer with a death rate of 25 percent, now increasing in incidence so swiftly that some doctors are calling it an epidemic. In 1930, a newborn baby's chances of developing melanoma were only one in fifteen hundred; in 1980, one in one hundred fifty. In the United States, twenty-two thousand new cases are expected this year, and fifty-five hundred people will die of this cancer.

The accelerating melanoma rate is associated with the ways people have increased their exposure to sunlight in recent decades. Warwick L. Morrison, M.D., head of the photocarcinogens/photoimmunology laboratory at the NCI Frederick Cancer Research Facility and at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, said the connection between sunlight and skin cancer appears to be two-fold: the sun produces changes in both the skin tissue and the immune system (in cells such as lymphocytes), permitting growth of skin tumors.

Where other major forms of skin cancer—basal-cell and squamous-cell carcinomas—are apparently caused by excessive cumulative ultraviolet exposure, the origins of melanoma may be more subtle. It appears to be triggered by sunlight, particularly by severe sunburns or by short, intense bursts of sunlight—the kind one gets with a quick midwinter vacation; but there are other factors for vulnerability to melanoma. Fair skin that doesn't tan easily increases risk. Adults who had severe, blistering sunburns as children seem to have increased susceptibility to melanoma, as do those with indoor jobs and outdoor recreation (women tend to develop melanoma on the trunk and legs, areas covered except at the beach). Some families are melanoma-prone. And some individuals have a great many skin moles of the type called dysplastic nevi, which means odd-shaped or atypical; these unusual moles are not themselves melanomas but are possible precursors in which melanoma may arise.

Two-Pronged Melanoma Strategy

Cancer experts have two main avenues toward reducing melanoma's toll of sickness and death: preventive efforts and early detection and treatment. Protection against damaging sun exposure is basic. As dermatologists and other doctors have been advising for years, overexposure to sunshine should be avoided, particularly by fair-skinned, easily sunburned people. Using sunscreen lotions with a high sunburn protection factor is heartily recommended by skin authorities. Doctors particularly warn against ultraviolet overexposure of skin areas that are normally, or for most of the year, covered by clothing. And the use of tanning parlors is anathema to almost any dermatologist. Radiation from tanning parlors, says the American Academy of Dermatology, is as dangerous as the noon rays of summer sun.

Toward Zero Death Rate for Melanoma

At New York University Medical Center in New York City, a leading team of cancer-fighters has shown that with early detection and prompt surgical removal, the death rate from malignant melanoma can be cut down to near zero. "The earlier the diagnosis—that is, the thinner the malignant melanoma—and the earlier the surgical treatment, the greater the survival rate," reported Robert J. Friedman, M.D., Darrell S. Rigel, M.D., and Alfred W. Kopf, M.D., in the cancer journal *CA*. Among their patients with melanomas, less than 0.76 millimeters (three one-hundredths of an inch) thick, 99.5 percent were alive ten years after surgery, a milestone that's considered tantamount to cure.

Another angle of attack—a vaccine to stimulate the body's immune response to melanoma cells—is being pursued at New York University. Jean-Claude Bystryn, M.D., is conducting tests with patients who have metastatic melanoma, which has spread to lymph nodes or organs. So far, patients have not shown adverse effects, showing that the vaccine is relatively safe; but there's not yet an answer to whether the vaccine will slow down or stop the progress of melanoma in advanced stages. If the still-experimental approach works, it may lead not only to help for advanced melanoma, but to preventive treatment for high-risk persons and even to vaccines for other kinds of cancers.

Monoclonal antibodies—highly specialized protein molecules created in the laboratory with modern cell-fusing techniques and capable of recognizing and attacking particular antigens (foreign substances)—are being mobilized against malignant melanoma. At Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, under the direction of Alan N. Houghton, M.D., mouse monoclonal antibody R_{24} given by injection to patients with metastatic melanoma has produced significant responses: actual regression of tumors in a quarter of the patients and mixed responses in others. Depending on dosage and rates of injection, all patients developed some degree of skin rashes and inflammation; but there was evidence of damage to cancer cells. R_{24} also provided evidence of ability to enhance the cancer-fighting effects of chemotherapy. In time, monoclonal antibodies may be valuable for both early detection and treatment of melanoma. *(Continued on page 168)*

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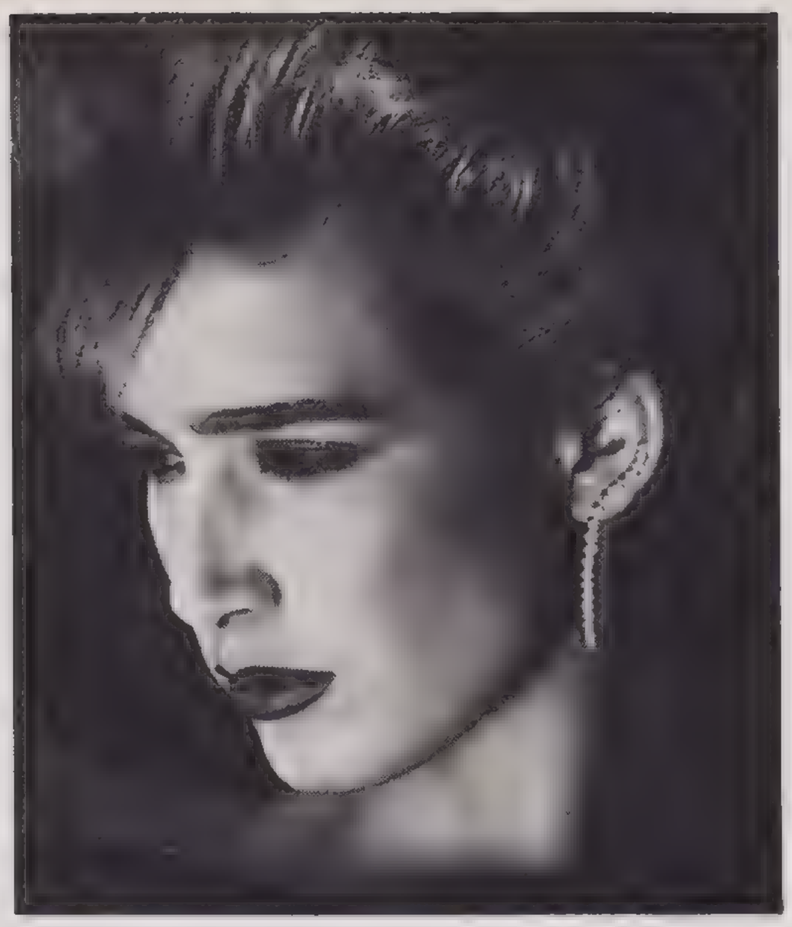

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Melanoma

(Continued from 165)

Physician's Skin Exam

A complete annual examination of the skin for potential cancers by a physician is recommended for everyone, says the NYU team; and this is urged by the American Cancer Society and the American Academy of Dermatology. This exam should be supplemented by monthly self-examinations by the patient. Patients who have had melanoma or who have family members with melanoma, and those with the unusual moles called dysplastic nevi, should have both exams even more often.

Searching for signs of early malignant melanoma, your doctor may use the ABCD memory formula, which takes in the major clinical features of the lesions:

A is for asymmetry. Melanomas are rarely round, as ordinary moles are.

B is for border irregularity.

C is for color variegation. Melanomas often range in color through tan, brown, and black, sometimes with blue, red, or white areas.

D is for diameter, usually greater than six millimeters, or one-quarter inch.

Your Skin Self-Examination

Maintaining a skin watch—knowing where all your body moles are and watching them for any changes—is the essential first step toward early diagnosis and successful removal of this cancer. To do a thorough self-examination of your skin, you need a well-lighted room with a full-length mirror, two chairs, a hand mirror, and a hand-held blow dryer.

Step One: Undress completely.

Step Two: Hold your hands with palms up. Look at your palms, fingers, spaces between fingers, and forearms. Turn your hands over and examine backs of hands, fingers, spaces between fingers, fingernails, and forearms.

Step Three: In front of full-length mirror, hold up arms, elbows bent, palms facing you; look at backs of forearms and elbows.

Step Four: At mirror, look at entire front of your body. Look at face, neck, and arms. Turn palms to mirror and look at upper arms. Then look at chest, breasts, abdomen, pubic area, thighs, and lower legs.

Step Five: At mirror, lift arms with palms facing each other. With right side facing mirror, look at entire side of body—hands and arms, underarms, sides of trunk, thighs, lower legs. Repeat with left side.

Step Six: With back toward mirror, look over shoulder at buttocks, backs of thighs, lower legs.

Step Seven: With back to full mirror, take hand mirror to examine back of neck, upper back, and buttocks. Examine backs of arms.

Step Eight: With hand mirror and full-length mirror, examine scalp. Use blow-dryer turned to cool setting to lift hair.

Step Nine: Sit on one chair or stool and prop one leg in front of you on the other chair. With hand mirror examine the inside of the propped leg, starting at groin and moving down the leg to the foot. Repeat with other leg.

Step Ten: Cross one leg over the other. Use hand mirror to examine top of foot, toes, toenails, spaces between toes. Look at the sole of the foot. Repeat with other foot.

Mutual examinations with one's spouse or partner can be immensely helpful. The doctors recommend taking plenty of time for the first few examinations. With experience, the self-exam should take only a few minutes. If you find unusual pigmented moles, you should first see your physician promptly. If they don't require treatment, it may be helpful to keep track of them in future self-exams by recording their location and size on a simple chart of back and front body outline.

NOTE: *In 1985, the American Academy of Dermatology has held over four hundred skin-cancer-detection clinics with free examinations by doctors and instruction in self-examination. The American Cancer Society is offering a free booklet developed in cooperation with the American Academy of Dermatology, "Why You Should Know About Melanoma," with color photographs of normal and abnormal moles and directions for the self-examination. Write: ACS, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street, NYC 10019. The Skin Cancer Foundation, 475 Park Avenue South, NYC 10016, also offers a brochure "It's Never Too Early To Stop Skin Cancer" that includes color photographs and information about all kinds of skin cancer.* ▽

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CARS & WOMEN

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

Size wise but gas foolish

Topping the Environmental Protection Agency's list of fuel-economy cars for 1986: eight imports; in first place: Chevrolet's three-cylinder Sprint ER made in Japan by Suzuki Motor Co., Ltd. with a city rating of 55 miles per gallon, a highway rating of 60 mpg. In ninth place—the only American-made car to make the top-ten list: the Ford Escort FS with a rating of 41 city, 49 highway. But remarkably, since oil prices are dropping, Americans are starting to buy big gas-eating cars all over again, and public pressure on auto makers to improve fuel economy has lessened. People seem to be ignoring the fact that oil and gas prices could jump again and they'd be left with a huge car they couldn't sell easily.

Greg Dana, EPA policy analyst with the Office of Mobile Sources, points out that mpg ratings are *not* meant to be taken literally—i.e., that not *all* Sprint ERs will *get* 55 miles per gallon in every city. The ratings are meant, instead, to be read like comparison prices in the supermarket—meaning that the car rated at 35 mpg will simply gobble more gas than one rated at 60 mpg.

Sitting pretty

In response to consumer demand, competition, and a growing awareness of health, American car companies are taking more cues from their European counterparts and introducing more comfortable, easier-to-adjust car seats. Ford's Thunderbirds and Cougars, for example, now have articulated seats that adjust in back angle, lumbar and thigh support to fit anyone 4'11" to 6'2". Other new features include: side bolsters useful in high-performance driving, and four to six different contoured adjustable supports that hug different parts of the body. Ford's also developing a microcomputer that "remembers" seat and rearview mirror positions, and realigns them with a flick of a switch.

Tips on seat comfort from Joseph M. Lane, M.D., professor of orthopedic surgery at Cornell University Medical College: the ideal car seat should be high and close to the wheel—low car seats flex the hip, keep the knee extended, may put pressure on the sciatic nerve in the lower back; they also hyperflex the spine and may set you up for potential irritation of the intervertebral disk. A lordosis roll (narrow horizontal pillow)—built into the seat or propped behind the back—protects the spine on bumpy roads, especially in city driving; right- and left-hand mirrors lessen strain on the neck.

At home: in the driver's seat

In the age of conservation and compact cars, gargantuan gas-guzzlers of the 'fifties and 'sixties are sometimes wistfully remembered as "living rooms on wheels." So it's not surprising to find that Santa Fe artists and car enthusiasts, fashion designer Sherry Stein and industrial designer Jody Norskog, took that observation to heart when they began raiding local junkyards and creating campy living-room furniture from the restored bodies of oldie-goldie Caddies.

Currently featured at Palm Spring's Elaine Horwitch Gallery, and next month at Chicago's Hokin/Kaufman: Stein and Norskog's leather Cadillac couch (about $10,000), with fully functional armrests—i.e., tail lights attached to a romantic dimmer. It's only one of a series they've planned to celebrate "the great fin era." The pair (P.O. Box 5918, Santa Fe, NM 87501) have also come up with a new, more moderately priced collectible for Caddie lovers: 'fifties fin table lamps, about $4500 each.

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Hide-'n-go-seek chic

What's no fun at all: wandering a labyrinth-like mall parking lot, trying to remember where you parked your car. The newest, most ingenious solution: a key-chain-sized car-locator transmitter that sends a coded signal to a receiver unit placed beneath the dashboard and activates your car's headlights and horn for one second. The device, available at Hammacher Schlemmer, NYC, $99.50, tracks down the sneakiest wayward vehicle up to two blocks away.

From car pools to pooling cars

In many cities parking spaces are difficult, if not impossible, to find; garages may have year-long waiting lists. And in New York City or Washington, DC, it may cost more to house a car than a person.

One solution: a new trend among young city dwellers toward sharing cars. "It works especially well if car-mates live in the same building or apartment and work different shifts," says Doug Neilson, spokesman for the American Automobile Association, Potomac. "Then one can have the car during the day while the other has it at night." It's also a great solution for roommates in buildings that allot only one parking space per apartment.

In most cases, though both people buy the car, only one name goes on the registration—presumably to save on insurance; gas, parking, other fees are shared. "It's an idea begun when cars were first invented," he says, "when only one person on the block owned a Ford and would lend it out to others."

The only danger: squabbles over conflicting vacations can end with the offending car hastily put up for sale—at far less than the going rate.

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letter from L.A.

L.A. is still America's dream factory—attracting new immigrants with the promise of making it and getting a tan at the same time. **By Hillary Johnson**

Los Angeles feels make-believe, as if desert loomed behind the storefronts. It's the cumulative effect of certain details: the manicured greenery, the riveting movie billboards, the pink glow that rims the horizon at dusk. The city inspires a readiness to imagine all kinds of private possibilities: it's a fantasy island where people can hope to reinvent themselves in mid-life. A more potent lure is hard to imagine.

L.A. is humming with immigrants, professionals from big urban centers—Boston, Chicago, New York—who are high on the weather, the natural beauty, and the nearly palpable sense that anything is possible here. Even Timothy Leary has a theory about L.A.'s manifest destiny. "The smartest, freest, most creative, best-looking people on the planet have been migrating west along the genetic runway," the former acid guru was quoted as saying in *California* magazine. "Here and now on this Pacific Rim, the human imagination is organizing itself for the next big evolutionary lurch." These hungry arrivals have an ethos of pirates bent on plunder, or, more kindly, kids at Christmas. The city, wide open and generous, accommodates them.

"This is a striver's town. Hollywood, particularly, stops for no one and nothing"

Arianna Stassinopoulos, already rich and famous by some standards, is launched on her own western migration, which has taken her from Athens to London to New York and now to Coldwater Canyon. In the inimitable prose of a *Hollywood Reporter* columnist, Stassinopoulos "has taken to Tinsel Town like a duck to water." "But what exactly does she do?" was the query uttered *sotto voce* in one Bel Air dining room when she arrived last year. For one, in a marriage of Grecian and Hollywood glamour, she sold her Maria Callas biography to Joan Collins, who intends to play Callas in a TV miniseries.

Cathy Guisewite, a Detroit native who pens a devastating and hilarious newspaper cartoon strip about modern women, *Cathy*, moved to Los Angeles last winter, a choice made when she realized she could live anywhere she pleased. On rare occasions, she descends in her white Alfa Veloce from her house above the smog line to sample the life she impales daily in her column.

Upward mobility, the ascent to a higher level of material comfort that many appear to make in periodic quantum leaps, seems to come with the territory. The Maseratis, Bel Air palaces, and other glittering prizes should never be construed as symbols of mindless sybaritism. This is a striver's town. Newcomers who planned to prosper in a vacuum of talent and ambition are quickly educated. Hollywood, particularly, stops for no one and nothing. In recent years, development deals have been struck even by patients in the Cedars-Sinai detoxification unit.

Residents of other American cities have larger per capita incomes, but people here apply more income—48 percent—to material goods than anywhere else. Merchants in the area that radiates from the intersection of Santa Monica Boulevard and Melrose Avenue are the beneficiaries of chic L.A.'s purchasing power. The nearby Beverly Center, a structure distinguished by exterior escalators in glass tubes in apparent architectural obeisance to Paris's Centre Pompidou, bears the sensual L.A. imprimatur but is really just a shopping mall. Vendors, in a setting of neon, palms, and acquisitive youths, include the Hard Rock Cafe; Tramps, the disco owned by Oscar Lerman, who is married to Los Angeles's statuesque prose laureate, Jackie Collins; and the Irvine Ranch Farmers Market. The last is a sumptuous grocery that has displaced the old Farmer's Market in popularity and price. Upwardly mobile singles cruise the wine racks there for affluent members of the opposite sex; in produce, radicchio costs $6.98 per pound. The Me Decade, with its attendant self-absorption, is history in Los Angeles. Externals are what count.

The Getty Museum's staggering $2 billion endowment, the largest of any museum in the world, is perhaps the most literal expression of Los Angeles's heady power. When it is completed in 1991, the new Getty, designed by Richard Meier, will dominate a sparse hill in Brentwood overlooking the San Diego Freeway. Internecine controversies percolate through the Getty administration—not surprising given the cash at stake—and local culture hawks feed on the gossip. Next year, the $23-million Museum of Contemporary Art will open downtown: the architect, Arata Isozaki, has designed museums in Japan as well as NYC's discotheque Palladium.

One of the most provocative new buildings in Los Angeles, the Melrose Design Center, just opened on Melrose Avenue. The pleasingly iconoclastic *(Continued on page 174)*

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letter from L.A.

(Continued from page 172)

structure is a three-dimensional rendering of the freshness of L.A. culture. Its sawtoothed façade, which has zebralike stripes of black granite and white marble, and its glistening, hot-pink circular stairway are a fanciful combination that commands attention. It's hard to picture this imaginative design looking so *right* in another city.

Gritty reality galvanizes the populace in older Eastern cities; in Los Angeles luxurious fantasy is the stimulus. The masses' reverence for movie stars is unadulterated. L.A. audiences uniformly applaud movie credits, as if the actors were present to hear them. Hostesses, particularly those on the charity circuit, toil to get the stars out for boffo fundraisers. "Stars dress a room—they have that aura of royalty," says Wallis Annenberg, Walter's effervescent redheaded daughter who gives parties in her Benedict Canyon house. "Having Gregory Peck and his wife on your committee is like getting the papal blessing."

Despite L.A.'s sense of ascendancy, vestiges of an inferiority complex remain. A longing for a patina of Eastern respectability plagues the city's psyche. To be "Eastern schooled," particularly for those in the entertainment industry, is the *ne plus ultra*, here—akin to being related to a Rothschild in New York City. An entertainment lawyer, in promoting an agent with a promising writer, listed the agent's credits, then added with significance, "and he's Eastern schooled."

Masculine style in the television and film industries is often characterized by an effort to mimic the Ivy League tenor of Wall Street and Madison Avenue. But just as the city itself can seem fake, Los Angeles dressing sometimes looks more like costuming than a bow to fashion. The private script of a Hollywood agent who has lived here all his life calls for Brooks Brothers gabardine suits, striped button-down shirts, tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, and blucher oxfords. Hollywood's executive women emulate the quiet style of prep-school instructors, as if trying to blend unobtrusively into what remains a male-dominated business. Sherry Lansing, a math teacher before she became a movie producer, is usually seen in silk blouses and wool trousers, her long black hair in a schoolmarm ponytail.

With the exception of West Hollywood, which, in 1984, incorporated itself as a city and now has three homosexual city-council members, Los Angeles is a ragingly heterosexual community. Los Angeles women complain just as women do in New York that there are too few men to go around, but they rarely complain that there are too few *straight* men. Sexual energy abounds. Even the Sierra Club caters to Los Angeles's singles' tenacity: members of the club's singles chapters hike on the beaches at sunset, water jugs clipped to their belt loops, or climb the Santa Monica mountains, high-energy lunches on their backs. The abstemious—and status minded—attend the Beverly Hills chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous, L.A.'s "social chapter."

On occasion, the L.A. woman's spiky heels, tight pants, short sequined dresses, outsized jewels, and teased, raffish hair leave little room for subtlety. What can pass for high style in Los Angeles would be disastrously misconstrued on the streets of Manhattan. The difference is that, in L.A., the tarty look is carried off with a sense of put-on that makes it seem positively wholesome.

The bad news is that sexy L.A. is also the city of rape. Los Angeles County endures the highest incidence of that crime in the nation; an estimated one in every three to six women here is expected to be raped. Why this is true has gone unexamined so far in any public forum, but most L.A. women are grimly aware of the statistics.

Still, it appears that L.A. may have the last laugh, despite the old fogies who continue to brand the city a shallow paradise. The 1984 Olympic games scored a tactical and spiritual triumph for the city and unleashed a rampant chauvinism. Los Angeles has little need of public-relations strategies or catchy tunes to make itself lovable to its inhabitants. People who live here know the city is simultaneously beautiful and a place of high commerce and large rewards. They perceive the outsiders' put-downs as something else: envy. ▽

Hillary Johnson *writes for many magazines, including Vogue and Rolling Stone.*

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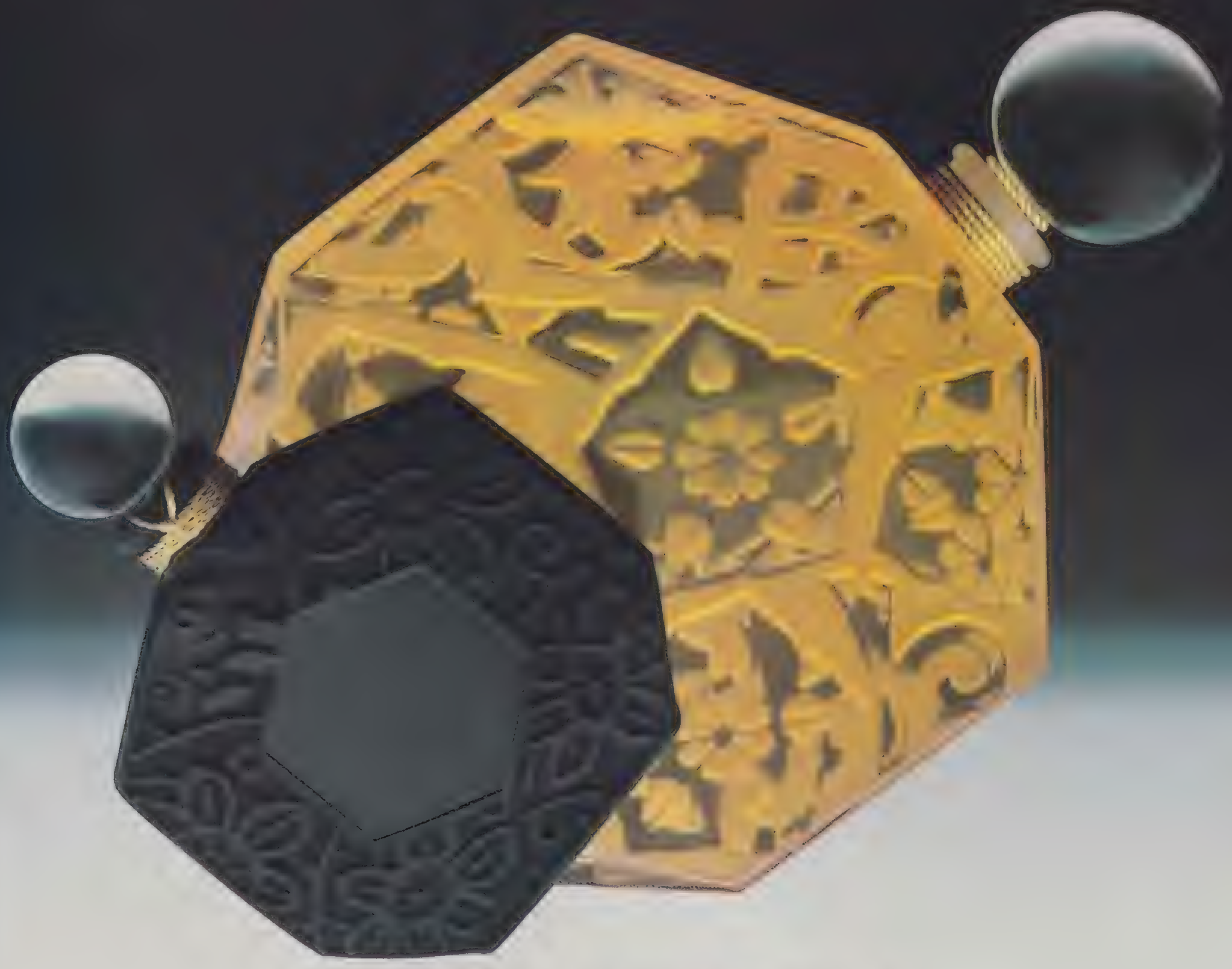

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BEAUTY NOW

image

Changes, choices ...from a black woman's point of view

COLOR CURRENTS

The reason that minimal makeup is having such a long run is obvious: it's attractive, it's appropriate. But: consider, for evening, the pleasures of a more ornamental look. (If any women can get away with more impact, black women can.) The idea: rich, red-orange, hot-coral, pink-orange lips—really brighten the face. . . Metallic makeups—gold, "tarnished" gold, or copper on the lips and nails (e.g., L'Oréal's coppery Sultana lip and nail colors). While gold warms the brown of skin, silver makes skin look ashy. . . . Even if you wear virtually no other makeup, rim eyes with black kôhl pencil. The contrast—white eye against dark skin—makes eyes gleam; it's the least you can do!

HAIR REALITY

Too many black women still fall into the trap of thinking that ''good'' hair is straight hair. Wrong. Good hair is cared for, healthy, full—kinky or straight...The *feel* of hair is as important as length, style, texture—and too much perm activator or dressing makes hair too shiny, unnatural, *un*touchable. (Idea: Vidal Sassoon's Body Glaze for control, subtle shine.)

You can't miss them, these spectacular, highly visible black women. Whitney Houston, Phylicia Ayers-Allen, Tina Turner, Diahann Carroll, Shari Belafonte-Harper (*above*—with a television series, movie, and six major magazine covers in one month) are just a few outstanding examples who have really made it in both black and white worlds. Their success has influenced all women, but especially black women, and one, perhaps unexpected, effect is their increasing interest in cosmetic surgery.

"Increased opportunities for black women in every profession certainly must have something to do with the fact that more black women are considering cosmetic surgery. That does not mean a desire to have 'new' faces or 'new' noses, but rather to enhance facial features and bring them into a more harmonious relationship," said James E. C. Norris, M.D., assistant professor of clinical surgery at Columbia University and attending plastic surgeon at Harlem Hospital.

"I would consider any telltale marks or scars an unfavorable result, and many black women seeking eyelid surgery, for example, do not have the crow's feet where scars from eyelid surgery can be hidden. Also, thickened, elevated scars appear to form with greater frequency in blacks. It is almost impossible to predict, but inspecting other surgical scars—even earlobe reactions to ear-piercing—often gives a clue as to whether the patient is at greater risk."

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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F.Y.I. A sense of fashion discovery: designers turn to another culture for ideas.

By Kathleen Beckett

Mary McFadden loves the prints. Scott Crolla, the cut. For Carolina Herrera, it's the cottons; for Issey Miyake, the wild silks. Zandra Rhodes admires the beading; Carol Horn, the weaving. And Willi Smith adores the colors—as do all the designers who have come under the sway of India. Their numbers are expanding as our exposure to all things Indian increases almost daily, as exhibitions, under the umbrella Festival of India, open across the country.

The fashions displayed are bound to dazzle with their extravagantly gilded and bejeweled beauty. Beyond the more obvious glitz, however, there are real, lasting fashion lessons that could be learned from a country that has had centuries to study, absorb, and refine them: a sensitivity to color that ranges from the boldest, brightest palette to the delicate distinction of seven different shades of white; a design devoted to comfort of cut and cleanliness of line that rivals the most modern efforts; a skill in handcraftsmanship that inspires awe; clothing in which every seam (or the lack of them) bears significance; a fashion that's evolved from a richly textured heritage.

The richness stems from a cross-pollination of influences between India and the rest of the world. Silks arrived from China; Alexander the Great brought the flowing robes of the Athenians. India reciprocated with its gifts: chintz, from the word "chint"—"to sprinkle"; calico from the port city of Calicut; cashmere from the Kashmir; Madras from the city of the same name; and a distinctive pattern of an Indian buta plant bending in the wind to meet a Persian cypress that found its way to the Scottish mill town of Paisley.

> *"The white of the clouds, white of the August moon, white of the jasmine flower. Who can resist?"*

Pierre Cardin, the first designer to open the door to China, was a pioneer in India, too. Back in the mid-'sixties he developed an exchange program with Indira Gandhi that reverberates in today's activity. His "India" collection used fabrics from the country; today, the table is turned as he plans to bring a bit of Paris to New Delhi by opening a Maxim's.

More recently, Michaele Vollbracht borrowed from India. In a 1983 collection he turned dhurrie rugs into evening coats. The inspiration? "I've been in love with India ever since I saw *Bhowani Junction* with Ava Gardner." The collection didn't fare too well. No wonder: the rest of the country had yet to see *Gandhi*, *Heat and Dust*, *A Passage to India*, *The Far Pavilions*, and *The Jewel in the Crown*.

These spectacles have certainly acclimated our eyes. Another nerve has been struck by the current prevalence of gilded and embroidered fashions—so much so that Stephen Jamail, exhibition coordinator in NYC of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's "Costumes of Royal India" claims, "The great fear we had installing these clothes is that they would look like a couture evening collection." Fabrics woven with gold served as alternatives to banks for India—one's wealth was worn on one's back. Same with jewels, which carry additional astrological associations. "It's like this bracelet I'm wearing," the Maharajah of Jaipur explains, pushing up his sleeve to reveal a collection of magnificent stones from India's famed mines (the ones Christopher Columbus was looking for when he bumped into America by mistake). "Here's a diamond, a yellow diamond, coral, pearl, and ruby. They correspond to planets, and protect the wearer from any inauspicious influences."

The embracing of India is also fueled by the Delhi government's effort to conserve crafts in danger of dying out. As Rajeev Sethi, curator of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum's "Golden Eye" exhibition in NYC says, "We must not let these skills die, the way we must not let the whale become extinct. These craftsmen are not necessarily just the inheritance of my country; they're the inheritance of mankind."

One such legacy: the fabrics—the legendary cloth-of-gold of Benares; brocades of seventeen colored silks of Bengal; muslins so finely woven that yards and yards can pass through a finger ring; cottons so gossamer they are said to "disappear" when floated on water.

Issey Miyake, who helped revitalize the failing kimono industry in his native Japan by using the fabrics in new designs, is one of many designers coming to the rescue. Pure 22-karat gold yarn, produced only in India for use in saris, is transformed into a new take on gingham-checked fabric; naturally golden wild silk turns into a range of modern separates; traditional quilting techniques turn up in new designs on pillows and bedspreads in Bergdorf Goodman's Indian celebration. The end result is, the designer says, "modern clothing with the warmth of tradition."

Scott Crolla helped reintroduce the Nehru jacket four years ago, calling it "the most modern, smart, clean shape in clothing." His approach to modernizing the fabrics is to mix them, "to put an Indian striped shirt with an English tweed jacket and Scottish plaid pants." Why turn to India for inspiration? "There is an understanding of color that is natural: wearing pink doesn't embarrass the Indians as it might the English." Diana Vreeland, one sees, was right on target when she said, "Pink is the navy blue of India."

"People said to me, 'Have you seen Jaipur, the Pink City?' and I would think, 'pink, sure, right.' But it *is*, all *(Continued on page 180)*

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F.Y.I.

(Continued from page 179)

different shades of pink," claims Willi Smith. Another pioneer, he went to India ten years ago in search of cottons when starting his business. "I fell in love with the human patchwork of color. I've never seen color put together with such abandon. I decided to mix colors their way, not by any plan we have—red goes with navy, say—but red with orange with yellow." Smith is also modernizing dhoti pants ("they're the new sarong") and narrow drawstring pants and tops "that will look like Mahatma Gandhi's, all in white."

The beautiful nuances of white seduced Carolina Herrera. "They have such poetic names: the white of clouds, the white of the August moon, white of the conch shell, white of the jasmine flower. Who can resist?"

Carol Horn couldn't. She went to India in the early '70s. "My inspiration came from walking in the marketplace. I saw workmen with wonderful bias-cut hand-woven cotton undershirts. I wanted to ask them, "Where do you get your underwear?" Instead, she translated this and other styles for her collection.

The richly beaded embroideries have inspired Zandra Rhodes. A studio in India interprets her designs (Victoria Principal wore one of the results as her wedding dress). Rhodes also journeyed to India earlier: it was the force behind her 1982 "Indian Miniature Painting" collection. Her latest fall/winter effort, inspired by a return trip to the country, was called "India Revisited."

Embroidery of a different nature—the subtle white-on-white chikan embroidery of Lucknow—appears in Mary McFadden's spring couture collection, "Mon Jardin." Its name comes from the Moghul garden she has been designing for four years. "The colors and the motifs—stylized lotus, agapanthas, chrysanthemum—come from seventeenth-century Indian miniatures." Holding up an embroidered sari border that she's turning into a jacket, she exclaims, "Look at this. It's unique. You can't get workmanship like this, at this price, anywhere else in the world."

If we admire the skill, the handwork, the jewels, the gilding, and the profusion of color India has to offer, there is yet another appeal. Pointing to a dancing girl's skirt, embroidered with hundreds of ponies, elephants, and flowers, Jamail says, "Who has the time to do this anymore?" Indeed, time might well be our most precious commodity and one which a country thousands of years old with a vast labor force has in abundance.

"In India we have great pride in the beauty of our crafts," claims Naveen Patnaik, author of *A Second Paradise*. "They have been improved upon over the centuries to contribute to the refinement of a human being's life. They are our treasures." They could be the world's. An evening bag woven of peacock feathers, a jeweled slipper, a gilded muffler, an embroidered jacket, or a pure white tunic could add delight to the way we dress. East meets West—and everybody wins. ▽

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what's news

Stress tests: overused?...
can fitness keep you "young"?...
coping with urinary incontinence

STRESS TESTS: CONTROVERSY CONTINUES

For years, many cardiologists have criticized the use of treadmill stress tests to determine heart-disease risk in men and women under fifty who have no symptoms or family history of the disease. The force behind their criticisms: reports that indicate nearly *half* of those in this age range who are diagnosed as having high heart-attack risk on a stress test do not (results known as "false positives," to which women are particularly prone), while some of those whose stress tests are trouble-free may have "silent," or symptomless, heart disease (so-called "false negatives"). Now, several physicians claim to have developed computer-assisted scoring methods that can elevate stress-test reliability to as high as 92 percent at *every* age. Are these claims valid?

"While the results of computer-analyzed stress tests are highly promising, these techniques have yet to be tested by multiple experts other than their developers," cautioned Richard Stein, M.D., director of the exercise laboratory at Downstate Medical Center and chairman, New York Heart Association Exercise Committee. Other experts, including Kenneth Cooper, M.D., founder of The Aerobics Center in Dallas, question whether the computer programs will prove to be universally valid—and feel that, with proper technique and trained personnel, conventional stress testing can be accurate as much as 80 percent of the time.

What should a sedentary woman under fifty who wants to embark on an exercise program do? "Consult her personal physician, who can determine whether or not a stress test is necessary based on her medical and family history and exercise goals," said John R. Sutton, M.D., professor of medicine at Ontario's McMaster University and president-elect, American College of Sports Medicine. "In some cases, the activity that the woman plans to take up can be an important determinant; the risk of having a heart attack while playing an 'explosive' game such as squash, for example, is much higher than while doing a steady, slower-paced activity such as walking. The policy of requiring a stress test for every person over age thirty-five who joins a health club is, I think, a huge waste of time and money, not to mention the incredible anxiety that can result from a positive test that, after more expensive, more complex testing, turns out to be false. In symptom-free men and women under fifty, the role of a stress test is to determine heart-and-lung fitness, not cardiovascular health."

Even those who feel stress tests can be reliable heart-attack risk indicators in younger adults acknowledge that the tests are also a valuable tool for fitness assessment. "Repeating a stress test at regular intervals can provide proof of the value of an exercise program," said Dr. Cooper. "Seeing an improvement in cardiovascular fitness over time can be the motivation a woman or man needs to keep exercising."

MAKING HEADLINES

As we went to press, Congress had just voted to maintain—rather than to raise or halve—the sixteen-cents-a-pack cigarette tax. Important points raised by the Institute for the Study of Smoking Behavior and Policy at Harvard University: While confirmed adult smokers are unlikely to be swayed by a cigarette price change, younger smokers are. If the cigarette tax goes down, approximately one million young women and men between age twelve and twenty-five are likely to begin or continue smoking; any sixteen-cents increase in the tax, on the other hand, would be likely to decrease the number of teenage smokers by 17 percent—a reduction (Continued on page 187)

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FITNESS NOW

(Continued from page 185)

of approximately eight hundred thousand young smokers.

● *Ten years ago, women looking for scientific backing for the benefits or risks of exercise had to be satisfied with studies conducted on men—a situation that led to many now-disproven myths concerning why women should not exercise. Cheering: not only are more women being studied by fitness researchers, but more of the findings are being shared with the public. Since the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports sponsored the first National Women's Leadership Conference on Fitness in April, '84, over eleven regional women's fitness conferences have been spawned, with four set for next year. (Contact The President's Council, 450 5th St. NW, Suite 7103, Washington, DC 20001.)*

EXERCISE vs. AGING

It's no secret that regular exercise can keep a woman's or man's body *looking* younger, but can it have a similar effect on the changes that take place *inside* our bodies as we age? More and more studies suggest the answer is yes; that while aging is inevitable, remaining physically active into and well beyond your forties can cut your "physiological age" by as much as ten to twenty years.

"Staying active could add as much as two years to the average person's lifespan, regardless of negative factors such as smoking, hypertension, or the death of one parent before age sixty-five," estimated Ralph S. Paffenbarger, M.D., of Stanford University School of Medicine, at a recent international conference on Physical Activity, Aging and Sports. Key to exercise's impact on longevity, cautioned Dr. Paffenbarger, who based his advice on studies of over sixteen thousand Harvard University alumni age thirty-five to eighty-four: that activity is *continuous*. Youthful athleticism, he found, is no compensation for sedentary middle-age.

Also changing: the notion of *how much* exercise is needed to reap health benefits at different stages of our lives. Once we pass sixty, experts are learning, even low-intensity exercise (i.e., walking, cycling, or swimming at a pace that raises heart rate to only 30-40 percent of maximum) can have a dramatic impact on physical and mental well-being. Doing such exercises three times a week, reported experts at a workshop sponsored by the Centers for Disease Control, can lower older adults' risk of coronary heart disease and Type II diabetes, help retain the integrity of muscles and bones, build self-confidence, and lessen the likelihood of depression and anxiety—"sharpening" an older person's physical and mental skills. When Australian researchers followed over five hundred women and men over age sixty enrolled in such a program, they observed not only a decrease in participants' intake of medication and frequency of doctors' visits but—equally impressive, say many experts—a boost in the *quality* of their lives, especially in the satisfaction derived from relationships with others.

Aimed at providing this type of life "enhancement" to older women and men across the country: the sponsoring of athletic events for those over fifty-five by more and more state and local governments. According to a recent American Athletic Union (AAU) survey, there are now twenty-eight such events in the U.S. and Canada, many open to out-of-state residents. Information: The AAU Masters Program, AAU House, 3400 W. 86 St., Indianapolis, IN 46268; (317) 872-2900.

HELP FOR URINARY INCONTINENCE

For some women, involuntary urine leakage is a frequent consequence of activities that put pressure on the bladder, be it a simple action such as coughing or sneezing or the result of exercises that involve jumping, lifting, or straining. The first course of action, of course: having the problem checked by a gynecologist or urologist, who can determine if the cause is a temporary one such as a bladder infection, or an anatomical problem such as a dropped, or prolapsed, uterus or bladder (contrary to what was once popular opinion, exercise does *not* cause or worsen these anatomical conditions but can increase the frequency of symptoms). While an operation to return a dropped bladder or uterus to its proper position is a possibility, many physicians, including Mona Shangold, M.D., director of the Sports Gynecology Center at Georgetown University and co-author, with Gabe Mirkin, M.D., of *The Complete Sports Medicine Book for Women* (Fireside), recommend taking these preventive steps first:

- Always empty your bladder before exercising.
- Perform Kegel exercises—in which you alternately contract and relax the outer vaginal muscles—several times a day. Strengthening these muscles may improve a woman's ability to control her urine.
- Wear a mini-pad (or special incontinence pad) during exercise.

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HAIR NOW

ideas

New ways with ornamentation... "prescription" hair care

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Real-life demand: for hair that holds its shape, its fullness without complicated or time-consuming styling tricks. The solution, says Didier Malige, who created the look at *right* for Jean Louis David: "having one hair tool that you know you can rely on, that works for your hair's texture and length." Here, that "tool" was a lightweight (i.e., non-sticky) styling gel—used on short hair, not for slickness, but for invisible control. Application: *sparingly*, with fingertips, to root sections only... The same principle—that hair-care and styling choices should be based on hair's length, texture, condition—is at work in the growing numbers of truly targeted hair-care systems. Bain De Terre from Zotos includes botanical-based, salon-"prescribed" perming formulas as well as shampoos and conditioners. Like taking a mini spa-break: their Kelp Masque and Herbal Wrap, a fragrant, salon-only super conditioner....Inspired by modern habits: the Safety Perm, at NYC's Pierre Michel-/Lancôme Institut de Beauté, that can be used before/after highlighting. ...Clairol's vitamin-enriched Vitapointe conditioner to help compensate for a range of hair "abuses."...Formulated with men's hair facts—daily shampooing, less-than-gentle styling, the potential for thinning—in mind: new Pantene for Men hair-care and styling line.

Photo, top: makeup, Mariella Smith-Masters; fashion, Karan. Sketch, center, David Crowland; bottom, Jane

FAST CHANGE

In a season of ornamental hair, quick, easy options abound. Charming: the gold or silver leopard comb, *left*, to hold hair off the face—a witty "take" on the animal print fashion trend (from Boyd's, NYC: 212/838-6558) ...Sparkle and styling help-in-one: mousse-in/wash-out color, applied for subtle contrast, the look of highlights (latest: Roux Fanci-full's conditioning color formulas)...

WIGS!

Signs of the times: at Gianni Versace's fall/winter ready-to-wear shows, the models all wore wigs—expertly cut and styled by Milan hairdresser Aldo Coppola (versions of which are available in Bloomingdale's Glemby salon)...Frequent request of the celebrity clientele at Tovar, Beverly Hills: for hairpieces that can be worked into hair in seconds (a signal of the growing variety: HairPlus extensions, used to "fill in" or accent hair, come in four textures). Latest: instant "switches" to use instead of hair combs, in a chignon (*right*, by Put-Ons).

Donna Karan New York; earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Kleinman. Details, last pages

Photo: Michel Comte

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Talking about Books

In 1984, Winnie Mandela, the symbol of the anti-apartheid struggle, touched her husband for the first time in twenty-two years

The yin and yang of power… Jean Auel's Stone-Age soap operas… Britain's last angry man is an American… Extraordinary, valiant women: Angela Davis on South Africa's Winnie Mandela… A talking gorilla goes ape…New fiction from Tobias Wolff… and more…

South Africa's St. Joan

PART OF MY SOUL.
By Winnie Mandela.
W.W. Norton. 164 pages. $16.95

Reviewed by ANGELA DAVIS

Where does a woman find the tenacity and resilience to endure more than two decades of unrelenting efforts by an avowedly racist government to shatter her commitment to her people's freedom or, barring that, to drive her toward insanity? After innumerable jailings, house arrests, and bannings, after several nearly successful attempts on her life and repeated harassment, Winnie Mandela has emerged seemingly unscathed.

At forty-nine, the wife of Nelson Mandela—the imprisoned leader of the African National Congress of South Africa—has been clearly tempered by her ordeal. Yet she retains a gentleness that endears her to most who encounter her. Now, thanks to Anne Benjamin, who has edited this book of interviews, letters, and testimonies by and about Winnie Mandela, it is possible for many others to become more intimately acquainted with her—with the person, the leader, and the remarkable symbol of the contemporary challenge to South African apartheid.

Angela Davis *teaches at San Francisco State.*

I am only a few years younger than Winnie Mandela. As a teenager coming of age in Birmingham, Alabama (then the "Johannesburg of the South"), I was shocked to discover that black people elsewhere were subjected to the same injustices of segregation as we were in the southern United States. By the time I learned of the existence of the African National Congress, Nelson Mandela was already in prison. Eight years ago, shortly after Winnie Mandela was banished to the town of Brandfort in the Orange Free State as a result of her leadership role during the Soweto uprising, I listened to a taped telephone conversation with her. Since then I have been haunted by that voice, its tone of quiet determination, its expressions of confidence in an eventual victory for democracy in South Africa.

Today I feel more awed than ever—and more humbled by this proud-hearted woman's account of her unceasing battles with the apartheid regime. Having myself spent what seemed to be interminable months in jail as I awaited trial on politically motivated charges, I was utterly devastated by Winnie Mandela's account of her experiences in prison, which caused the memories of my own incarceration to pale in comparison.

"In those days all I had in the cell was a sanitary bucket, a plastic bottle which could contain only three glasses of water, and a mug. . . . For a bed there was only a mat and three stinking filthy blankets. I rolled one up for a pillow and slept with the other two," she writes.

"The days and nights became so long that I found I was talking to myself. It is deathly quiet—that alone is a torture. You don't know what to do with yourself; you sit down, you stand up, you pace up and down. . . . Your body becomes sore because you are not used to sleeping on cement."

And I had complained fifteen years ago that to write on the tiny desk in my New York City jail cell, I had to sit on a malodorous toilet. Yet I had a desk as well as a toilet! And I had books, a legal pad, and a pencil. Each time I felt mice and roaches crawling across my body, I shuddered with fear, whereas Winnie Mandela was overjoyed one day to find ants in her bare cell. For her, these two living creatures broke the tormenting monotony of seventeen months of solitary confinement. During the course of my own imprisonment, I was physically assaulted only once. Winnie Mandela was brutally beaten so many times that she stopped counting.

According to African tradition, one's name expresses the essence of one's being. In the Xhosa language, Winnie Mandela's African name, Nomzamo, means *trial*—"those who in their life will go through many trials." Since 1962, she has experienced only ten months of "freedom," the rest of the time having been spent in prison, facing court charges, under house arrest, or banned. What is the source of this woman's unrelenting courage? Perhaps her reflections on her childhood provide a clue: "When I was a *(Continued on page 192)*

PETER MAGUBANE

INTRODUCING NO NONSENSE LIGHT SUPPORT. IT STIMULATES, INVIGORATES, AND ENLIVENS

...COMFORTABLY.

Talking about Books

(Continued from page 190) child, I thought then we owned all. The freedom you have as a child, those undulating plains, beautiful greenery—how we would run from one end of the river to the other, running over rolling beautiful green hills. I thought that was my country.... Then...you grow up and a white man tells you that your own country doesn't belong to you and that you must have a piece of paper to stay there."

When she married Nelson Mandela in 1958, she knew that she had "married the struggle, the liberation of my people." Until 1964, when her husband was sentenced to life imprisonment, she saw him sporadically and always clandestinely. Their two children, Zindzi and Zeni, learned to know their father during rare, closely monitored prison visits. In May of 1984, Winnie was able to touch her husband for the first time in twenty-two years. It seems that with her unshakable political commitment, she has tapped a limitless well of emotional strength.

The publication of *Part of My Soul* is well timed. Black South Africans and their white allies are posing an intense and organized challenge to the white minority government. At the same time American public opinion is rapidly turning against the policies of the Botha regime—and consequently against the Reagan Administration's strategy of "constructive engagement" with South Africa.

Part of My Soul should be read by everyone concerned about South Africa—particularly by those who have been abruptly awakened from their slumber by the televised sight of South African policemen training their weapons on black children. Although the structure of the book leaves something to be desired, its inestimable value resides in the fact that Winnie Mandela, allowed to plead her own case, emerges as a compelling spokesperson for her people.

Whoever might be disturbed by the involvement of the African National Congress in armed resistance should read her analysis of the limits of non-violence when peacefully demonstrating schoolchildren are indiscriminately killed by machine-gun-wielding police. Whoever might be under the impression that black people in South Africa view their struggle as a race war—and are determined to eliminate white people as a group—should read Winnie Mandela's tributes to white as well as black women and men who have kept the struggle alive. They should also reflect on her vision of a free South Africa, based on the enfranchisement of black people and on a multiracial democracy.

When Nelson Mandela is unconditionally released from prison, and when black people receive the franchise, he will no doubt be the undisputed choice of the electoral majority for prime minister. Nomzamo Winnie Mandela can then triumphantly reclaim the ancient rivers and undulating plains of her childhood.

Samurai Martyr

MODUS VIVENDI.
By Deirdre Levinson.
Atheneum. 106 pages. $5.95

Reviewed by SUZANNE HART

Reading this book made me wonder how I had lived without Deirdre Levinson. She has kept a low profile. In 1966, she published *Five Years*, a book about living in Cape Town: "I went to South Africa as if I were going to Nazi Germany—I refused to even glance at the scenery." A few short stories followed in the 'sixties, and then nothing—unless you count marriage, children, and teaching—until a stint writing the "Hers" column in *The New York Times* in 1982. At fifty-four, she's not exactly what you'd call prolific. She works slowly, a little at a time: "I wrote one chapter of *Modus Vivendi* a summer." There are eight chapters. But out of this long gestation comes her story, undamming swells of grief that almost swamp the reader.

Queenie, the unvanquished narrator with the "face of a pugilist," grew up in England dreaming of the fearsome Saint Joan. She is now being stripped of her armor. Her job as a teacher stupefies her. Her once invincible marriage is a mess. Her infant son has died, thanks, she thinks, to her. In tones of jagged baroque beauty she keens: "the tears burst from our eyes like hailstones."

Yet the book avoids the oppressively tragic—partly because Levinson acknowledges the grief of a much larger world: the enormity of the loss of her father's family in the German death camps has eclipsed all others for her.

Despite Levinson's anguish, she is irrepressibly funny. "I wanted it to be a laugh a line—or at least every other line." Queenie's husband proposes to her on her way out to the dentist for a root-canal. "So it was given me to experience the soul's bliss that day simultaneously with the body's torture, as I sat in the dentist's chair, my heart singing hymns at heaven's gate, while the sweat of agony streamed down like tears."

Modus Vivendi is fierce and wry and tender by turns. Queenie has infinite compassion for her husband, Eli, an intelligent, doomed man who periodically ingests the contents of the medicine chest. But she's not a martyr. After one of his binges—a real doozy—she goes after him, fingers clawing: "Bare hands weren't enough. Advancing upon him with bread knife and chopper, I pinned him to the bed, put the knife to his forehead, drew blood. 'Like a samurai,' Eli said afterwards, 'with all that equipment.' " It is hard not to read this complex relationship as autobiography. Levinson tends to agree. How could you put up with him? I bristle. Her humbling response: "He is a man with a great deal in him, you see. It was always worth it."

Above all, it is the language that compels. Deirdre Levinson could make a grocery list lovely. The intensity of cadence hints of a childhood in England's North Country and years of reciting poetry. The sheer beauty of the lines offers release, smoothing out tragedy. She stills the howl of, "If I could just sit in this bus till it were all over" a sentence later: "If it were spring now, I'd smell the lilacs, first the purple, then the white, sniff up the scent against the day's levy."

("Books" continued on page 195)

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Talking about Books

Prehistoric Peyton Place

Does anthropology—or sex—make Jean Auel's books best-sellers?

By SUSAN SHWARTZ

With her no-nonsense manner and warm, expansive laugh, Jean Auel resembles a successful manager or a lecturer at some tweedy college. In fact, she is a science-fiction publishing phenomenon who has toured archeological digs across Europe and Russia, slept in an ice cave, and learned to knap flint (or, make flint tools) in order to understand how Neanderthals and Cro-Magnons lived twenty-five thousand years ago.

The author of the spectacularly successful *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, *The Valley of Horses*, and now, *The Mammoth Hunters* started writing in 1976, having already raised five children and earned an MBA. She quit her job in an electronics firm—because management was "too much like housework"—and sat down one night with a pencil and yellow pad "to write a story, maybe science fiction, about a girl who was adopted by a primitive tribe."

The girl became Ayla, a leggy, blond Cro-Magnon foundling who, in *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, is brought up by the dark, squat Neanderthals. She tries to adapt to their patriarchal ways, believing herself to be ugly because she is unlike them; learning sign language because they distrust speech, laughter, and tears; abasing herself in the presence of males to pacify them. But her native independence nonetheless provokes the chief's son to rage and to rape. Ultimately, even that isn't enough: he orders Ayla cursed, separated from her child, and ostracized.

Though Auel insists that her "Earth's Children" series isn't "written as feminist polemic," a woman's struggle for independence and recognition of her abilities is a central theme in her work. "You have to be a feminist if you want to function at all today," she says. "Ayla is the heroine I never had."

In *The Valley of Horses*, Ayla survives alone in the Russian steppes for three years, inventing horse taming, adopting a lion cub, and finally rescuing Jondalar, a Cro-Magnon who teaches her language and the pleasures of sex. Exile becomes idyll. However, Jondalar's hatred of the Neanderthals and his revulsion on learning of Ayla's half-Neanderthal child nearly destroys them both.

Now, in *The Mammoth Hunters* (coming out this month from Crown Publishers), Ayla and Jondalar join a Cro-Magnon tribe—the Mamutoi, or Mammoth Hunters, of the Ukrainian steppes. Auel's heroine is no longer a pariah but a paragon. Readers who have suffered with her and believe in wish fulfillment will be delighted with Ayla as a fur-clad Cinderella, an outcast who becomes the hottest kid on the ice block. The complicated plot explores the sociology that Auel creates for Cro-Magnon sex roles. At times the sexual shenanigans seem too trendy and contemporary to be believed, and Ayla's monologues lamenting the difficulties of Having It All occasionally make one want to tell her to shut up and enjoy it.

But two powerful archetypes keep *The Mammoth Hunters* from turning into a Pleistocene Peyton Place: Ayla's transformation from Ugly Duckling to Swan, and the making of a shaman. Like the shamans in mythographer Joseph Campbell's *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Ayla transcends a mysterious past, suffers repeated tests, and survives a symbolic death. *The Clan of the Cave Bear* shows Ayla tapping into the racial memories Auel has invented for the Neanderthals; in *The Mammoth Hunters*, Ayla learns magic. Before a hunt, she stands on the ice, blond hair streaming, her mind questing after mammoths, summoning them to the hungry tribe. In conducting a funeral of a Mamutoi/Neanderthal child, she acts as a shaman, even creating a new definition of "human" for the Cro-Magnons. Men see her as the goddess incarnate, "beautiful, strong, fearless, caring, protective...all woman." Had Auel not surrounded Ayla by archetypes, her character would have seemed too good to be true. But Auel clearly intends Ayla to be a metaphor for all women who overcome degradation, who devise tools and implement ideas to enrich their lives.

Daryl Hannah as Ayla, the fur-clad Cinderella, in the forthcoming Clan of the Cave Bear

Auel's interest in feminism reflects a growing trend in science-fiction writing, long a male-dominated preserve. Traditionally, male-written science fiction glorified a high-tech boys' club, in which female characters were too often naïve assistants talked to death by starship captains, nitwits writhing in the embrace of tentacled monsters, or evil queens who eventually lost heart and realm to the intrepid (male) explorer. Today, the explorer in a science-fiction novel is just as likely to be a woman, and the drama is just as likely to be influenced by anthropology and history as by futuristic fantasy.

Shuttling between the prehistoric and the present has made Auel a pretty good anthropologist (she's active with the Center for the Study of Early Man, in Orono, Maine), but her background in science fiction is also strong. One of the biggest sellers among the Science Fiction Writers of America, Auel has been reading SF avidly since she was twelve. The joys of extrapolating "What if?" into rousing stories that emphasize women and their concerns has broadened the science-fiction genre to include not only the classical Ursula LeGuin (whose story "Sur," in which Chilean housewives beat Roald Amundsen to the South Pole but keep this secret so as not to embarrass him, is an Auel favorite) but also Marion Zimmer Bradley, whose critically admired Arthurian novel, *The Mists of Avalon*, portrays Morgaine le Fay as a servant of a goddess under attack by a woman-hating medieval church.

So far, the books in Auel's "Earth's Children" series (which will number six volumes when complete) have explored women's roles and needs in terms of sex. Cynics might assume that Auel is pandering to pop readers' tastes with her inclusion of torrid sex scenes in *The Valley of Horses* (and now, too, in *The Mammoth Hunters*). Could Cro-Magnons really have known about the clitoris and have practiced oral sex? Auel believes the answer is yes, arguing that "hunter-gatherers see Earth as a mother who provides what they need. That's why a prehistoric statue like the Willendorf Venus emphasizes her breasts and buttocks, her motherly aspects." Accordingly, Auel depicts the Cro-Magnons as having a matriarchal culture that ritualizes sex and glorifies it as the worship of a mother goddess.

Though archeologists thank Auel for kindling popular interest in the Pleistocene, she is primarily a storyteller in the grand tradition, responsive to her readers' need for big themes and their fondness for elaborate descriptions, graphic sex scenes, coincidence, and sentiment. There is a generosity and emotional honesty about her work that draws and holds people's attention.

From the violent panorama of spring on the steppes to musicians jamming on a mammoth-bone marimba, Auel's books are a stunning example of world building. They join the short list of books, like James Clavell's *Shōgun* and Frank Herbert's *Dune*, that depict exotic societies so vividly that readers almost regard them as "survival manuals." *The Mammoth Hunters* weaves such a spell that readers may even suffer momentary culture shock when they are whisked forward twenty-five thousand years from a Mamutoi longhouse into their own living rooms.

HEAVY PETTING: Koko is a gorilla. Koko can speak, in sign language. Koko got a kitten. The kitten bit Koko. Koko signed: "Cat bite. Obnoxious." The kitten got run over. Koko cried. Koko got another kitten. "Baby," she signed. Koko was happy. **Koko's Kitten** (Scholastic), written by Francine (Penny) Patterson, Ph.D., Koko's trainer, with photographs by Ronald H. Cohn, is ostensibly a children's book. I read it. I laughed. I cried. So will you. —T.Y.

("Books" continued on page 196)

Susan Shwartz, *editor of three science-fiction and fantasy anthologies, is at work on a novel about the ancient silk roads of China.*

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Talking about Books

Send in the Scones

Behind the pomp of England's awkward romance with literature

By BILL BUFORD

English publishers have always been a rather peculiar lot. Shabby, sloppy, and famous for long alcoholic lunches in London's Soho—a district otherwise known for its thriving industry of basement sado-masochism—they have had, until recently, a reputation for determined amateurism: what mattered was not the selling of books, but that, somehow, some way, the books simply appeared. And it makes sense that when, on a wet November night in 1972, English publishers finally discovered the magic of marketing, they would thereafter endeavor to market their books in a peculiarly amateurish and English way: by getting everything wrong. Or what is otherwise known as the "Booker Prize factor."

The Booker McConnell Prize was established in 1968, when publishers decided that a national prize was needed to improve the sales of literary fiction: something along the lines of the French *Prix Goncourt*, which has been so successful at generating spectacles of utter mayhem and clinical book-buying hysteria. The Booker McConnell Corporation, a giant food conglomerate, was approached as sponsor, partly because it was making pots of money, and partly because it had a literary interest (of sorts), having invested in Ian Fleming and Agatha Christie for the same reason that someone might invest in, say, a racehorse: to make money out of its performance.

For a number of years the prize had little influence. The initial winners all seemed pretty obvious, and publishers—suspicious of food conglomerates, made nervous by hype, or perhaps simply not back from lunch yet—failed to submit books in any kind of significant numbers. Until, that is, 1972.

The first blunder of 1972 was in appointing three judges who knew something about literature: the critics George Steiner and Cyril Connolly, and the novelist Elizabeth Bowen. But of the three (with Connolly drunk and Bowen infirm, incontinent, and most of the time in bed), only George Steiner was still in command of his senses, with the possible exception of that moment when he agreed to be a judge. The second blunder—awarding a good novel, John Berger's *G*—was compounded by the third great mistake: allowing its author to give a speech.

To appreciate the impact of his speech—in which he announced that, since the sponsor of the prize made its money exploiting black labor on sugar plantations, it seemed only fair to give half of that prize money to the Black Panthers (still heady days, 1972)—you have to realize that the small body of people gathered in the Café Royal, in a room of high ceilings filled with the soft sounds of expensive things colliding in a gentle and civilized way, included all the people British novelists write about: the publishers, the corporate executives, and, most important, the novelists themselves. It was, in any event, very difficult to hear John Berger's speech: It was obscured by the sound of people pounding their plates on the table, amid cries of "arty-pseud," "ingrate," and "commie bastard," culminating in the moment when the remains of a half-finished chocolate gateau missed its target and splattered upon a bewildered Cyril Connolly, who, by that time in the evening, had no idea what all the fuss was about or why he should be its victim. But, at last, the organizers had got what they wanted—publicity—and the Booker Prize was born.

Today, when queried, the press agent of the Booker Prize, educated in 1972, offers a history not of its achievements but of its boo-boos: the chronically clueless judges (Harold Wilson's wife, a fan of Dick Francis, was surprised to discover how many long descriptive passages literary novelists stick in their books), or the ones who couldn't make up their minds, as in 1979 when the Booker panel—panicking, a deadline thirty minutes away, unable to decide between V.S. Naipaul and Fay Weldon—suddenly settled upon Penelope Fitzgerald, a novelist justifiably unknown before the prize and justifiably unknown after it. Television inevitably followed, and in 1983 there was a *Booker Special*, complete with an orchestra and a "TV personality": newscaster Selina Scott—slinky, sexy, and manifestly harebrained—who kept getting the authors and the judges and everyone else mixed up with each other. ("And who are you? Angela Carter? Oh, that's a nice name. And what do you do? You're a Booker judge. I see....")

> These characters don't have lives; they have anthologies

The Booker Prize is now the most important event of the British literary scene. Last year's winner, Anita Brookner's *Hotel du Lac*, a quiet, slim novel of anorexic excellence, by an author who had never sold more than three thousand copies, has sold eighty thousand copies in hardback in Britain, and was also on *The New York Times* best-sellers' list. With literary fiction trendy, there are not less than five television programs in England featuring books, including a recently defunct literary quiz show. ("You have five seconds to identify the author of this famous passage about the degradations of working-class life in the north of England, or you can take what's behind the curtain.")

The only impediment to this fumbling, awkward romance with literature is the difficulty in finding it. At least in England. The history of the Booker is a sad chronicle of a tough choice: between nationalism and taste. When nationalism wins out, the prize goes to an English author who has written more or less *(Continued on page 200)*

Bill Buford *is the editor of "Granta."*

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Talking about Books

(Continued from page 196) the same book that won the last time: one sustained by a diet of weak tea, skimmed milk, and a frightfully troublesome little adultery in Hampstead (or the South of France or perhaps the country cottage in Wales), and never so long that you can't read it from start to finish on the fifty-minute train journey to visit your Julian or your Frederica in Oxford. When taste wins out, the prize goes to an Australian, a South African, or one of those irritating British authors who somehow don't fit in: Salman Rushdie, say, or V.S. Naipaul, or the patriarch of the prize, John Berger.

Last year's short list—with Anita Brookner, Penelope Lively, and David Lodge—was a victory for the nation. This year's short list seems to have erred in the way of taste. It includes two baggy, ambitious British novels (Doris Lessing's *The Good Terrorist* and Iris Murdoch's *The Good Apprentice*) and two foreigners: the Australian Peter Carey for his monstrous, masterful *Illywhacker*, and New Zealander Keri Hulme, whose *The Bone People* is another large book that mixes fantasy and history.

What is remarkable about this year's list is how antinationalist it is, given the choice of great little English novels to choose from. Anita Brookner produced a new novel this year, as did Alice Thomas Ellis, short-listed before in 1982. Janice Elliot's *The Italian Lesson*—all about "novelists, cellists, art historians, critics, film people, telly people" and an academic who has to get away to Italy to finish his book on E.M. Forster—is thrilling stuff, and, you would have thought, a real Booker property. As was *Still Life* by A.S. Byatt. The cover reproduces Van Gogh's "Still Life with Books," and this is indeed a book about books in which nothing moves: the characters don't have lives; they have anthologies. One woman, in labor, is desperate because she finds herself without her copy of Wordsworth. In the novel, we read about that difficult English moral choice—"Will it be Somerville College in Oxford or Newnham in Cambridge?"—and about the hardships of living in Bloomsbury working for the BBC. The whole gang is here—Kingsley Amis and Margaret Drabble and that fellow I've had so much trouble with from the Arts Council—dreaming of iambic fornication.

The English novel has never had it so good.

HEAVY JITTERS: The characters in the best stories of Tobias Wolff's latest collection, **Back in the World** (Houghton Mifflin), are stuck in awkward positions. A fund-raising priest who gets a bonus—a trip to Las Vegas—is abandoned by his pal and befriended by a pushy, sunburned woman. A college kid bets against a wacked-out Vietnam vet, and wins the vet's car. A pregnant woman with a child is deserted by her husband at a gas station in the middle of nowhere. These stories are tuned to the jittery pitch of people slightly out-of-sync. —D.B.C.

Power Shortages

POWER AND INFLUENCE: Beyond Formal Authority. By John P. Kotter. Free Press. 224 pages. $19.95

Reviewed by PATRICIA O'TOOLE

Eavesdrop at expense-account restaurants these days and you will hear much about money, more about power. Watch the cocktail-party flashing of status symbols and you will note a shift from possessions to possessiveness, to talk of *my* financial advisor, *my* driver, *my* maid. Stop by the Harvard Business School and you will find that one of the hottest electives is a course called "Power and Influence."

John P. Kotter, a man who watches power the way John Jay Audubon watched birds, does not see the current fever as an alarming sign. Nor does he buy Lord Acton's famous maxim, "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." If anything, Kotter says, the trouble in most modern organizations is that too many people have too little power, so good ideas die untried and bad situations grow worse.

Kotter, developer of the Harvard course and author of *Power and Influence*, traces this power shortage to several sources. He notes that, psychologically, "we start out in life in a low power position with giant creatures all around us. If the giant creatures are not responsible, they program into us strong, negative feelings about power." In what may be a first among career books, *Power and Influence* exhorts parents to give children positive lessons in power. Without good examples, Kotter argues, a child can grow up with an unslakable thirst for dominance or with scars of self-defeating cynicism, such as the belief that power always equals exploitation.

As a culture, Americans may be more inclined than others to look at power through dun-colored glasses. "Remember where this country came from," Kotter says. "We started with a rebellion against what was perceived to be an unjust use of power. Most of us secretly enjoy being in positions of influence because it means we can get things done; but at the same time, we're suspicious of concentrations of power, and of anybody who talks about acquiring it."

In one sense, our love-hate relationship with power has served us well. As every survivor of childhood knows, authority is routinely abused; if this knowledge tempers the exhilaration of pushing control buttons, that is not all bad. But in worrying so much about abuses of power, it appears we have learned too little about using it. Most of Kotter's Harvard students have worked for a few years, probably long enough to know that brains and sweat don't guarantee success. More often than not, the missing piece is power—not Machiavellian deviousness and not brute force, but what Kotter calls "the *potential* for influence." He says this potential can flow from many sources, most of which are neither nefarious nor arcane: accurate information, solid relationships, intelligent agendas, good performance. If, for instance, a company faced a strike, where would its top executives turn for help? To the aloof authoritarians who never emerge from their offices except to bark orders, or to managers who *(Continued on page 203)*

Helen Z

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Talking about Books

(Continued from page 200) make themselves accessible to workers? The open-door types with their first-hand information and smooth relationships would clearly have a greater potential for influence.

The thrust of *Power and Influence* is refreshingly civilized. No bludgeon-them-before-they-bludgeon-you tirade, this quiet argument rests on a brilliantly sane premise: to accomplish anything in an organization, one needs help, often from people over whom one has no explicit authority—peers, superiors, the folks in data processing. Even with subordinates, the prerogatives conferred by the organization chart do not guarantee control. A subordinate may hold sway over a boss simply by having knowledge others lack (can anyone else run the word processor?) or good relationships with indispensable people (everybody in sales loves this guy).

With formal authority counting for less and less, power flows to those who have mastered the art of getting—and giving—cooperation. Work relationships, like marriages and friendships, blossom with attention. The one thing you don't need is a heart like a steel trap.

Casualties of office politics often wonder, with deep sighs and considerable justification, why cooperation isn't the rule rather than the exception among people who work for the same organization. Are human beings basically evil? Witless? They are merely different, Kotter writes, and getting more so. Educationally, socially, ethnically, the typical office has more diversity than ever before. Organizations have also grown more complicated: what helps one department may hurt another. So the working world is caught in a crosscurrent, with the unprecedented need for cooperation running against the unprecedented difficulty of getting it.

The remedy for this widespread power failure does not lie in acquiring more formal authority. Paradoxical as it sounds, power problems increase rather than decrease as one moves up the pyramid. For one thing, the person at the top of the pyramid can't get results unless everyone below performs. In addition, a chief executive is surrounded by equally powerful others—competitors, governmental regulators, bankers who give or withhold credit. The Broadway producer is at the mercy of reviewers; the pharmaceutical executive with a marvelous new drug must wait months for government approval; the successful software entrepreneur can be blindsided at any moment by an upstart with a better idea.

Kotter suspects that pangs of powerlessness are contributing heavily to the swelling ranks of entrepreneurs. Corporate dropouts who start their own companies don't just dream of creating ideal widgets, they're out to create ideal worlds run by ideal bosses—themselves.

In learning the ways of power, probably nothing causes more qualms than the fact that a single style won't suffice for all occasions. "The problems that come up in diverse, interdependent organizations tend to come in 143 different

flavors," Kotter says. "But because most of us grow up in a fairly homogeneous environment, we feel like phonies if we respond in a style unfamiliar to us." Unfamiliar styles may range from cajolery to threats. There is no quick fix, Kotter says. The best solution is a long-term effort to master the styles that don't come naturally.

Power and Influence has one shortcoming, the same one that flaws nearly every other work on the subject. There is one question—throbbingly basic—that the power mandarins never ask: what is the purpose of power? To get a job done, certainly. But beyond that?

There may not be a single satisfying answer. We know, for instance, that most declarations of selfless motives—like the dictator's standard claim that dictatorship is "for the good of the people"—are embarrassingly transparent. Even so, Kotter is right about the necessity for power and the harm done by powerlessness. (Eric Hoffer, the philosopher longshoreman, wasn't just one-upping Lord Acton when he said, "Power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many.")

To be well used, power needs a governor, a conscience. Necessity is not enough. It is too easily claimed. But even when one cannot *do* the right thing, one can *know* the right thing and aspire to it. Maybe the best way to do that is to ask, about any exercise of power, what is the purpose? As with all matters of conscience, the answers will be intensely personal. But the most compelling has more to do with giving power away than with hoarding it. That is not as mindlessly noble as it sounds. Although hoarders often succeed in the short run, they ultimately self-destruct because they drive away their allies, and allies are the very thing no powerholder can do without. ▽

SOUTHERN DEVOTIONS: In Anderson Ferrell's humble, moving first novel, **Where She Was** (Knopf), the protagonist looks for God in work and worship—in the looping and stacking of tobacco; in the freezing of snap beans for winter; in the planting of a blaze of zinnias for the summer; in the churches of her small, hot Southern town—and finds spiritual awareness elsewhere. Cleo's search is evoked through stunningly precise prose by a writer in command of place and emotion. —D.B.C

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the best of wines

Bellissima! the remarkable combination of Lungarotti wines and the woman behind them. **By Martin Gersh**

Teresa Lungarotti, one of Italy's most accomplished young winemakers, was born thirty-one years ago in the beautiful central region of Umbria. In 1962, her father, Dr. Giorgio Lungarotti, armed with a degree in viticulture from the University of Perugia, took charge of his family's modest local winery in the town of Torgiano. Since then, under his expert guidance and dynamic management, the Cantine Lungarotti has gained international renown, which his daughter Teresa now helps to sustain.

By the time she was five years old, Teresa Lungarotti had already been introduced to wine. "I remember going into the cellar and taking a glass of white wine from a tank," she says. "I found it very refreshing. I especially liked the smell of the cellar, the combination of wood and wine; it is a sensation that still fascinates me." Her serious interest in wine, however, began when she was eighteen—"quite late," as she disarmingly puts it.

Teresa Lungarotti proves to be an astute, sensitive, charming young winemaker—a daughter fit to fill her father's shoes.

Given her background, it was only natural that Teresa Lungarotti chose to specialize in winemaking at the University of Perugia. After graduating in 1979, she trained for several months at the Institute d'Oenologie in Bordeaux, returning to Torgiano in time for the autumn grape harvest when she officially began her career at the winery.

For a couple of years, Teresa Lungarotti worked in the laboratory as head of the technical team—analyzing the grapes and fermentation techniques, conducting endless experiments at all hours. "I was single at that time," she explains, "and could work harder." (She has since married Corrado Zagan-elli, an attorney whose liveliness matches her own, and has a young son, Francesco.) "Gradually, I gained the respect of my colleagues and, most important, of my father."

I recently asked Teresa Lungarotti to describe her working arrangement with her seventy-three-year-old father—whom she calls Giorgio. "I choose the wines I think best from the barrels and then confer with Giorgio; together we make a decision on blending and bottling. He is still the head of everything at the winery. At first, I deferred to him, and he always took the decisions. Now we take the decisions together, but it is Giorgio who has the last say."

Over the years, I have encountered significantly more women than men with sensitive palates, Teresa Lungarotti's being one of the very best. During several delightful meetings with her when we have tasted wines together and discussed each example at some length, I have been deeply impressed with her enthusiasm for her subject, coupled with the first-class analytical ability at her command.

Turning to the extensive group of Lungarotti red table wines, I am compelled by their truly remarkable stature to use superlatives. Deriving variously from Sangiovese, Cabernet Sauvignon, and Canaiolo grapes, these wines are meticulously and superbly made. The "normal" (non-Riserva) reds will have little trouble living gloriously at full strength for nineteen to twenty years beyond the vintage; the rest, including all the Riservas, for twenty-three to twenty-eight years, as their individual reviews will attest.

As a rule, the Lungarotti red wines are bottled from two to two and one-half years after the vintage. They additionally have from one and one-half to five years of bottle aging at the winery before their release for sale—substantially more bottle aging than most Italian, French, or California wineries of comparable quality provide. The consumer benefits immeasurably from this cautious policy; he or she receives a wine that has been endowed with many additional years of life. Though still very youthful, the wine when purchased is far lovelier and more gracious in texture than it otherwise might be because many of its rough edges have been eliminated in the cool cellars of Torgiano.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Lungarotti Whites

Torre di Giano 1983 This is a graceful and most refreshing white wine of moderate scale featuring a lively lemony-grapefruit flavor element. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2-2½ years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $8-$9.

Chardonnay dell'Umbria 1983 A fine, saucy, ample-bodied Chardonnay that paradoxically is more reminiscent of a Sauvignon Blanc—showing a pungently ferny taste aspect that has a beguiling sweet finish. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 1½-2 years. Aeration: 30 minutes. $7-$8.

Chardonnay dell'Umbria Riserva "I Palazzi" 1983 Powerful, richly textured, with flowery tangerine-like fruitiness and a long-enduring second taste—simply enchanting! Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2½-3 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $16-$17.

Torre de Giano Riserva 1981, Vigna II Pino Exhibiting a stylish, rather astringent citrusy fruit constituent and moderate-to-large body, this is an opulent, velvety white wine of exceptional quality. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 2½-3 years. Aeration: 30-40 minutes. $16-$17.

Brut Metodo Classico Champenois As sophisticated as a classic French Champagne—an extraordinarily vibrant sparkling wine of adequate size with delightful melon-like fruitiness whose slightly salty finish contains the merest hint of sweetness. Vintage rating: None. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. $16-$17.

Lungarotti Reds

Rubesco 1979 Imposing, markedly Bordeaux in manner, with a marvelously concentrated plum-like flavor component—exceedingly fine in all ways. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 3¾-4 hours. $8-$9.

Rubesco 1978 Displaying a piquant and sumptuous red plum fruit presence, Rubesco 1978 is big, handsome, beautifully integrated—with truly impressive aging potential. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-15 years. Aeration: 4-4½ hours. $8-$9.

San Giorgio 1978 Silken-textured, moderate-to-large in scale, with attractive strawberry-tinged fruitiness adorned with a lovely sweet finish, this is an absolutely captivating red wine. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $17-$18.

Cabernet Sauvignon 1978 A world-class wine, by far the finest and most fascinating Italian Cabernet Sauvignon that I have known—Saint-Julien in style, with taste characteristics that are a wonderful combination of Châteaux Ducru-Beaucaillou and Léoville-Las-Cases. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 3¼-3½ hours. $10-$11. *(Continued on page 206)*

DIANE RUBINGER

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cantine lungarotti

(Continued from page 204)

Rubesco 1977 Cohesive, full-bodied, stylistically akin to a fine French Médoc—a marvelous bottle with a very pretty, slightly astringent red raspberry flavor aspect enhanced by a decidedly sweet finish. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 3¾-4 hours. $16-$17.

Cabernet Sauvignon di Miralduolo 1977 Of generous proportions, its scintillating taste characteristics powerfully suggestive of one of my greatest loves among the red Bordeaux, Château Montrose, this solidly structured Cabernet has an unforgettable, barely sweet aftertaste that lingers long on the palate. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 3½-3¾ hours. $8-$9.

San Giorgio 1977 The original vintage of this distinguished Lungarotti red wine, San Giorgio 1977, is formidable yet gorgeous and mysterious, with ravishing cassis-like fruitiness. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 3¾-4 hours. $16-$17.

Rubesco 1975 An utterly terrific, moderate-bodied, very exciting Rubesco showing pinpoint concentration along with a splendid, beautifully rounded black cherry flavor element. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 10 years. Aeration: 2¼-2½ hours. $10-$11.

Rubesco Riserva 1975 Vigna Monticchio Though it has some stiff competition, this Rubesco Riserva from Lungarotti's Monticchio Vineyard is the longest-lived red wine that I know made anywhere in 1975. Monumental, perfectly integrated, bursting with piquant boysenberry-like fruitiness, it is a magnificent achievement! Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 16-18 years. Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $17-$18.

Rubesco Riserva 1974 Huge, ebullient, revealing a densely concentrated, somewhat spicy prune-plum taste constituent, this is a wonderful, amazingly youthful wine. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 3½-4 hours. $11-$12.

Rubesco Riserva 1973 A towering wine of immense authority—tremendously animated, Burgundian in style, with the most potent black raspberry fruitiness imaginable. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 4½-5 hours. $20-$22.

Rubesco Riserva 1971 Satiny, moderate-bodied, highly civilized, with peach-plum fruit presence—a great wine still some years away from its summit but already marvelously forthcoming. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 3-3½ hours. $30-$32.

Rubesco 1968 A wine of notable delicacy and finesse in the style of Château Margaux—meditative, with restrained prune-plum fruitiness and burnt-almond overtones. Vintage rating: Very Great. Best drinking: for the next 6 years. Aeration: 10-20 minutes. $16-$20. ▽

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ARMSTRONG'S	Cedar Rapids	IA	S. & H. MEN'S MART	Las Cruces	NM
HOLLEY'S	Cedar Rapids	IA	S. & H. MEN'S MART	Las Cruces	NM
BERARDI BROS.	Des Moines	IA	THE MODEL	Roswell	NM
BONDS OF BEAVERDALE	Des Moines	IA	ROBERT R. BAILEY	Santa Fe	NM
BERARDI BROS.	Des Moines	IA	DIAMOND'S	Las Vegas	NV
ARMSTRONG'S	Dubuque	IA	JACKMAN'S	Las Vegas	NV
KARLTON'S	Sioux City	IA	SAYVILLE MEN'S SHOP	Sayville	NY
YOUNKERS	All Stores	IL	LION STORE	Toldeo	OH
PETERSEN HARNED VON MAUR	All Stores	IL	D. & J. STORE	Guymon	OK
LASHBROOK'S	Danville	IL	D'S MEN'S WEAR	McAlester	OK
HOYT WRIGHT	Anderson	IN	HESS'S DEPT. STORE	Allentown	PA
STROCK'S MEN'S WEAR	Angola	IN	BELK DEPT. STORE	All Stores	SC
STEPHENSON'S	Bedford	IN	GALLAND-BELK CO.	All Stores	SC
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HOYT WRIGHT	Muncie	IN	ARNOLDS	Dickson	TN
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entertaining

Greeting the season: grand-gala parties, "family" dinners—the gift of a great time, from inventive hosts and hostesses. **By André Leon Talley**

Riches of the season? Everything from finely honed dinners laid out, above, in Regency style . . . to all-out holiday glitz and glimmer

Christmas may come but once a year (or so one Thomas Tusser believed, in 1557), but the idea of holiday entertaining, today, is seemingly a nonstop one. Tradition during the month of December can take on many guises: evenings orchestrated in sleek restaurants, family dinners as lavish as any gala, disco-and-dinner for a hundred friends. What gives the season a special twist? When hostesses create magic with fresh flowers arranged in gleaming pots, when a simple family holiday reunion is played against a backdrop of antique decorations and traditions passed down among generations, when a traveling guest might bring an unexpected gift of prosciutto.

For the last ten years, Mary Lasker's annual dinner dance has been a tradition at New York's La Grenouille: "Only for her," says La Grenouille owner Mme. Giselle Masson, "do we close the restaurant for a night and give it entirely to one person. For us, it is like creating a marvelous ballet between the kitchen and the dining room. Several weeks before the dinner, we organize a variety of menus. Then she comes in with her friend, Deeda Blair, for taste sessions." Each year, the menu changes. Mrs. Lasker chooses her menu for a large sit-down party, one with *placement*. It begins promptly at nine o'clock; dancing starts at ten-thirty.

"I always suggest something very light to begin," says Mme. Masson. "Mrs. Lasker likes *quenelles* or *Saint Pierre en caviar*. For the main course, beef and sautéed potatoes. Last year, we made a wonderful purée of potatoes with truffles; then we had a salad served with a warm vinaigrette. The dessert is usually chocolate— La Bombe Grenouille, served with a great deal of presentation. The ice cream arrives in large crystal columns where flowers are encrusted in the ice and illuminated from the bottom."

Table bouquets are carefully prepared to allow for conversation; small table lamps with pleated shades flatter guests with soft lighting. This year Lester Lanin's orchestra will play for dancing until 1:30 A.M.

Greeting the season takes many forms. Here, in their own words, what some other diverse—and highly inventive—people do: planning surprising menus, piling on antique glass ornaments, charting a month-long series of Christmas luncheons and dinners at a favorite restaurant. *(Continued on page 212)*

STARTING WITH FLOWERS

Every calendar day, Charles Masson, of New York's La Grenouille, creates a gift—unique, baroque bouquets—for his restaurant's clients. His arrangements: "Always exuberant, like a marvelous explosion. Volume is essential," says Masson. At 6:00 A.M. each day, he arrives at the restaurant and personally arranges eight large bouquets—in rare Baccarat-crystal vases his father purchased during the 'forties in Paris. "It's very loose and I use anything, improvising as I go along. I even use fresh weeds or crabapple branches that people may collect for me in the country. In the fall, I like dense arrangements of slightly dried corn stalks, flowering artichoke hearts, and corn cobs. For a *clair-obscur* effect very fresh hydrangeas are contrasted with dried ones.

"Flower arranging for a large public space is quite different from a private residence. Sometimes with such big arrangements, it is not necessary to change the entire scheme daily. Spring is a moment full of pleasant surprise, when I like to use magnolia blossoms. It's a three-day event to get them, then they drop right away. So do cherry blossoms." Come December: branches from a quince tree grown indoors, a profusion of anemones. "It is the best time for French and Dutch tulips, which are flown over fresh. My favorite flowers, any season are wonderful red and yellow parrot tulips" *(left)*.

At times, Masson's large bouquets rise to graze Grenouille's wood-inlaid ceilings. At holiday time, that ceiling may be garlanded with fresh ivy, tinsel, and gold streamers. For Mary Lasker's annual Christmas dinner-dance (see *above*) he does un-Christmaslike arrangements of pale pink and white. "Although I don't take my cue directly from Old Master paintings, I once saw a Van Gogh painting at Mrs. Lasker's of simple white roses. Nothing could be more inspiring than that, a Van Gogh painting."

JEFF McNAMARA Details, last pages

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greeting the season

(Continued from page 210)

Country traditions

MARI WATTS

"My mother lived to be ninety-four, and I inherited my red-and-gold theme from her. The first signs of the festive holiday season begin at the door with two huge red velvet Russian Christmas balls standing on pearl legs, which flank the entrance. I cover the large table in the dining room with shiny gold; all of the red Venetian wine and Champagne glasses and red glass plates my mother acquired during her life are used on the table, along with red candlesticks. The table has an old German windmill, which turns from the hot air generated by the candle. There is a crèche in the top of the windmill, and when it turns the figures and animals revolve; a gentleman and a lady angel ring bells.

"Off the main entrance hall, a Christmas tree, usually seven or eight feet tall, is mounted against a floor-to-ceiling mirror. The tree is decorated with old-fashioned glass decorations, little white lights, and loops of gold and silver tinsel from long ago that has never lost its sparkle.

"Silver garlands drape candlesticks on mantelpieces in the living and dining room. Fires are laid at all times. Christmas carols are piped on the music system. White lights and fresh holly are hung on top of paintings everywhere. The children and grandchildren all come from England or wherever they live. We always dress, but it isn't black tie."

Partying: the season

GRACE JONES

"My father is a minister, and he taught us, growing up in Jamaica, to treat every day like Christmas. Christmas dinner at my house is much like any ordinary day, except that it comes with more food. My mother comes over the day before and cooks—all traditional foods: roast turkey, a huge leg of lamb, chicken fricassee—lots of spicy island foods. Dinner for ten includes family and close friends who may not have family in town; there's a huge buffet table, people sit anywhere they want. I serve Crystal Champagne and Chateau neuf-du-Pape, my favorite red wine.

"After my son Paulo goes to bed, the dinner turns into a big party. I put red gels over the track lights for theatrical effect; my own videos run continuously on the monitor screen. The day after Christmas, I give a big party for up to a hundred people and another on New Year's Eve: lots of drinks, music, lots of dancing."

Jaipur dinner

HER HIGHNESS, THE MAJRATMA, AYISHA OF JAIPUR

"We don't normally celebrate Christmas in India, but if I have American visitors, I try to make it as much like Christmas as possible—with mince pies and plum puddings. Several times, I have given special Christmas parties for Western guests: After the war, when we were in Jaipur at our shooting lodge, there would be big picnic luncheons. We would spend the entire day out-of-doors, having big barbecues at our beautiful old Fort, now the Tiger Reserve called Fawai Madhopur. Gifts from guests, in the old days before the war, would come from Cartier: cigarette boxes for men, *minaudieres* for women."

The ideal hostess gift? "The one thing I would ask an American guest to bring to India would be a video cassette of a good movie."

New tradition:

SUSAN BLOND

"For three weeks before, I lead up to Christmas by taking all my best friends, mostly media moguls and the out-of-town rock stars whose records I publicize, to the Russian Tea Room for lunch or to Cafe Luxembourg for dinner. The Russian Tea Room, with the special tinsel and holiday wrappings, is like Christmas all year. I usually suggest to my guests the chicken Kiev or blinis with red caviar. Most visitors feel a little lost in New York City during the holiday season, so I try to keep them cheerful.

"At home, we have a big tree: last year, one nearly twelve feet tall and decorated with wonderful antique glass ornaments that my husband inherited from his mother, who inherited them from her grandmother.

"My taste is very traditional at Christmas: Pratesi linens or antique white tablecloths. I might set the table with Limoges, but I also like to use some black and white tuxedo china, designed by architecture firm Gwathmey/Siegel, that Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, of the Palladium, gave me as a wedding present.

"Christmas-day dinner is orchestrated by my husband Roger Erickson; the kitchen is his ballpark. Last year, he made deviled Rock Cornish hen simmered in a spicy sauce, purée of red-pepper soup, and key-lime pie. Roger makes what he feels like, but whatever comes to mind is fantastic; he learned to cook starting on hot plates at his university, then moved on to using cookbooks. His mother, who used to live in Rome, brings an Italian salami on Christmas day, and we always begin with antipasto and Champagne. I wear my favorite new Chanel suit, and we play an Engelbert Humperdinck Christ- *(Continued on page 214)*

I hate the idea of walking into rooms where it's all red just because it's Christmas . . . I always buy huge orchids and azaleas

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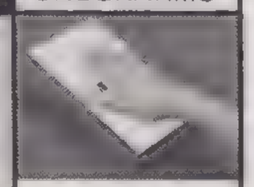

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Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of VOGUE, published monthly (12 issues) for October 1, 1985. Publication No. 00428000. Annual subscription price $24.00

1. Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90212

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, Richard A. Shortway, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor, Grace Mirabella, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Managing Editor, Lorraine Davis, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

4. The owner is: The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Stockholder; Through intermediate corporations to Advance Publications, Inc.: The Advance Voting Trust, sole voting stockholder, 950 Fingerboard Road, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305

5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None

6. Extent and nature of circulation

	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A. Total No. Copies printed	1,522,766	1,639,299
B. Paid and/or requested circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	779,442	1,000,000
2. Mail subscriptions	429,944	435,600
C. Total Paid and/or requested circulation	1,209,386	1,435,600
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	26,390	28,968
E. Total Distribution	1,235,776	1,464,568
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	17,520	19,731
2. Returns from News Agents	269,470	155,000
G. Total	1,522,766	1,639,299

7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signed) Richard A. Shortway, Publisher

greeting the season

(Continued from page 212)

mas album as well as new releases by The Clash and Sade."

Paris en famille

IRITH LANDEAU

"The holidays are a family celebration, revolving around children. We celebrate Christmas Eve as a combination of Hanukkah and Christmas. The excitement comes when the children open their presents. In Paris, we have the perfect place in the stairwell for a big tree, and we decorate the tree differently each year. Last year, everything was red—red-ribbon bows, red decorations. The children made gingerbread men, but the dog ate most of them.

"For Christmas buffet, the menu changes; I do not necessarily do classic Christmas dinners. We always have lots of oysters; the centerpiece is red candles and holly leaves. The traditional Bûche de Noël is a must as a symbol."

Christmas Eve for 100

DIANE VON FURSTENBERG

"Christmas should be a moment that feels warm and protected, so for sixteen years, I've had a Christmas Eve party organized just like a big family celebration. Since many of my friends may be in town without a homey place to go, I invite them as well as all my family from Europe. I do the tree with my children, Alexander and Tatiana. Then I pile under it presents for everyone; everyone invited gets a special gift. I love an abundance of presents under the tree.

"I don't serve typical food, although there is a turkey, a Christmas pudding, and a Bûche de Noël. But there must be *lots* of food, *lots* of presents, as well as a sense of warmth and coziness.

"The Christmas Eve party starts early, around eight, because of the children and their guests. Then it goes on past midnight. People come dressed in everything from black tie to jeans and sweaters. I like that. Dinner is served from a buffet, and the party flows from room to room; guests even take over the bedroom for conversation and dining.

"Our bags and suitcases are packed, ready to be picked up the next morning as we all go off in different directions. Some years, we just drive out to Connecticut from New York City. Other years, we all take the plane to Aspen or Europe for skiing, or to Italy to visit our family, or Austria. Even in a ski chalet, rented for the season, I try and create the same feeling on Christmas Eve—by inviting friends and family, and by having a big tree with as many presents under it as I can possibly stuff into a suitcase and get on a plane with."

Christmas in London

VALERIE WADE

"I hate the idea of walking into rooms where it's all red—red napkins, red tablecloths—all, just because it's Christmas. Instead, I always go to Covent Garden and buy masses of cut flowers and potted plants, huge orchids and azaleas. I put them all over the house, some arranged in silver-plated flower pots designed by John Stefanidis. The brightest colors in the house come from the rich designs of nineteenth-century Kashmiri papier-mâché. I've collected papier-mâché objects for a long time; even candlesticks, boxes, and lamps are papier-mâché from Kashmir. The simple pink marble fireplace in the drawing room is loaded with cut flowers.

> *People come dressed in everything from black tie to jeans and sweaters. Dinner is served from a buffet, and the party flows from room to room, guests even take over the bedroom for conversation.*

"My dining room also serves as a study; the walls are lined with books. On the round table there, I always use white linens. To vary the boring Christmas diet of turkey, mince pie, and Christmas pudding one gets at this time of year, I prefer to alter things: have six for dinner and serve nothing but baked potatoes and caviar. Of course, caviar with all the trimmings: the sour cream, chopped onion and egg—plus chilled vodka and a simple green salad. And, for dessert, the most exotic fruit salad I can muster."

Gift of giving

JOHN RICHARDSON

"I've not been at home in New York City for Christmas in over twenty years. I am usually in the tropics, a guest of Peter Glenville in Mexico or of Oscar de la Renta in Santo Domingo. Last year, I took my host a gelato/ice-cream-making machine; another year, a silver-gilt court-jester's rattle. An ideal gift for a tropical householder is prosciutto—or vast quantities of Parmesan cheese. Lily bulbs make a wonderful present for gardeners.

"One gift that comes in handy for entertaining is the marvelous mix of black, grey, and white peppercorns from Hédiard in Paris. This blend of peppers makes every dish taste ten times better. When people ask me what I want from Paris, I tell them Hédiard peppercorns. The shop also stocks every exotic spice you can think of. Try their special *poivre des oiseaux* from Borneo."

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food in vogue

Culinary transports: gorgeous cookbooks take you around the world...a brilliant season for new restaurants. **By Barbara Kafka**

Jonathan Waxman's uniquely American bouillabaise

Many cookbooks transport bedtime gourmets without jet lag or expensive airline tickets. The voyage can be temporal as well as geographical: I attend the court dinners of Louis XIV without benefit of title or damask. I journey *Around the World in 80 Dishes* (Harper & Row) with Lesley Blanch, to Marseilles with M.F.K. Fisher, *The Cooking of Provincial France* (Time-Life Books), and to both pre-revolutionary Russia and the contemporary USSR with Dara Goldstein, *A La Russe: A Cookbook of Russian Hospitality* (Random House). A stunning new example of such tickets is *China's Food* by Lionel Tiger, with photographs by Reinhart Wolf and recipes by Eileen Yin-Fei Lo (Friendly Press). The book's only drawback is that it is a little large and heavy to read in bed.

Except in the air balloon of my mind—silk, draped with images from Sung scrolls and tag lines from Li Po—I have never been to China, eaten at the street stalls in Shanghai, gone to market in Beijing, or waded in rice paddies spread out between misty blue-green mountains; but *China's Food* has taken me a little nearer. It is an ideal gift for romantics. If they are cooks as well, so much the better.

On the other hand, I *have* been to Italy, become intoxicated on olive oil and the incredible red-ripeness of tomatoes, been seduced by tiny clams so briny and fresh they glitter, and ravished by dark, sweet figs warm from the sun. Reading *The Authentic Pasta Book* by Fred Plotkin (Simon and Schuster) is not as good as being there but evocatively close.

Don't be put off by the author's unlikely surname. After all, the best book on Moroccan food is by Paula Wolfert, *Couscous & Other Good Food from Morocco*, and *Leaves From Our Tuscan Kitchen* by Janet Ross, published by Dent in 1899, created my image of the Italian provinces. It may be because in his other life, as performance manager at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City, Mr. Plotkin is so immersed in Italian music and knows so many divas that he has a special sympathy for Italian pasta and Italian life. Perhaps this is what makes his book sing. The only trouble with this book as bedtime fantasy is that I want to leap up and cook and eat.

Savory Suppers and Fashionable Feasts: Dining in Victorian America (Pantheon) is more time-travel than cookbook although there are recipes. The author, Susan Williams, is a curator at the Strong Museum in Rochester, New York, and has relied heavily on their superb collections of Victoriana including diaries, magazines, newspaper clippings, journals, and letters. Rich with photographs and illustrations, this is a perfect gift for culinary history buffs like myself or addicts of Victoriana. It re-creates the Victorian pride in sumptuous, ceremonious meals, particularly for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's celebrations. It inspires me to take silver from a dark cupboard and polish it.

For some cooks, the most satisfying of activities is baking and the most satisfying of sounds is the gasp of diner-delight when dessert is presented. Such cooks know they are assured of a perfect result with Maida Heatter's *Book of Great American Desserts* (Knopf). She is a consummate tester whose food has directness of flavor and simple visual charm. Her addiction to chocolate makes every usage an event. Marlene Sorosky's *The Dessert Lovers Cookbook* (Harper & Row) gives us cakes that are, in appearance and in execution, more complex, festive stunners.

From "China's Food": the yin-yang of berry pudding

Of course, in this age of abstemiousness, desserts may be a fantasy to many or may call for the lighter approach of Alice Waters and Lindsey Remolif Shere in the *Chez Panisse Desserts* (Random House). Here the desserts are as beautiful and classy as Alice, her restaurant, and her previous books—as much style and philosophy as recipes. In keeping with the usual Italian avoidance of desserts other than fruit and cheese, *The Italian Baker* by Carol Field (Harper & Row) parades its specialties through many more parts of the meal than the other baking books.

What do you do when you have one very successful restaurant that is small, high in quality, and expensive, that you want to expand for financial or other reasons? You can't just buy the store next door and make the restaurant bigger. Food that can be perfectly prepared for a small number of people does not necessarily work so brilliantly for a larger crowd. The usual answer to this problem has been to open a second restaurant. The pitfalls are many: most of the public will be curious but will tend to distrust the second venture. The question is raised pointedly this year by the entries of three proprietors who have or have had other restaurants.

In two cases, those of Bud's Jonathan Waxman and Melvyn Master and of Morgans' Larry Forgione, working chef-owners have decided to expand their repertoire and wallet with a second format. Both Waxman and Forgione are skilled administrators as well as excellent cooks. They both have trained assistants capable of carrying out their ideas.

Second-time modest was both Waxman/Masters' and Forgione's strategy: bistro equivalents of their highly inventive, new American cooking with respect for native ingredients and all sorts of clever techniques. The food is less expensive, too.

At Bud's (359 Columbus Avenue at 77th Street, NYC, *(Continued on page 220)*

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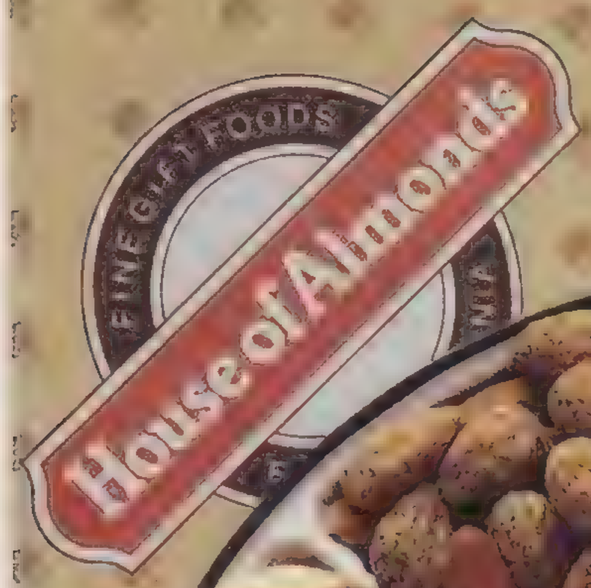

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food in vogue

(Continued from page 216)

724-2100), something happened on the way from the drawing board. Although Bud's has paper tablecloths and tropical shirts for the waiters, the prices and the level of simple elegance of the food have turned out to be almost exactly that of the original East Side restaurant, Jams. While the average check at Jams is about fifty dollars a person, that at Bud's (also without tax and tip) is about forty dollars.

The menus do not seem to overlap, and the only difference in the style of the food between Bud's and Jams is that Bud's seems to be slightly more colorful, slightly more assertive. Mercifully, Bud's is also a comfortably small space so that food quality can be maintained. If the owners don't die of fatigue, this should be a winning gamble. I just hope they don't overextend the streak. Their Americanized version of bouillabaise is typically good to eat, light, with an unusual array of fish and shellfish. It is even relatively easy to make (recipe, this page).

Larry Forgione is working in someone else's framework. The stark and Frenchly high-tech interiors at Morgans (237 Madison Avenue at 38th Street, 686-0300) were designed by Andrée Putnam and the restaurant/bar by Paul Haig. The owners wanted a very "in" bar with virtually no kitchen and a separate *luxe* restaurant. Larry solved the bar problem by providing the freshest potato chips in town with accompanying upscale dips—sour cream, smoked salmon, and scallions; chili-cream and salsa. They taste wonderful, but watch those prices. (They start at around $4.50 to $6 and peak at $25 for a sturgeon caviar dip.) We'll try again when the upstairs restaurant, The Gladstone, opens.

Stampeding in from Venice to the Sherry Netherland Hotel (781 Fifth Avenue) will be Harry Cipriani, an attempt by the original Harry's Bar to snatch back its tradition and menu from the countless knock-offs worldwide. As the fashion designer Courrèges discovered, it is very hard to keep control of your own creation. Arrigo (Harry) may have better luck here—at Harry's Cipriani since he has so many loyal customers who virtually live in his restaurant when in Venice. He also has family support to maintain quality control and to greet customers. His sister is moving to New York and shortly, his son, now training at Harry's Dolci on the Guidecca, will turn up here as well. Harry plans to be on hand much of the time, so expect a mob scene. The problems we foresee are the replications of Venetian ingredients and what will happen to the already high Venetian prices when confronted with the high prices of New York real estate. In the meantime, eat his hamburger and club sandwich; they are the best in the world.

Joe Baum's Aurora (60 E. 49th Street, 692-9292), about to shine like the Northern lights, is another kettle of stew entirely. Baum has created some of America's best and best-known restaurants: Windows on the World; The Four Seasons; the before its time (before the Mexican invasion), underappreciated La Fonda del Sol. These he designed and ran for corporations or conceived of as a consultant. Aurora is his. He created it in conjunction with long-time working buddies, artist-designer Milton Glaser, architect Philip George, and a cast of thousands. Added to this rich brew is Gérard Pangaud, a two-star French chef who has abandoned Paris for New York.

While Pangaud assures that the food will be magnificent, working with him is also Baum's greatest and wittiest venture. Wager is that Baum will assimilate the French-inspired food into the very American design—a blend of club tradition and carefully muted sensual fantasy. The public is not only ready but eager for a return to more clearly French-influenced food with subtlety and elegance.

This is not, I think, a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth, but of a cumulative masterpiece. This should be a hell of a season for restaurant-goers. See you there.

Jonathan Waxman's Bouillabaise

(four servings)

6 pounds fish bones
½ cup olive oil
2 onions, sliced in thin strips
3 cloves garlic, smashed and peeled
4 shallots, sliced in thin rounds
3 leeks, sliced in thin rounds
1 cup Sauvignon Blanc wine
2 bay leaves
1 sprig parsley
1 fennel bulb
1 red bell pepper
2 small white potatoes, peeled and sliced in ½" rounds
2 ounces each: swordfish, tuna, scallops, shrimp, red snapper, salmon, and pompano
5 threads saffron
2 ripe tomatoes, seeded and chopped
Zest of one orange
Salt and pepper
Croutons rubbed in olive oil, garlic, and toasted

Rinse fish bones under cold water. In large casserole or stock pot, heat 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Sauté onions, garlic, shallots, and half the leeks in olive oil until soft and translucent. Add wine, 4 cups of water, bay leaves, parsley, saffron, and 1 small piece of fennel. Simmer for 45 minutes. Strain and set aside broth. Discard bones and vegetables.

Meanwhile, roast red pepper over gas flame or under broiler until blackened. Put in closed paper bag for 15 minutes. Remove, peel, and seed. Purée pepper in blender or food processor until almost smooth. Set aside.

Reheat broth to boil and reduce liquid to 3 cups. Add potatoes, lower heat to simmer and cook for 5 minutes. Add remaining fennel and cook for 5 minutes. Add rest of olive oil. In order, add: swordfish, tuna, scallops, shrimp, and all other fish. Cook about 5 minutes.

Add tomatoes and orange zest. Taste and correct seasoning with salt and pepper if necessary. Serve immediately, accompanied by red pepper purée spread on toasted croutons.

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MUNDI AGENDAS—BECAUSE THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

bloomingdale's

living

Wrapping up the best of the season: artist-designed papers, masterly presents—Viennese modern or nicely Nouveau.

By Barbara Plumb

Up until now, a gift giver might take unexpected joy in the serendipitous discovery of a wrapping paper that complements or embellishes a gift. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. has just introduced a handsome new series of books, "Giftwraps by Artists," with two volumes, *Vienna Style* (Wiener Werkstätte) and *William Morris* to spread the joy around. Each book contains a brief history on the featured designer or school in addition to sixteen pages of striking designs that fold out into sheets of glorious wrapping paper.

William Morris' "Honeysuckle" design of 1876 has been adapted for wrapping paper as seen on the boxes at right. A shawl by Etro (Bergdorf Goodman, NYC) serves as a backdrop for the French Art Nouveau pewter-and-crystal decanters as well as bronze candlesticks by Louis Comfort Tiffany. (Vito Giallo, NYC). Their organic designs are complemented by the nineteenth-century French majolica jug and artichoke plate (Barneys, NYC). Silverplated teaspoons of Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1903) and Christopher Dresser's ebony-handled tea set (1881) anticipate the austere modern style of the Wiener Werkstätte (Barry Friedman Gallery, NYC).

Whether strictly geometric or playfully ornamental, the designs of the Wiener Werkstätte, as represented by the wrapping papers at left entitled "Bül Bül" and "Flims," manage to be coolly modern and luxuriant. The architect Josef Hoffmann and the designer Koloman Moser, two modernists committed to sleek, functional design, established the famous Viennese workshop in 1903 in reaction to Art Nouveau's profusion of sinuous forms. Hoffmann designed the ribbed porcelain hot chocolate pot and cup, fluted brass coupe with ribbon-like handles, striped cup/saucer, and dessert forks. The pencil drawing of a woman is by his colleague Koloman Moser (all items at the Barry Friedman Gallery, NYC). Though often severe in their design, Wiener Werkstätte artists were not incapable of creating confections like Hagenauer's silver-plated candy box with an ivory knob, (Lilit Eclectiques, NYC). The porcelain vase with its flaring top by the Bauhaus artist Marguerite Friedlaender echoes the pared-down forms of the Viennese (Friedman, NYC). Both the black-rimmed, faceted glass by the contemporary American artist William Gudenrath, and the buffet plate "Rays" by the architecture firm Gwathmey Siegal emulate the Wiener Werkstätte's distinctive curvilinear geometrics as exemplified in the reproduction of Hoffmann's fretted fruit bowl (all items at Sointu, NYC).

("Living" continued on page 224)

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Bridalveil Fall, Yosemite National Park, California c. 1927.
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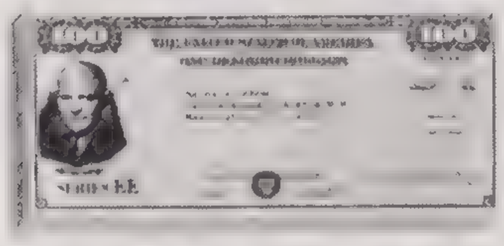

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A public service of this publication.

Steven Holl, architect, above, surveys models of two houses he designed. They sit on a prototype of his glass-topped "Janus" table. Wine closet, right, animates living room, thanks to the asymmetric counterpoint of windows in the lacquered door. Each window is filled with sandblasted glass of a different linear pattern. The largest is left partially clear to give a view of wine racks. Black lacquer desk, below, has light covered in sandblasted glass, patterned similarly.

living

Details, details:

the decorative difference

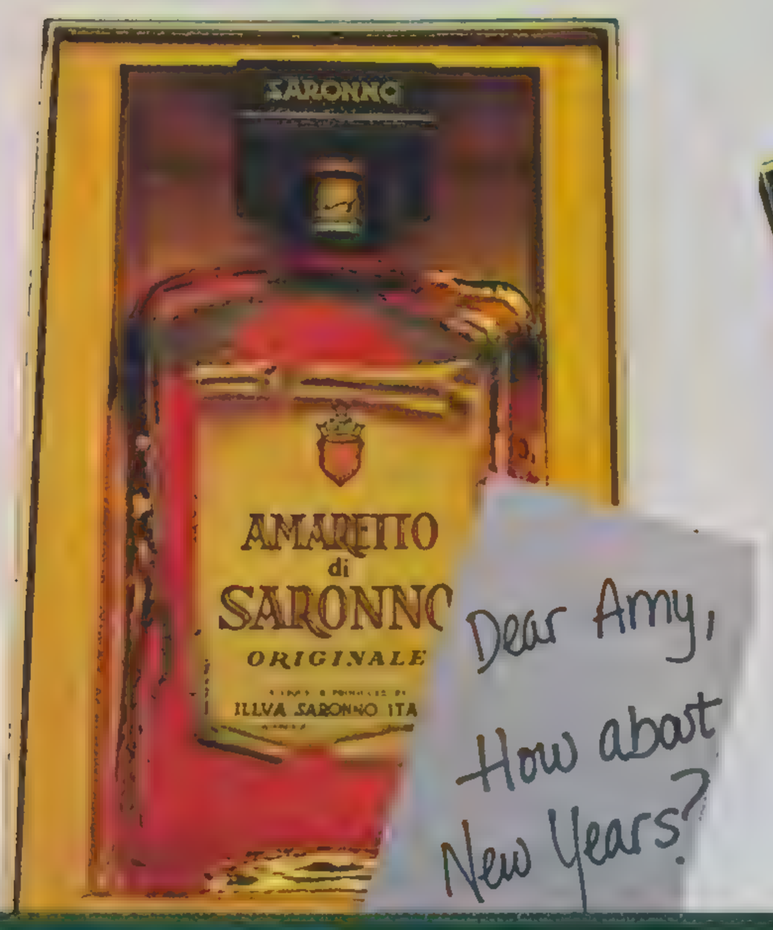
is one of modernity

Steven Holl, an emerging force on the New York City architectural scene known for his innovative houses and interiors, cares as much about details as he does about broader, more attention-getting design concepts. In the New York apartment shown here, Holl sought to integrate some of the elements of craft and construction that characterize the building's Art Deco lobby and façade. "I am making an effort to ascend from the depths of no detail and no craft," Holl says, "into a zone where we can once again be close to very tactile qualities." Two of the normally anonymous and utilitarian elements he designed for the apartment—a radiator cover and a wine closet—became important structural components of the interior's detailing. Calling attention to the wine closet was particularly appropriate because the owner is an oenophile who collects and enjoys rare wines.

In his designs, Holl plays with contrasts: lines and voids, dark and light, opaque and clear. His use of sandblasted glass introduces a rough yet translucent surface at once rich and modern. Though Holl cultivates spareness, he imbues his detailing with luxury touches, such as hand-rubbed lacquer finishes, and—on a leather-topped reading desk—brass feet that he turned a mottled green with copper oxide acid.

JEFF McNAMARA Portrait, LIZZIE HIMMEL

Holl chose to design a system of "integrating elements" for the apartment. The radiator grill, below, with its interlocking patterns of lines and voids, echoes the decorative geometries throughout the interior.



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News along the Mexican Riviera...

winter glamour in Vermont...great day

on the Concorde. **By Richard Alleman**

At Costa de Careyes, villa views: adobe terrace, above, for watching sunsets; below, sculpted balcony over the Pacific; and Mediterranean-moderne courtyard, right

Marvelous architecture, extraordinary seclusion, fabulous climate...paradise! That's what people are saying about Mexico's Costa de Careyes resort area, lying on the Pacific Ocean between Puerto Vallarta and Manzanillo.

At Costa de Careyes, guests stay in a sixty-three-room hotel, in private "casitas" (many have their own pools), or in some of the most glorious villas on earth. The resort has three restaurants—including a sushi bar and a thatched-roof café on the beach that serves French-Mex cuisine. There's also a coconut-palmy beach, big pool, all kinds of water sports, two tennis courts, and a stable with eight horses for beach and jungle rides. At night, guests drink, dance in a tiny chic disco.

To get to Costa de Careyes, the easiest way is to fly New York-Guadalajara on Aeromexico, then charter an air taxi directly to the resort. From the Western U.S., fly to Manzanillo and then rent a car or take a taxi.

For Costa de Careyes hotel and villa information, call: (213) 432-1770, or see the Vogue Travel Guide on page 235.

The ultimate daytrip? Fly from London to Cairo aboard a British Airways Concorde (flying time: three hours); spend the afternoon taking in the Pyramids, the Sphinx, an Egyptian bazaar; zip back to London while capping off the day with a gala five-course dinner served at fifty-six thousand feet, 1340 miles per hour! This is one of several supersonic adventures plotted by Norman Gilham of England's "Concorde Charter Flights" company. Other dream daytrips hit Iceland and Bordeaux—with Moscow, Leningrad, and Athens currently in the works. Price for the Cairo fling: £845. For further information, write Concorde Charter Flights, Capel, Dorking, Surry, England RH5 5JF.

HIGH SKI

Vermont's Killington ski area has a reputation for some of the East's best skiing—but not for its most luxurious lodgings. Set to change all that: Sunrise—the posh new condo complex built smack on one of Killington's six ski mountains. Sunrise rents cushy one- to four-bedroom units with cathedral ceilings, greenhouse windows, Jacuzzi-equipped bathrooms. A health club, plus a masseuse and a chef who make house calls, complete the picture. Rates—$89 per person/per night—cover lift tickets. For further details, call (802) 746-8911.

Debuting this month, a glamorous new place to stay on Florida's west coast: The Ritz-Carlton, Naples. Fronting a 750-foot beach, this palatial property—with its imposing arched windows, red-tiled roof and ornate towers—has the classic Mediterranean look of a 1920s Florida grand hotel. Sports facilities include seven tennis courts, pool, fitness center, croquet lawn—with a golf course nearby.

Top photos: CARLYNE CERF; illustration, GUY BILLOUT

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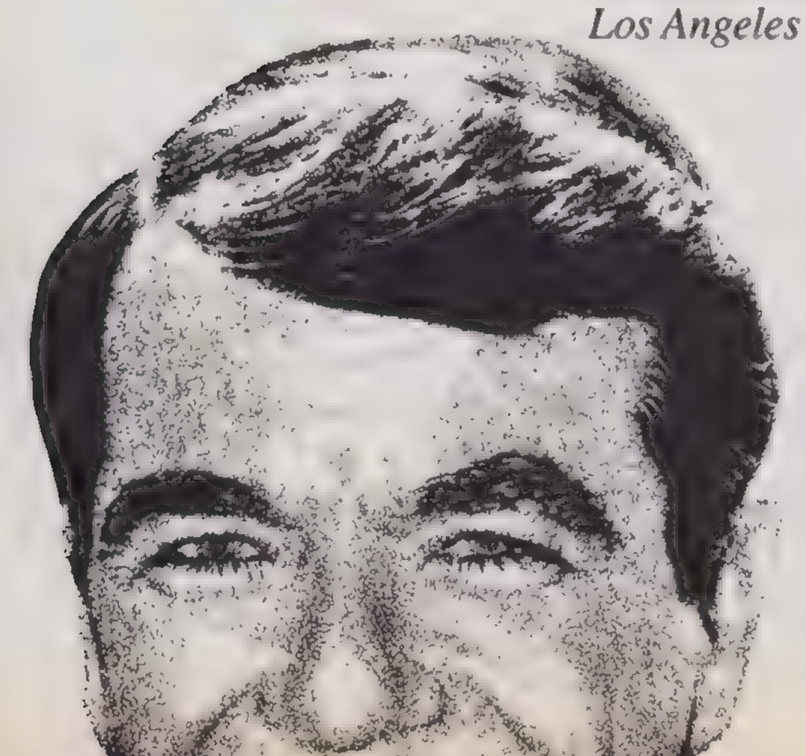

travel

Sun Valley. It was America's first ski resort. It meant luxury, movie stars, great snow and sun. Today, the glamour goes on....By Jeanne McCulloch

Originally, "Idaho" was a Native American word meaning "shining mountains." Flying into Sun Valley on an afternoon in early spring, it is easy to see where the Indians got the idea. For miles, we have been flying over flat, dull, squared-off acres of farmland. Suddenly, the land puckers up into small dark ridges flecked with snow. These are the foothills of the Sawtooth Mountains. The full range soon breaks into view, standing tall and majestic in the clear sky, catching the late afternoon sun and reflecting it back in varying shades of golden yellow into orange. From our plane (a small Horizon Air eighteen seater, which you can catch from either Boise or Salt Lake City), there are oohs and aaahs as we make our approach into the tiny airport in Hailey.

"Those mountains look just like my Bundt cakes," observes one woman to her husband as the plane taxis down the runway. "You know, honey, the chocolate ones I do with the vanilla frosting? The ones with the icing just oozling down the sides?"

"Just like them," he says, taking her hand.

In the past, when I have thought of Idaho, I have thought of potatoes. Endless potato fields, rumpled, dusty, brown. Or trout. Glisteny brooks filled with squirmy, pink-fleshed trout. But now I am in Idaho, and even the airport seems special. Soft Country and Western music plays at the baggage claim, people are tanned and fit, and even those passengers who have lost their luggage and skis en route are smiling because the sun is shining off the mountains, the air is warm, and let's face it—it's hard to stay angry for too long when you're surrounded by landscape that looks like dessert.

There are plenty of places to stay in Sun Valley, from hotels to condominiums, but only one place is legendary: The Sun Valley Lodge. It was here, fifty years ago, that railroad magnate Averell Harriman created the first serious ski resort in America, and since that time, numerous celebrities have frequented the Lodge. Groucho Marx was married in one room: Ernest Hemingway worked on *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in another. Along the walls of the Lodge lobby, black-and-white

Paramount skiers: Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert on the slopes at Sun Valley

snapshots of movie stars—Claudette Colbert, Ingrid Bergman, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper—stand tribute to what in the 'thirties and 'forties was the most glamorous winter resort in the country.

Today the Lodge is not just a hotel but a small village. An inn has been added, as has a mall of stores, restaurants, and sports facilities. The day my husband and I trundle into the Lodge off the airport bus (a complimentary bus shuttles guests back and forth from Hailey), we are greeted by (1) a porter who takes our bags, (2) a "ski room" attendant who whisks away our ski equipment, and (3) a large color photograph of Clint Eastwood, who smiles down at us from behind the reception desk. When we check in, we are told in hushed tones that there has, indeed, just been a sighting. The bell clerk beams.

"A sighting," I repeat.

"He's just been here," whispers the concierge, "but, bad timing. You missed him."

"We missed him?" I ask, properly aghast. "No! Not *really*!"

"Yup," nods the bell clerk soberly. "You did. But don't worry," she adds, leaning forward over the desk. "He'll be back, he always comes back." And with that we check in.

There are many things to do in Sun Valley, and almost all involve food and recreation. And almost all involve making choices. Say you wake up at eight at the Sun Valley Lodge. You can have a leisurely breakfast in the Lodge coffee shop, the cafeteria, or the pastry shop in the Sun Valley mall. Then again, if you're like us, you can sleep a little longer, race through room-service food, yank your skis from their personal stall in the ski room, and jump on one of the free buses that run regularly to the slopes.

Given that you're going to ski, there are more choices. Sun Valley has two mountains, Dollar and Baldy. Dollar, just beyond the Sun Valley village, is a gentle beginners' slope (for trivia lovers, the chair lift was invented here). The larger mountain, Baldy, is about ten minutes from the *(Continued on page 235)*

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sun valley

(Continued from page 232)

Lodge. It offers a wide variety of terrain, and will suit skiers of every level. You can ski on the front of Baldy or down the back, ski into the sun or stay in the shadows, look at views of the town below or at the mountains surrounding. You can *vedel* through powder and over enormous moguls or hang out on the bunny slopes. In short, there's enough to keep everyone busy—even those who, forsaking the sport after an hour or two, need a place to sip hot chocolate and work on their tans. Baldy has two upper-mountain restaurants: the Lookout restaurant, on top of the mountain, is cafeteria eating at its best—a good deal of amiable elbowing and jostling, food ranging from fresh salads to spicy chili, to be capped off with dark fudgy brownies and chocolate chip cookies the size of small plates. Roundhouse, farther down Baldy, has a cafeteria with a huge wood-burning fireplace, as well as a more formal dining room that offers expansive views and good, hearty cuisine. For the sun-worshippers in the crowd, both restaurants have large outdoor decks where you can peel parkas, hats, goggles, loosen boots, and go chin up right into the sunshine. In Sun Valley, tanning seems to be taken as seriously as skiing, and everyone on the mountain carries a ready supply of lotion, featuring varying degrees of protection.

"Do you have any six?" a girl on a chair lift asks me. "I'll trade you Noskote, Blistex, or some ten. That's all I have with me." She smiles apologetically and looks down. A small collection of tubes lies in the palm of her mitten. "I *knew* I'd be ready for something a little lower today. I just *knew* it. I could have sworn I'd grabbed my six this morning, but it was my ten. Damn."

At the end of the day's skiing, more sunning can be done at the bottom of Baldy's "Warm Springs" lift, where, in February and March, a Country and Western band plays away while pooped skiers sip beer, wine, and soda. If that doesn't suit you for *après ski* activity, there are a lot of other choices. For instance, there's always the "pool" back at the Lodge—a giant hot tub, really—where skiers bobble up and down, enjoying cocktails served by waiters in white coats. The pool is the meeting ground of a very eclectic group of hotel guests. Off to one side, an elderly couple sips piña coladas and tentatively cuddles. Not far away, a group of college girls drinks Lite beers and slathers on tanning oil (number two, no less). Everyone sits red-faced and drowsy, chins still up into the (now setting) sun, floating effortlessly in the steamy water like greased watermelons in a bathtub.

If the pool isn't your idea of *après ski* fun either, you can wander through the mall, where the Opera House runs Sonja Henie in *Sun Valley Serenade* every afternoon at five, and a man named Mike Murphy keeps a roomful of people at the Ram Bar laughing and

Vintage Sun Valley: a view of the Lodge from the heated outdoor swimming pool

singing until eight. Then again, you could just poke around the bookstores and boutiques, or have a sauna and a massage by the pool. (Or, if you're like my husband, you could simply retire to your room for a nap.)

Dinnertime. More choices. Possibly the hardest ones to make, since in the Sun Valley village alone, there *(Continued on page 236)*

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1 ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS, Cancun, Mexico
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3 ☐ SPAIN: General information from the National Tourist Office of Spain
4 ☐ SUN VALLEY, IDAHO: "50th Anniversary" brochure — 1986 rates, plus history of resort and mountains
5 ☐ U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS: Information on St. Croix, St. John, St. Thomas — the American paradise — from the U.S. Virgin Islands Division of Tourism
6 ☐ YOUNG ISLAND, The Grenadines, West Indies

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11 ☐ LEYRITZ PLANTATION INN, Martinique, French West Indies
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13 ☐ MANAPANY HOTEL, St. Barts, French West Indies
14 ☐ HAPPY BAY, St. Martin, French West Indies
15 ☐ ROUND HILL, Montego Bay, Jamaica
16 ☐ THE MERIDIAN CLUB, Pine Cay, Turks and Caicos Islands
17 ☐ CLUB MED — TURKOISE, Providenciales, Turks and Caicos Islands
18 ☐ THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands
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sun valley

(Continued from page 235)

are nine restaurants to choose from. By far the most elegant is the Lodge Dining Room, where freshly burnished skiers get duded up to eat in a huge oyster-colored room that's all crystal chandeliers, dance music, and candlelight. Here, food is not served, it's performed. White-gloved waiters wheel around big shiny-silver carts, filled with everything from steaming roasts to creamy puff pastries. Order Caesar salad, and you get a grand flourish of greens-tossing, egg-cracking, and pepper-grinding. Order Crêpes Suzette: it's brandy and bonfires everywhere. The waiters bow. The diners applaud politely.

In addition to the dinner extravaganza, the Lodge Dining Room serves a Sunday brunch that is popular all over Sun Valley. For $12.95, you eat all you want from a buffet that includes fruits, salads, pastries, eggs, crepes (meat and jam-filled), as well as special hot entrées. Add a Mimosa or a Bloody Mary, a little *cappuccino*, and you're set for an afternoon of hard skiing. The only hitch is, there are no reservations for brunch, so you may have a wait if you arrive toward noon. Still, if you're lucky, snow will be falling outside the large picture windows, a fire will be crackling away, the piano will be playing, and with a drink in hand and a few new friends, the wait is hardly unpleasant.

Rather more rustic is the Trail Creek Cabin, accessible via a fleet of horse-drawn sleighs provided by the hotel. Usually, there are about three sleighs of approximately twenty diners each that leave the inn in time for several seatings nightly. To be honest, the entire experience depends on the luck of the draw. Say you end up with a friendly group of fellow sleigh riders on a warm, clear night. The trip could be songs, giggles, and ghost stories all the way to and from the restaurant. Then again, you could be in with a somber crowd on a cold, cloudy night, where everyone just whispers among themselves and huddles deep into their parkas and turtlenecks. Truly less fun. Sorry. Be that as it may, the restaurant is cozy and the food (standard steakhouse fare) is good. My pick: the sautéed trout. All in all, the sleigh trip is probably worth one visit.

At least one night in Sun Valley should be spent in Ketchum, the original mining town that was around long before anyone ever dreamed of wandering into the Sawtooth mountains for sport. Despite burgeoning restaurants and shops, Ketchum has managed to remain appreciably non-glitzy over the years. By far one of the more interesting restaurants in town is the Bald Mountain Cantina, a bright, pretty place where locals and a few enlightened visitors eat surprisingly innovative and relatively inexpensive Mexican food. Inside, ceramic tiles adorn the tables, multicolored tapestries hang on the walls, and specials include such things as sautéed red snapper in tostadas topped with guacamole, and, for dessert, avocado lime pie (a great taste attack: light, tangy, and creamy all at once). To work off the pie, continue on to Whiskey Jacques, a dancing establishment that is a curious cross of a disco, a frat house, and the O-K Corral. Here, a band plays music that spans "Moon River" to "Purple Rain," while the crowd drinks everything from Coors to Rémy Martin. It is here, on the dance floor, that we run into the bell clerk from the Sun Valley Lodge.

"Say, did you ever see him?" she asks, flicking her hips in time to a spicy rendition of "Brown Sugar."

"Him? Oh, well, no. We missed him, unfortunately."

"Not to worry," she says, smiling. "Just one reason to come back and visit us again next year!" And with that, she dances off in an elaborate shimmy across the floor.

It is our last evening in Sun Valley. As we huddle next to a fire in the Ore House bar in the mall, we hear the original story of how Sun Valley was started. Way back in 1936, when downhill skiing was introduced as an event at the Winter Olympic games in Lake Placid, it started a national fad. Suddenly, America wanted to ski. At Saks Fifth Avenue, an artificial slope was devised (out of borax), so New Yorkers on their lunch hour could try the sport. Throngs of Americans with the money to do so traveled to Europe to have a go at the real thing in the Alps. It was fun, it was good exercise, but it wasn't very close to home. Meanwhile (this is the part where smart developers sniff money), Averell Harriman had already decided to build a ski resort. And, not one to fool around when it came to development, Harriman had already hired an expert, Count Felix Schaffgotsch of Austria, to scope out the perfect spot. Throughout that same winter, the Count and his guide patiently lugged half a dozen pairs of skis over every possible mountain range in the West, skiing the Rockies, Mt. Hood in Oregon, Mt. Ranier in Washington, Tahoe and Yosemite in California, most of Wyoming. The Count was a picky man, and he was looking for just the right climate for the resort, the proper winds, the proper curve of slopes, the proper ratio of sun to snow. And, after months of climbing and *schussing*, the increasingly despondent Count gave up. He had already packed his gear and was on his way back home when he heard about Ketchum. Dashing into the Sawtooth Mountains, the Count finally found what he was looking for: ample snow, ample space, plenty of sunshine. "It's perfect!" the much-relieved Count announced to his boss, who, in turn, built Sun Valley. I think of this story as we are heading back toward the airport the following morning. A new layer of snow has fallen overnight, and down the front of Baldy, skiers are *vedeling* through powder up past their thighs. On the chair lifts, more skiers in T-shirts and shorts swing feet back and forth, dab on suntan lotion, and chat. As our small plane climbs over Hailey, I try to imagine the hardy Austrian Count tramping through the mountains below, steadfast in his search for the perfect American ski resort. They say it only took him one run to know when he'd found it. The rest is history. ▽

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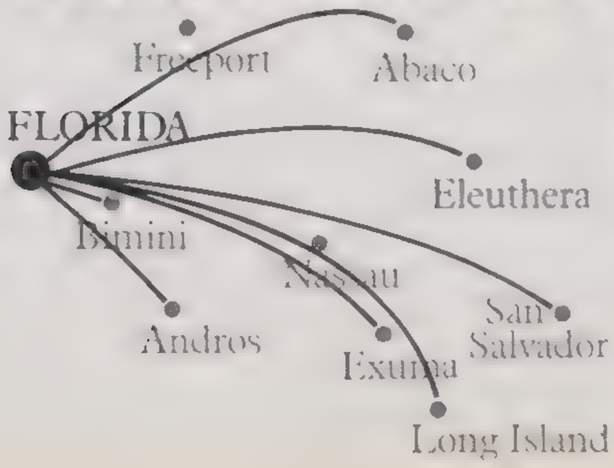

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Pool with a view—at the new Virgin Grand Beach Hotel on St. Thomas

the caribbean

Special report: what's new, what's wonderful, what's best in the islands now. **By Despina Messinesi**

Just thinking about the Caribbean is a pick-me-up. Especially in the dark of winter, it's comforting to know that there's a place where the weather is warm, the water clear and blue, the air sweet-smelling and fresh. Better than just musing about the Caribbean, however, is planning a trip to a warm-winter isle. Not only to escape the cold and snow, but to get back to life's simple, basic rhythms—indeed, to get back to who we are, because, ultimately, a Caribbean holiday can be as restorative as a stay at a health spa. Here, for readers who plan to make Caribbean dreams come true this year, a special report on what's new, what's wonderful, what's best in the islands. . . .

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

On St. Thomas, the most bustling of the three United States Virgin Islands (the other two are St. John and St. Croix), the landmark hotel Bluebeard's Castle is readying thirty luxurious suites overlooking the lipstick-red roofs and fascinating harbor of Charlotte Amalie, the island's main town. At the same time, a top-notch restaurant, Entre Nous, has moved onto the Bluebeard's property and into a delightful glass-walled pavilion offering romantic views of glamorous yachts and the festively lit cruise ships below.

On the northeast end of St. Thomas, the top-notch Virgin Grand Beach Hotel spreads across thirty-two acres and has just opened its first eighty-six rooms (247 more are planned), which are built around an enormous pool along the beach. With its steep sloping roof, the hotel's beach-front restaurant is a dazzler; a water-sports center and two tennis courts are nearby—with more courts and restaurants now in blueprint.

On the southeast end of St. Thomas, the Bolongo Bay Beach Club shimmers with news: forty rooms have just been added, and the resort's original thirty-seven refurbished; all have nice small kitchens, cable television with HBO. A new water-sports center debuts this year, along with a tennis boutique next to the four courts, two with lights for night play.

Located in Charlotte Amalie, Williams & Daniels, Ltd., is the newest—and one of the best—restaurants on St. Thomas. Housed in a converted warehouse above the Scandinavian (shopping) Center, W&D looks like a European import with its pale-blue walls, crystal chandeliers, white lace tablecloths, gleaming tableware, bone china, wonderful salads and sandwiches. Also new in Charlotte Amalie: expanded ferry service (five departures a day) to Cruz Bay on the neighboring island of St. John. Travel time: forty-five minutes—with glorious views of St. Thomas' inlets and beaches en route. And on St. John, great dining a short walk away from the ferry dock at the Mongoose Restaurant, which has extended its breezy boardwalk terrace and added a lovely gazebo.

On St. Croix, the largest of the three U.S. Virgin Islands, The Buccaneer, which is near the town of Christiansted, remains a favorite place to stay. A self-contained resort with its own golf course, tennis courts, and beaches, it features rooms scattered over hilly slopes right above the sea. This year's news: a complete health and fitness center.

Christiansted is also home port for the luxurious *Sea Goddess I*, the yacht-like cruise ship that wisely winters in the Caribbean, sailing weekly from St. Croix on seven-day itineraries that include small Caribbean islands (Virgin Gorda, Iles des Saintes) generally off-limits to larger ships.

ST. BARTS

On St. Barts, that enchanting French island with contagious *joie de vivre*, reservations are often hard to come by—but two new hotels should help ease the crunch. The one-year-old Manapany Hotel at Anse des Cayes has the best pool on the island as well as twenty airy hillside villas with large terraces, ceiling fans, air-conditioning, telephones, and radios. The villas are named after gems—the Pearl, Diamond, Topaz, Onyx, and so on—which they are! Opening onto the pool, Manapany's crescent-shaped restaurant, Le Ballahou, trellised and flowery with colorful pink tablecloths, serves fresh yellowtail snapper with tomato cream sauce, wonderful salmon in puff pastry, and, for a change of pace, cassoulet.

The room clerk at Le Warwick hotel scheduled for a Christmas opening on Grand Cul de Sac Cove will be be guarding eighty-one keys, each unlocking a lovely suite, double room, or villa—eleven of which have their own small pools. Suites and villas will have TVs; all rooms will have French treats such as Jean Patou and Lancôme soaps, and minibars stocked with Champagne.

For people who delight in privacy and marketing for fresh island vegetables and just-baked baguettes, holing up in a private villa may be the best way to vacation on St. Barts. The efficient Sibarth Real Estate Agency, run by Roger Lacour and his American wife, Brook, comes up with satisfying solutions. Contact their U.S. representative at (800) 932–3222; (401) 849–8012 in Rhode Island. (They have a thick, glossy brochure for sale at $7.50 plus handling.)

ST. MARTIN

On the French side of the island of St. Martin (the other side is Dutch), Happy Bay, a luxurious and pricy resort, is opening for Christmas. Near the village of Grand Case and built around a crescent-shaped beach, the complex will have forty suites, twenty rooms. All will have balconies that double as outside sitting rooms, perfect for enormous breakfasts—mounds of fruit, fluffy omelets, croissants, café au lait. Inside: fruit-wood furniture covered in peach fabrics, four-poster beds, purring ceiling fans, a bar, and small expensive details like Limoges ashtrays, hair dryers, huge mirrored bathrooms. Two restaurants, one beachside, are planned. Limos will meet guests at the airport, a convenience built into the room charges (from $380 to $600 a day), which also cover breakfast, staff service, and taxes. The most surprising extra included in room rates is the use of a car—an air-conditioned Peugeot with automatic transmission.

On both the French and the Dutch sides of St. Martin, shopping for quality items at duty-free prices is tantalizing, particularly as the U.S. dollar is accepted everywhere. At Marigot, on the French side, Little Switzerland—a large store carrying many non-Swiss items—is famous for its many brands of watches, including Rolex. Little Switzerland, which has another base on *(Continued on page 240)*

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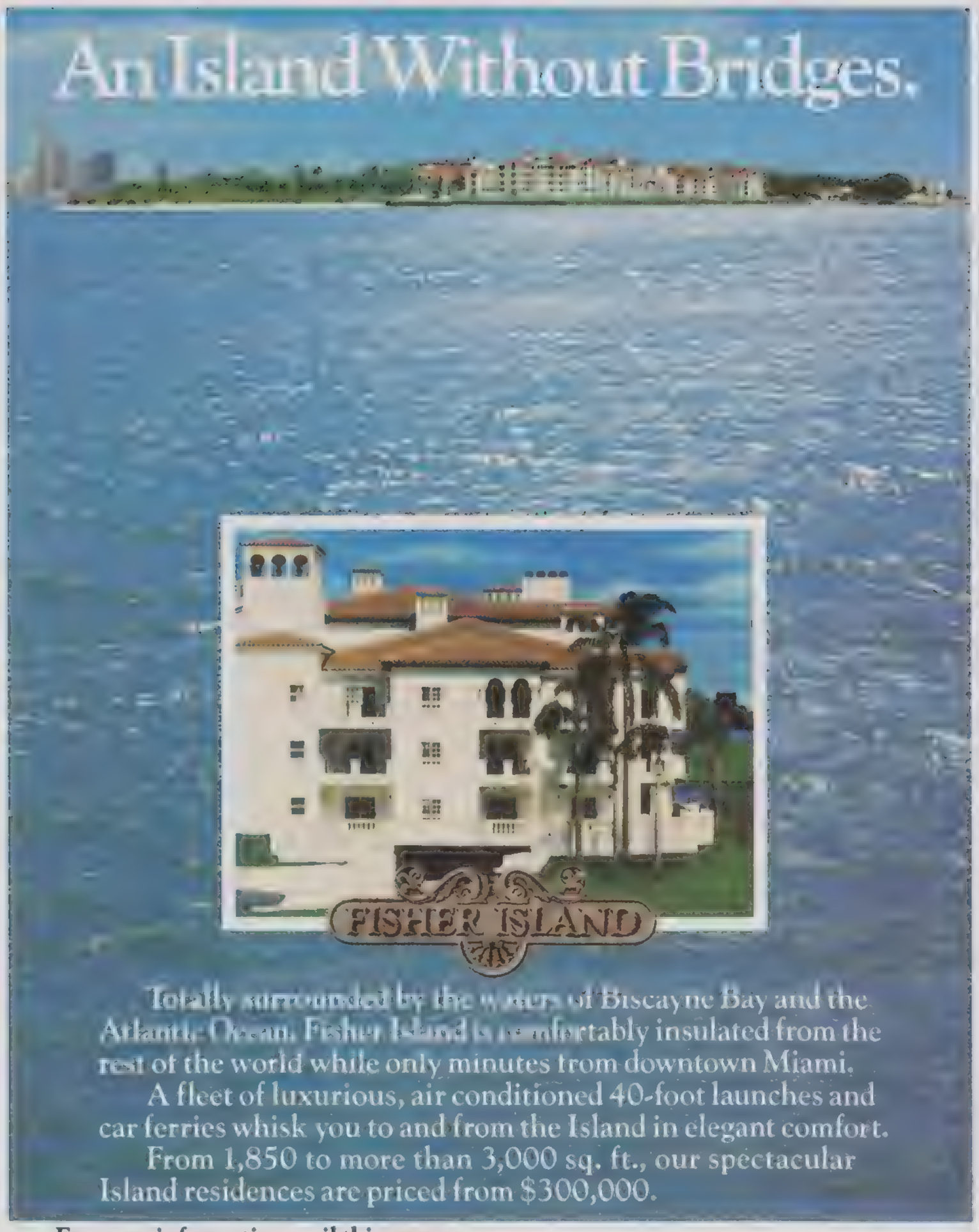

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caribbean report

(Continued from page 238)

Curaçao, also carries Baccarat, Daum, Lalique, and Waterford crystals, Spanish Lladró figurines, and a dizzying assortment of French perfumes, colognes, and soaps.

On the Dutch side, in Philipsburg, the elegant specialty store La Romana in the Royal Palm Plaza is filled with the latest imports that are simultaneously being showcased in shops along Milan's Montenapoleone and Paris's Faubourg St.-Honoré. The wisely edited collections for both men and women include the names of Armani, Versace, Krizia, Ferre, Fendi, Alaïa, Bottega Veneta, La Perla, Maud Frizon, and Rossetti; fashions are not necessarily slanted for resort wear, however, but for big-city life.

At La Romana jewelry store nearby, the range is stunning: the elaborate handmade necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of gold and semiprecious stones from Misani, the Milanese jeweler; the colorful chokers of enamel and rubber from La Nouvelle Bague of Florence; the heavy gold chokers of Carlo Weingrill; the complete Porsche collection (lighters, watches, and sunglasses); diamond-rimmed Hublot watches with rubber straps; classic Audemars Piguets.

La Romana, motivated by ten years of phenomenal success, is adding a boutique at the Mullet Bay resort on the Dutch side of St. Martin, and expanding and renovating the shop at the Juliana airport arcade. At the same time, La Romana has moved into a charming pink house with gingerbread trim on the French side of the island at Marigot. The broad balcony of the same house has been turned into a café serving complimentary Champagne cocktails just for La Romana shoppers. La Romana has also taken up island-hopping: the neighboring island of St. Barts has two shops: one at La Villa Creole Hotel and another at the Hibiscus hotel.

ANGUILLA

A four-minute flight from St. Martin's Juliana airport (charters are easy to arrange), the unspoiled island of Anguilla, a British Crown Colony, has superb beaches, glorious blue-green waters, great food, and attractive places to stay. The most luxurious resort, the Malliouhana Hotel, is situated on a twenty-five-acre landscaped bluff above two miles of white beach. Malliouhana's thirty-four rooms and half-dozen suites are oases of coolness: all balconied, all with Brazilian mahogany shutters, Mexican tiled floors, rattan furniture, and marble bathrooms. On the grounds, three pools cascade one into the other, and there is a poolside restaurant for lunch. A sensational evening restaurant, cantilevered above the sea, is steered by Jo Rostang, a top Michelin-rated chef. Activities include tennis (three courts) and a variety of water sports. In the main building, La Romana runs a trendy boutique, and there is also a hair salon.

The Mariners, a collection of nine Caribbean-Victorian cottages built on the beach, has a totally different charm. With trellised doorways, peaked ceilings, tiled floors, the cottages have sitting rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens, and broad verandahs with cushioned chaises facing the sea. Nearby, the harbor—with its rickety wooden pier and working fishing boats—has the romance of a Somerset Maugham setting.

MARTINIQUE

On the indelibly French island of Martinique, the birthplace of Napoleon's lovely Josephine, the eighteenth-century Leyritz Plantation Inn, a hotel in the remote, lush green north, has opened a health spa. Under the supervision of a French doctor in residence, spa guests (no more than twenty at a time) may choose several diet plans—from a water fast to carefully balanced gourmet diet meals. The new spa also offers medical and beauty massages, plus yoga and relaxation classes—often held outdoors. A three-level stone spa building includes exercise rooms, a beauty salon, massage rooms, and a top-floor solarium and Jacuzzi open to the sky.

JAMAICA

On Jamaica, one of the Caribbean's most beautiful islands, Montego Bay's Round Hill, a luxury cottage complex built thirty-one years ago, retains its star quality. Spread on a ninety-eight-acre peninsula studded with twenty-seven villa units (many with pools) as well as a thirty-six-room hotel on the beach, Round Hill is constantly changing. This season, the beach hotel has been renamed Pineapple House—and *(Continued on page 242)*

"Visit our tropical islands where you
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in broad daylight."

It is one of the great blessings of civilization that there are still places such as La Romana International Boutiques in St. Maarten in the Netherlands Antilles, St. Barthelemy in the French West Indies and Anguilla in the British West Indies, where one may purchase the works of the greatest names in international fashions for men and women, free from artificial tariffs imposed by government bureaucracies. Names such as Fendi, Maud Frizon, Hublot, Bottega Veneta and more. And because these islands have a year-round tropical climate, European casinos (St. Maarten) and wonderfully sensuous beaches, coming here to steal your favorite Italian designer may seem especially sinful. And even slightly decadent. And absolutely marvelous.

"We'll see you at La Romana"—Jolanda and Augusto Marini.

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BERGDORF GOODMAN · NEIMAN-MARCUS

caribbean report

(Continued from page 240)

each guest room will have new louvered windows opening onto the Caribbean, as well as new mahogany bedboards and lamps. To keep Round Hill luxurious, a staff of 240 serves and attends the two hundred guests.

Next to Round Hill, toward the town of Montego Bay, a small sign marks the dirt driveway to Beamish's Bath House, which turns out to be an enchanting seaside restaurant. With blue and white checked tablecloths and rush chairs under a thatched roof, Beamish's has the charm of a Greek island taverna, and specializes in charcoal-grilled lobster and grilled chicken spiced with ginger.

Polo, first introduced to Jamaica in 1882 by the British Army, is played regularly all over the island. Scheduled this coming year from February 23 to March 2: the Caribbean Challenge Cup, between the Chukka Cove Club team in Ocho Rios and Illinois's Oak Brook Polo Club. Another major polo event, the Red Stripe (named after Jamaica's beer) International Polo and Horse Show, takes place at Easter at Chukka Cove, draws high-goal players from the U.S. and Argentina.

Still another Jamaica spectacular is the moving send-off the island gives to cruise ships calling on Montego Bay: at sailing time, passengers line the ships' railings to look down on Montego Bay's Boys Club Band. Marching to the beat of Bob Marley tunes, they go through intricate patterns and then perform virtuosic break-dance steps.

Speaking of cruise ships, a big beautiful newcomer to the Caribbean this winter is the M/V *Regent Sea*, the former *Gripsholm*, which has been gutted, refurbished, and now makes Montego Bay her home port. Sailing away from Jamaica on seven-day cruises, the *Regent Sea* swings round to Grand Cayman Island, then heads into the Panama Canal, entering as far as the first lake, time enough for the passengers to get the gist of the Canal as well as the thrill. Turning back, the ship sails for the northern tip of South America, stopping at Colombia's Cartegena before continuing on to the Dutch island of Aruba.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

In the Dominican Republic, the luxurious Casa de Campo resort preserves a strong Spanish/Latin quality. After a three-hour nonstop flight from New York, guests slip easily into low gear, siestas, and nine-o'clock dinner hours. A real-life dream world, Casa de Campo has a private jet runway; two golf courses and seventeen tennis courts; a beach, pools, aquatic sports; an active equestrian center, and two polo fields under the direction of the Maharaja Jabar Singh; a small arcade with shops, general store, hairdresser. After ten years, Casa de Campo is spreading out this season, adding fifty new *casitas*—and it has a ten-million-dollar beach hotel on the drawing board. Right now, for the ultimate in privacy and easy living, many of the five hundred privately owned *(Continued on page 244)*

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caribbean report

(Continued from page 242)

villas on this seven-thousand-acre property may be rented with complete staffs of maids, butlers, and cooks.

ST. LUCIA

English may be the official language on St. Lucia (pronounced *loo-sha*), an independent island with a governor appointed by the Queen of England, but St. Lucians usually speak a singsong English-Creole patois. On market days, island women look ravishing in their tall, twisted, red-cotton Madras turbans ending in knife-sharp points; and off-the-shoulder lace-trimmed blouses over lace-edged Madras full skirts pinned up on one side to show off white frilled petticoats. Biggest news on St. Lucia now: the opening this Christmas of a new Club Med Village at Savannes Bay on the southernmost tip of this pear-shaped island. Spread across a ninety-acre coconut grove, the Club Med will house six hundred members in air-conditioned balconied rooms overlooking the Caribbean and miles of beach. Paradise for riders, the St. Lucia Village will have a stable of eighteen horses—from docile mounts to spirited steeds—that can be ridden by Club guests free of charge.

More island news: the Honorable Colin Tennant, the dynamo developer-decorator who put the island of Mustique on the map, has designs on—and for—St. Lucia: he will soon build a grand resort on a spectacular bay guarded by the massive green Gros and Petit Piton mountains. No signs of building yet, no workmen or construction cranes—just a lone elephant lumbering down the beach.

BAHAMAS

Technically in the Atlantic, the Bahama Islands share the same warm sun and blue-green waters as their Caribbean neighbors. Newest place to stay in Nassau, capital city of the Bahamas, is The Royal Bahamian, a seven-million-dollar redo of the old Balmoral Club that once drew celebrities, royalty, and the very rich. Edging a beautiful span of Cable Beach, the white-columned, bonbon-pink Royal Bahamian, with its fourteen acres of vibrant gardens and sputtering fountains, is one of Nassau's prettiest hotels. Service is superb, and special: when luscious fruits are in season, instead of goodnight chocolates on the pillow, the R.B. sets out a dish of red currants, blueberries, and brown sugar—or strawberries and melons already sliced. The resort's latest attraction: a health spa that, in addition to the usual aerobics, facials, and beauty treatments, offers therapeutic mud baths.

On the skinny Bahamian out island of Eleuthera, the understated, elegant Windermere Club is now under the management of the Venice Simplon-Orient-Express people. Besides a major spruce-up, the owners have brought in a new chef and sous-chef from the Turnberry Golf Resort in Ayrshire, Scotland.

TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS

Club Med thrives on its unfailing instinct for finding spectacular properties in improbable, hard-to-reach places, and then transforming them into enchanting hideaways. Case in point: the year-old Club Med Turkoise on the small island of Providenciales, in the little-known Turks and Caicos archipelago, a British Crown Colony off the southeasternmost end of the Bahamas. Turkoise is one of Club Med's most luxurious villages: thoughtfully designed rooms have extra-wide twin beds, good reading lights, ceiling fans, coffee tables, armchairs, desks, and niches for books. Besides the full range of Club Med activities—tennis, aerobic and water exercises, first-run films, and bridge—the Turkoise operation has its very own yellow submarine for underwater adventures.

Also in the Turks and Caicos, a mere eight air minutes away from Provo, lies the exclusive private island Pine Cay. Here, The Meridian Club is a dreamy enclave of twenty-four villas (five for rent), and a dozen beach-front double rooms with cozy sitting areas and verandahs. Guests come to The Meridian Club for serenity, privacy, and easygoing barefoot living. No ties or jackets, no formal functions. No cars are allowed on the cay; the only motor vehicles are the silent golf carts that meet the plane and are sometimes used by members to toodle about the island. A quiet, wonderful world. It's the Caribbean at its best. ▽

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travel

Tokyo's Akasaka Prince: a bold new hotel

with a spirit, a style, a serenity uniquely Japanese

From the outside, it could be an office building in the Sun Belt, this forty-story V-shaped skyscraper, sheathed in shimmery brushed aluminum, that houses Tokyo's new Westin Akasaka Prince Hotel. But, like Tokyo, The Akasaka Prince is "Western" on the surface only. At the heart of this great city and of this great hotel are a spirit, a style, a modus operandi uniquely Japanese.

Take the lobby: at first glance, this vast, uncluttered, light-drenched space—all white-marble walls, stairways, floors, and columns—seems designed solely for a hyper-minimalist effect. Japanese architect Kenzo Tange, however, had something more—not less—in mind: he wanted to create public areas of great simplicity, devoid of color and contrasts, that instantly would put guests at ease and make them feel as though *they* were the most important element in the scheme of things.

White is a dominant theme in guestrooms at The Akasaka Prince. Here, Tange feels, the absence of strong colors has a soothing, restorative effect: an antidote to the barrage of images that assaults us every day. To further soothe the psyche, all rooms and suites, starkly modern, have an almost Zen simplicity in their design and furnishings: built-in white lacquer cabinets, dressers, and desks are functional yet totally unobtrusive; white-leather sofas and chairs, pale-blue rugs, glass-topped tables, and traditional Japanese *ikebana* floral arrangements add to the serenity of these surroundings.

But serenity is only part of the experience of staying at a great Japanese hotel. Having your every need not just met—but anticipated—is a Japanese tradition as ancient as the *ryokan*, the country's famous tatami-floored, futon-bedded inns. At the *ryokan*, historically, travelers found everything—robe, slippers, tea; even pens, ink, and parchment for writing a *haiku* or two—they needed for their stay. Inspired by the *ryokan*, The Akasaka Prince provides all guests with slippers, a soft cotton robe, a sleek enamel-and-chrome container of hot water for making a cup of tea or coffee *without* the intrusion of room service. In bathrooms, a toothbrush, toothpaste, hairbrush, hair dryer, plus shampoos, bubble baths, soaps, and colognes are welcome comforts—especially if you've just flown practically halfway around the world.

Beyond the constant coddling and pampering of its guests, a hotel in Tokyo often has to attend to their business needs as well. Needless to say, when you've come this far to do business, you can't afford to make any mistakes—so The Akasaka Prince has an Executive Service Center that can handle anything from light typing to multilingual translations to legal and business consultations.

Ultimately, The Akasaka Prince is a hotel that works, on every level—an astonishing feat when you consider its size (761 rooms). Pick up the phone, and it is answered instantly, politely; operators speak excellent English. Phone room service, and your order arrives promptly—with nothing forgotten. There are always smiles; and there's never any tipping—which, because the service is so extraordinary, can make Westerners feel guilty. The Japanese feel something else, however—and this is the real reason this hotel works so well: they feel proud.

FRIENDLY FLYING

One of the newest ways of flying from the U.S. to Japan is aboard United Airlines. Its Royal Pacific Service features sleeper seats in first class, a special business-class section, artful Western and Japanese cuisine, duty-free in-flight shopping, even an on-board interpreter. Convenient for those who live in the Midwest or the Pacific Northwest, United flies a 747 daily (except Tuesday) from Chicago to Tokyo via Seattle; on Tuesday, the flight operates via Portland, Oregon. (For more on Japan, see pages 274-295.)

VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

All-out splendor: gifts for a fashion-rich

Christmas...Paris talents: news

in New York...Streep-wise dressing...

An African Queen

Isak Dinesen sailed off to Africa from her native Denmark in 1914. In Kenya, where she established her home and coffee farm, she became transfixed by the beauty of the land, the animals, the spiritual side of Africa. Now, in the film version of her memoirs, *Out of Africa*, Meryl Streep plays Baroness Karen Blixen (Dinesen was a nom de plume): stylish emigrée, serious rancher, a woman nominated in 1957 for a Nobel Prize for Literature. Streep is aided in her task by the meticulous research and attention to dress details culled from photos of Dinesen by costume designer Milena Canonero.

"I went to Denmark to visit Dinesen's family," says Milena Canonero. "They gave me wonderful insights into her character. I also visited her family archives: Dinesen's letters, which I hadn't read before, are as fresh, compulsive, as fascinating today as when she wrote them. What also inspired me was a very famous photograph of her with her greyhounds in Africa—looking casual yet stylish.

"Although I tried to achieve the many looks of Karen Blixen—from casual work clothes (often, a khaki shirt and skirt) to more 'dressed' outfits (she would frequently order couture clothes from Paris by mail), it was more important to design clothes that were right for Meryl. We were not trying to make a documentary." Canonero's two favorite Streep/Blixen outfits: a khaki shirt draped with a huge, brightly colored Somalian shawl. And "the simplicity" of a pale linen traveling suit for the scene when Karen first arrives in Kenya by boat.

"I researched the clothes at the time Dinesen was in Africa; one of the interesting things I discovered was that settlers wore two hats on top of each other as protection against the sun. It was very practical dressing. That style may seem incongruous now. But, I think the safari clothes I designed in the film—for both men and women—are still valid today."

Does Milena Canonero think the costumes she designed for *Out of Africa* will have an influence on fashion now? "It's hard to say. If my designs do have an impact, that's wonderful; but that's not what I'm striving for. I'm only trying to do my job. A fashion impact isn't the top priority."

("View" continued on page 250)

Meryl Streep, above left, in *Out of Africa* style: a big shawl by day; *below*, in jodhpurs. *Above*, high glamour —even for a shoot in Denmark. *Out of Africa* was filmed in Karen, an area named after, *below left*, Karen Blixen/ Isak Dinesen. *Left*: Iman as Mariammo, a Somali native.

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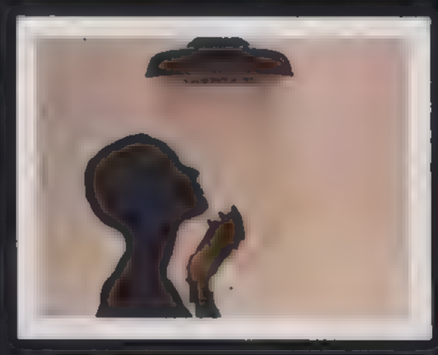

HERE...

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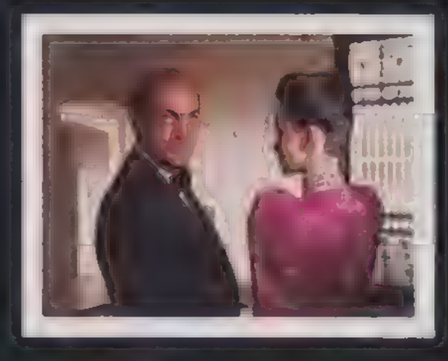
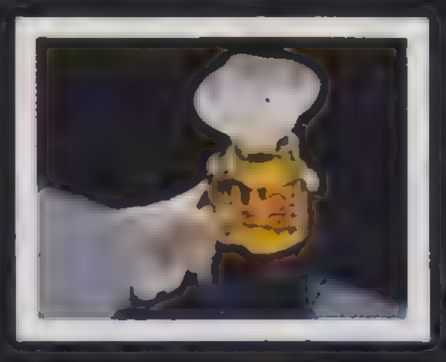
AND

OSCAR



KNOWS WHAT

MAKES A WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.



Oscar de la Renta

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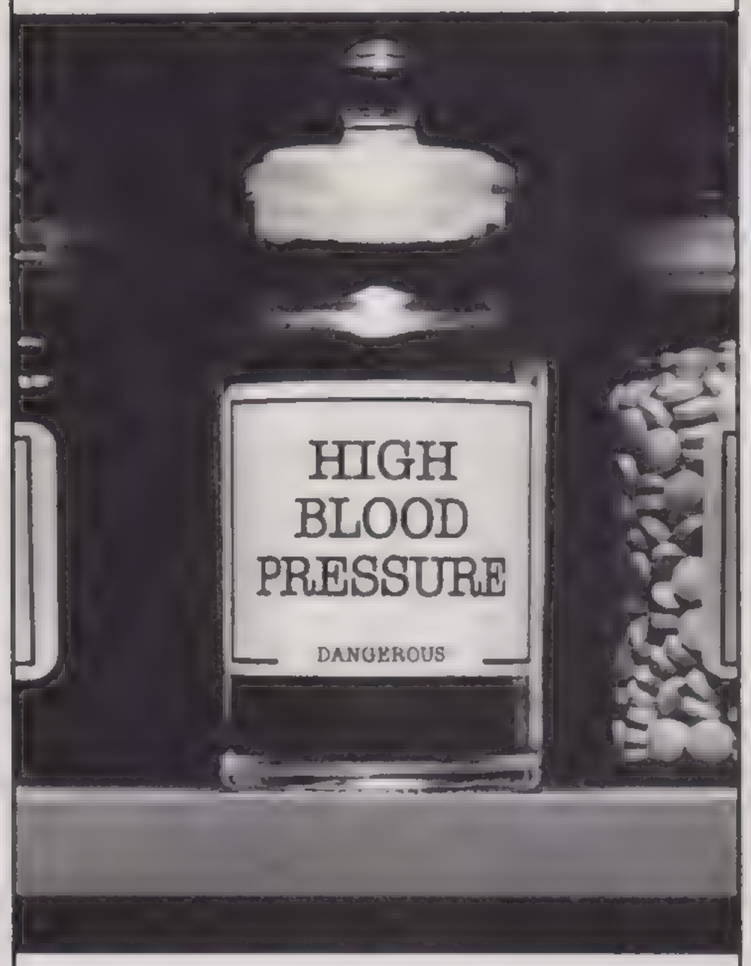

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VIEW

IMAN: ACTING UP

The long streak of polished ebony that's Mariammo in *Out of Africa* is better known as Iman: international runway and fashion model. She took the *Out of Africa* role because the character hails from her native Somalia. Other recent acting jobs have spanned everywhere from a Graham Greene-based *The Human Factor* thriller to the Bill Cosby show to acting the glamorous villainess in Jermaine Jackson's "Do What You Do" video. Current fashion favorites for Iman: traditional East African textiles known as *kikoi*—like the brightly woven cloth she wears, *right*, as a romantic evening skirt. She plans to organize, manufacture, and soon bring *kikoi* cloth to shops here. Iman is also dressing these days in Azzedine, *left*. "His clothes are the ultimate flattery to a woman," says Iman, "with a touch of aggressiveness at just the right curve."

ANTONIO, JONATHAN BECKER. Hair by Gad Cohen for La Coupe Salon, NYC; makeup by Fran Cooper

NEWSWATCH:

It was 1968 when Andy Warhol prefaced the catalog to his painting exhibition in Stockholm with the quip: "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for fifteen minutes." Now his dream comes to life with *Andy Warhol's Fifteen Minutes*, aired for the first time in October—on MTV. It chronicles the famous and not so famous (designer Stephen Sprouse, Nick Rhodes of Duran Duran, Susan Hess—model just-turned actress) in zany Warhol fashion. Warhol dreams for upcoming tapes: "I would love to have an interview of John Kennedy, Jr., and Princess of Wales, Leon Spinks and Leontyne Price, truly glamorous media personalities."

("View" continued on page 254)

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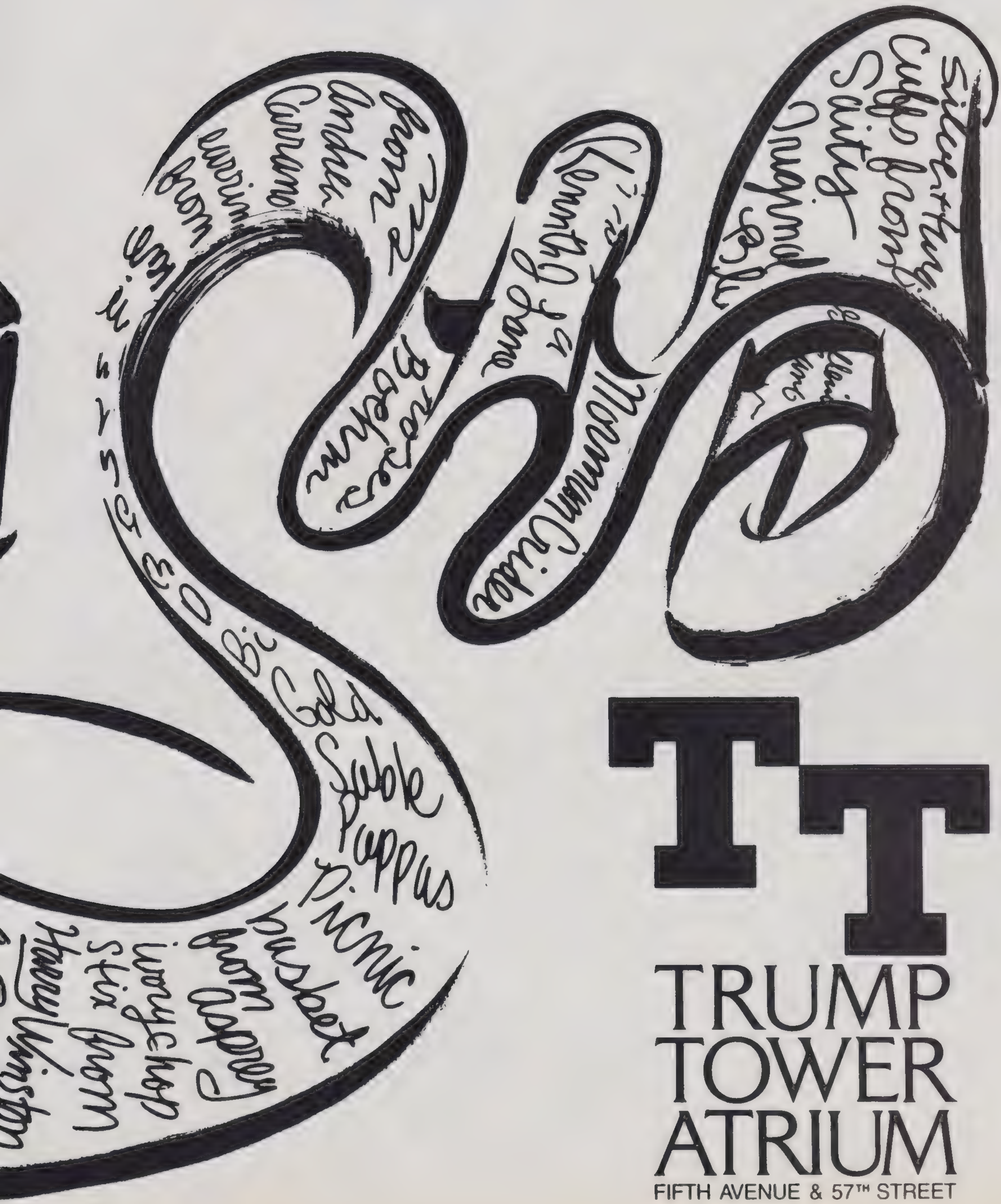
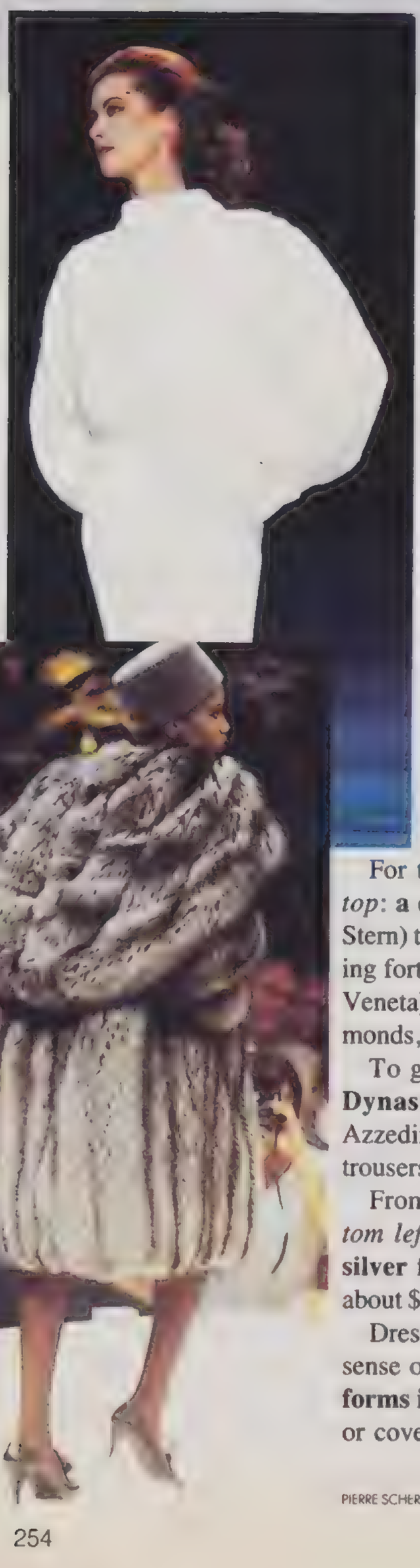

Trump Tower Atrium
Fifth Avenue at 57th Street
Trump Tower Atrium
Fifth Avenue at 57th Street
Trump Tower Atrium
Fifth Avenue at 57th Street

VIEW



CHRISTMAS DREAMS...

If the sky's the limit. . . if this is the year your lottery numbers hit. . . your stocks soared . . . and all your lucky hunches paid off. . . here, some appropriately luxurious "basics" to put on your Christmas list: the kinds of gifts it's easy to dream about—from dazzling furs to jeweled evening bags to glorious couture dresses. Gifts that, no question, pull out all the stops. . .

For the twelve days of Christmas, *top*: **a dozen stones** (these from H. Stern) to be set as a woman will. Spilling forth from a silken purse (Bottega Veneta) are emeralds, amethysts, diamonds, citrines. . . .

To give or receive in multiples, **Dynasty style:** white or pale wool Azzedine Alaïa sweaters with cuffed trousers (*center, left*). . . .

From Givenchy couture (*bottom left*), a luxe cape-collar **silver fox greatcoat.** Price: about $59,000. . . .

Dressing (*top right*) with a sense of drama: Grés **sculpted forms in silk jersey** come bared or covered with matching shawls in wool jersey. It's an example of the Grés style worn by—collected by—women such as Nan Kempner, Mica Ertegün, Paloma Picasso. When designer Karl Lagerfeld recently found an antique Grés dress in London, he immediately handed it over to Picasso. . . .

At YSL couture (*center, right*), a basic black evening column (about $10,250) is framed by a taffeta flounce, a sure way with **year-round gala dressing**. . . .

A splendor of jewels, frankly fake, designed by Christian Lacroix for Patou couture (*below*): Mounted on an overscale evening clutch, the bag adds sparkle-a-plenty (for about $3750) to any holiday list or holiday dressing. *("View" continued on page 256)*

PIERRE SCHERMAN, CLAUS OHM, RICHARD GIGLIO, MARK JENKINSON

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VIEW

chain reactions

Chanel made it a signature: first, using polished gold chains to weight the linings of a suit, then piling on gold chains as her own way of dressing. By the time she reopened her legendary house on the Rue Cambon in Paris in 1954, Chanel was interlacing chains with pearls and fake jewels for bold, unpretentious accessories. Today, gold chains are decorating some of the season's best looks on both sides of the Atlantic. They're so much a part of Karl Lagerfeld's thinking for Chanel (*left*) that his new wool jersey day and restaurant clothes get masses of trompe l'oeil chains incorporated directly into the fabric.

Updating gold links for the 'eighties, Donna Karan stacks up bold chain-link orbs and bracelets (*above*) against wool jersey and cashmere sweater dressing. Big polished brass chain-like pieces were designed especially for Donna Karan by Robert Lee Morris/Artwear, the only jewelry pieces Donna Karan shows with her collection.

PIERRE SCHERMAN, BERTRAND MARIGNAC

NEWSWATCH:

"Jean Dessés and Jacques Fath flew from Paris for the wedding, and Balenciaga sent a Goya etching as a wedding present. Saint Laurent, who sent a Moroccan rug, had raised hems by still another two inches at the fall collections." And " 'Someday you'll understand, darling, that he [Balenciaga] is the Michelangelo of couture, whereas Dior is merely its Watteau.' " These are some of the witty inventions in Francine du Plessix Gray's just-published novel *October Blood* (Simon and Schuster), a saucy psychological *roman à clef* of the upper strata of high fashion. With a sure sense of fashion history, Gray brilliantly blends old and new. Explains the author, of her *October Blood*: "It takes place at the heart of a sexual-industrial complex that advises hundreds of thousands of women how to comb their hair, keep their man, feed their guests...what novels, plays, beaches to discuss at dinner."

("View" continued on page 260)

Carrington

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VIEW

DRAMATIC GESTURES

Tall, dark, dramatically French and Spanish, Isabel Canovas makes an instant impact: her hair pulled sleekly back, she dresses most often in black, turns a look with a standout accessory. "It is a question of audacity with accessories," says Canovas, who designs bright suede handbags with mink fringe, sweeping double-faced cashmere shawls appliquéd with suede, big jewelry, decorated gloves, even pleated taffeta fans for dramatic evening. The pieces, finds at her Avenue Montaigne Paris shop, are newly housed too this fall at Canovas's just-opened shop on Madison Avenue. Included there *(above, left):* a dramatic rectangle edged all around in taffeta pleats, a versatile cover-up for the black cashmeres or Valentino black-tie dinner dressing Canovas wears in her private life—in Paris, on Belgian weekends. "The taffeta fling has a light, almost Fellini air to it. Because the colors are not really true colors, one can wear it over anything from black, which is my favorite color, to bright blue." By day, Canovas, *(right),* likes to wear bicolor cashmere capes over clothes from Valentino, Claude Montana leathers, or pieces from Azzedine Alaïa: "I like his day clothes because they are practical, yet feminine and sexy."

SCENTIMENTS: THE STYLE OF A WOMAN

"I try them all on me first," says Annick Goutal, of her perfume essences. And this Paris-based businesswoman, perfumer, believes in working with a light hand. Her way of dressing—a peplumed suit, a small-waisted jacket—is decidedly feminine; her Left Bank perfume boutique—lightly cream and gold—is the sort of address Parisians tell only to visiting friends. This fall, Annick Goutal has expanded to a second shop in Paris (at 14, rue de Castiglione) and to two new gold and ivory Napoleon III-style corners at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. "All my scents are created from personal experiences," says Goutal, and named after friends, after her daughter. "The mood is always romantic; I can't make a bold provocative perfume."

("View" continued on page 268)

BERTRAND MARIGNAC. Hair and makeup by Carita. Makeup by Robert Snow for Faces

Around these parts nothing else fits like black Levi's button-fly 501® jeans, made with a legendary denim that shrinks in the wash to fit only you. Regular, or Preshrunk with most of the work done for you.

Who's got the best fitting jeans in these parts?

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Levi's Super Straight jeans are the ones that flatter this part of you with a special, snug, long-legged fit.

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HOLIDAY KNOW-HOW

When you do your holiday shopping at the Gap, you'll realize how simple it can all be. From the greeter at the door willing to lend you a hand, to the in-store catalogues full of gift ideas, the Gap knows how to help.

Simple Shopping

At the Gap, we make holiday gifts easy to find and easy to afford. Shetland sweaters at $28, flannel plaid shirts at $24, great sweats starting at $13—the hardest part will be deciding which to give as gifts and which to keep for yourself. On your way to the cash register, grab a pair of $3.50 socks for your favorite cousin or choose an angora sweater for someone extra special.

Finishing Touches

The Gap even gives you gift cards and gift boxes with your purchases. All you have to do is sign the card and tie a ribbon around the box. So thumb through these three pages for some ideas, and then stop by the Gap store nearest you. Who knows, you may just find something for everyone on your list.

Nora Scarlett

ANGORA SWEATER . . .
Eleven colors. Lambswool/angora blend.
S,M,L.

$38

the gap

DIAGONAL KNIT SWEATER...Eight colors.

Ramie/cotton blend. S,M,L. $34.

GAP GLOVES AND MUFFLERS . . . Gloves in eight colors. Lambswool/angora blend. One size. $9.50. 100% lambswool mufflers in twelve colors. Six feet long. $18.

BUFFALO PLAID

Buffalo plaid is nothing new. You've seen it woven into flannel shirts for years now. But at the Gap we invented it all over again for our Buffalo Plaid sweater.

All Wool

We made our favorite sweater out of 100% wool and gave it a great shape. It's perfect over a cotton turtleneck, or sexy all by itself. And the square shape looks just right with a pair of slim-fitting jeans or corduroys.

Color

The Gap's Buffalo Plaid sweater comes in five vivid colors for the holidays. Red, turquoise, white, sea green or royal. We're warning you now — it may be hard to give this one away as a gift. Better buy two.

We've all seen buffalo plaids before. But at the Gap, we don't think they've ever looked quite this good.

Nora Scarlett

BUFFALO PLAID SWEATER . . .
Five colors. 100% wool. S,M,L.

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VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: charming pieces set up spring dressing...news in "Miami Vice" colors, whimsical hats, collectible sweaters... new shows: the international slant of fashion

People are talking about..."city resort": though it may seem a clear contradiction in terms, it's an apt description now of an interesting change in fashion. Designers have taken resort-season collections, worked them with an eye more toward turned-out city dressing than to vacation time. Result? Plenty of honestly seasonless pieces, clothes that work in the South and Western U.S. year-round. Watch for, too, a new balancing act in fabrics: At Saint Laurent, a wool jersey coat gets layered over cotton gabardine; at Ralph Lauren, a navy wool blazer tops brilliantly colored pants in silk charmeuse. Linen, for this season, easily mixes with wool flannels at Calvin Klein or Gloria Sachs. What makes this dressing work: new weights of classic fabrics, a clear eye to color, a "seasonless" attitude.

"City" resort: a contradiction in terms...

but an interesting change, now, in fashion"

● The shape of dressing, this season, often starts with a broad shoulder line; in recognition of this, designers and lingerie makers are adding the extra shape of shoulder pads to everything from athletic cotton T-shirts to sleek body-suit pieces. New Yorker Donna Giambrone has gone a step farther: small V-neck tanks, shoulder-padded for dressing effect ...and in the palest of charmeuse—charmeuse the color of face powder...."*Miami Vice*" pales is probably the best way to describe them; what that means, quite simply, are some exceedingly pretty colors, now, in resort collections. In the hands of Calvin Klein or Gloria Sachs, a jacket, pants, and silk T-shirt may turn up, in highly polished form, but in the palest pink or banana yellow. In London, for spring, Rifat Ozbek ties on charmeuse sarongs—of muted lavender, dusty blue, or rose—over tiny black body tops for dinner dressing. These colors, at their best, are handled with a clearly sophisticated sense. At Jean Muir, a petal-pink peplumed jacket, on its own, creates a finished look—over narrow black or navy jersey dressing.

● *Fashion videos, once fairly simple runway-filmed affairs, each season seemingly become more and more elaborate. Norma Kamali's most recent video fashion extravaganza (a video that she creates instead of a fashion show and runs continuously at her OMO boutique in New York City) comes with a melodramatic plot, a Palladium disco background, and music by Carly Simon. WilliWear designer Willi Smith for his spring/summer collection video (and to carry things a bit further) is filming his clothes on location—in Africa....The world of fashion, increasingly, is an international one, crossing continents and national boundaries. As an interesting part of this blurring of borders, this fall Washington, DC, hosted the first-ever Hispanic Designers Fashion Show and Benefit. Shown there: the clothes of, among others, Oscar de la Renta, Adolfo, Miguel Cruz, and Fernando Sanchez. For next fall, plans are currently afoot to bring this group show to New York City, Miami, and Los Angeles.*

● What's new? This month, Japanese designer Rei Kawakubo is coming to the U.S., showing her Comme des Garçons collection for the first time in America. On December 5, at New York's new—abuilding—International Design Center in art-inclined Long Island City, Comme des Garçons' spring/summer clothes for women will share center stage (also a first) with their "Homme Plus" things for men. The "design" connection? In addition to her clothes and starkly minimalist store décors, Rei Kawakubo creates the occasional piece of most-modern furniture....Real finds: The best of all possible warm-weather espadrilles, found at Scott Crolla's West End London shop. In Ikat cotton, the rope-soled shoes come sized for women, for men; their pale-color bleed patterns could be descended from Aztec ....This winter's Donna Karan black cashmere turtleneck maillot, the ultimate of its kind, served as any number of women's body-dressing base. Now, it's been replaced by a new "body" classic: for spring, a T-top body suit in ivory silk knit. This, also, unsurprisingly, made by Donna Karan.

● Summer fabrics once meant cotton batiste, linen, or crepe de Chine; in the hands of London hat designer Stephen Jones, now, intrinsically warm-weather materials may mean almost anything. For summer, in his hat collection, Stephen Jones makes toweling turbans, coolie hats trimmed with Moët Champagne corks, sun hats fringed by raffia. Always magical and amusing, some of these are, quite simply, easily wearable and charming hats. Then, of course, there are also Stephen Jones tennis caps—made, this season, of green Astroturf: tennis changes....

● What's up? Art Deco furniture and furnishings continually have their followers and fans; now, it seems, those people can look, too, to Art Deco clothes. From Erté, the ninety-three-year-old master illustrator and artist, numbered and signed knits are making their way to the U.S., a new sort of collectible fashion. One beauty? A pullover with, knitted in, the profile of a Deco-cloche-hatted woman. Coming too: a separate Erté collection of opulently embroidered evening dresses, coats, and suits.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

Calvin Klein
SPORT

DELIGHT IN FASHION

THERE'S A NEW

THIS MONTH...

AND SMALL CHANGES BECOME

UNEXPECTED PLEASURES

The festive nature—the glitter and fantasy—of December is obvious, and enjoyable. But it's not the whole story. There are interesting new fashion thoughts circulating this month, interesting new twists that take you further than big-time parties and holiday vacations. It's a question of knowing where to look...a question answered throughout this issue.

If you're looking for the most interesting change: it's in the availability of versatile new clothes in versatile new fabrics...clothes that slide under a fur where it's cold...go out at night where it's warm...spend evenings at home in any climate...even some clothes that move from day to night. What sets them apart: the unexpected textures—matte jerseys; heavier weights of silks—satin, charmeuse, crepe, crepe de Chine; silk-blend knits; lighter weights of wool, cashmere. The other thing in their favor: their coloring—either subdued (therefore movable) neutrals, or the brightest colors that have an accessory impact, an accessory adaptability. Cases in point: a beautifully-shaped short dress in heavy, butter-soft navy silk crepe with white cuffs, a white belt...the brightest purple satin trousers with a brilliant floral silk print jacket...a new-version suit—a white silk knit body suit and matching longer jacket, with a narrow black skirt.

What determines their ultimate versatility: *how* they're worn ...and that starts, significantly, with the shoe and stocking. Example: with that new black and white suit, matte black legs and black pumps provide an immediate cold-weather grounding; semi-sheer white stockings and red pumps, a much warmer one. And the satin trousers and jacket might go outside on a cold night under a fur with high-heeled gold pumps and a slightly shimmered stocking, or stay inside, anywhere, with bare legs and gold sandals.

If you look to changes in shape as a barometer of change in fashion, look for an evolution of fall's body-consciousness. There is still a definite shoulder line—it's still the basis of a look—along with a held waist, narrowness over the hip. Where the difference comes in—with a new gentleness at the "bottom"—the gentler, breezier hem of an ankle-length bias-cut crepe skirt ...or the wider, fuller hem on silk jersey pyjama pants.

Another outstanding feature of this "evolved" body dressing: the strong presence of a belt and the difference it makes—the way a belt instantly holds and contains a look, adds a certain sharpness to everything...from a new-shape ankle-length silk shirtdress to the leggiest crepe dress to the way a wide elastic belt defines the silhouette of a new evening pyjama. A belt becomes more than an accessory...it actually finishes and changes a look.

If you're looking for the kind of finish that works in any city, any climate, you're still looking for a jacket. For warm-weather day dressing, you're going to have to look a little harder—there simply aren't as many workable jackets as one would like. When found, the best are noticeably more relaxed, less structured...a cardigan jacket or 7/8-length coat in a gutsy silk knit ...or a softer suit jacket, collarless, longer, easier.

If you feel you've looked at nothing but black for the last six months (and you're probably right, considering), there are welcome breaks of color to look forward to...the addition of white to black in emphatic, graphic prints (or white with navy) for a distinct feeling of change...the jolt of red that's suddenly everywhere...and, as you get to the easier side of warm-weather dressing, irresistible pale, tint-of-color colors.

If you're attracted to the ease, the coziness of leisure dressing...but feel you've "outgrown" the traditional warm-up syndrome ...there are inviting new alternatives. Part of their appeal: the above-mentioned color—the palest mauves, roses, aquas, to name but a few. Even more appealing: a new sophistication that comes from putting familiar pieces together in an unfamiliar, modern way: the contrast of a crepe de Chine jacket over a cashmere crewneck with warm-up pants...the crispness of a safari jacket over a soft silk shirt and narrow cotton chinos...a big cotton knit sweater that goes over a long, easy cashmere skirt. There is something inherently charming in clothes like these—pieces that you can pull on, pull up, pull over one another.

Another irresistible fashion element to look for now: new lingerie. Over the last few months, we've concentrated on the very luxurious, very glamorous side of lingerie dressing—all the sumptuous silks and satins. What's delightful now: more low-key, terribly pretty white lingerie in stretch cotton or stretch cotton lace with more lace as edging, or dainty appliqués of satin, of seed pearls. The result: the most feminine, most fetching new bras and bikinis, teddies, camisoles and tap pants, mini-chemises. Most of it meant to be worn under something else; all of it so beguiling that you're tempted to break the rules and wear everything "revealed" in a relaxed at-home setting.

Where you find a heightened sense of change, a heightened sense of ease—in the framework of a new low-key evening dressing. Dressing that takes its laid-back character, its more languorous attitude from a distinct sportswear orientation: the best of these new looks are based on a sweater-and-skirt, on pants-and-a-top. But they're pieces that "lose nothing in translation" when you see them in evening fabrics—in fact, they gain an added element of raciness, a sharpness, without losing the ease they're famous for, enjoyed for. And if the idea of slipping into an oversized turtleneck and bias-cut silk skirt is an idea you can readily relate to...you're going to be very happy come spring.

What distinguishes "bigger" evenings—not unexpectedly—the continued emphasis on bareness, on narrowness. Starting with charming new takes on dinner dressing—a very alluring, very leggy strapless dress in one of the season's best black-and-white prints with one of the season's best little black jackets...or a longer, fitted jacket in dazzling gold lamé with a long matching skirt, very narrow, gored at the hem, a knockout. ...And as you move from dinner to more gala dressing, you find a level of sophistication unusual for warm-weather collections...you find the perfect simplicity of a long column of white silk crepe with a pristine bateau neckline, a rhinestone-buckled belt...or the narrowest, most on-the-body dress in navy jersey and white satin...and sensational trompe l'oeil dresses of nude and black lace.

If you're looking for something more daring, more provocative ...look no further than the season's newest makeup. In strong contrast to day, where a low-key finish is maintained, where colors are neutral, calm—there is a feeling for all-out fantasy at night. Eye makeup has never been more striking, more playful: there are new metallic shadows to wear in unmatched designs; there's new definition from liquid liners in color, in gold; new offbeat brow color and the added touch of false—colored—lashes. A word of caution: fantasy is tempered by reality today; with all-out attention on eyes, lips are subdued and foundation is paler, softer.

December, for all its activity, can be a time of relative fashion calm; a time to think about the new year and the new spring season ahead—signals of which have filtered through the early warm-weather collections. And it's a time when dressing can be more relaxed because of the weather (if you're living in or headed somewhere warm) and because of the emphasis on evening that applies everywhere. It's a moment, then, for different gestures...going for that long, bias silk print skirt and then slipping into a flat gold mule and noticing that you move, that you walk a little differently, a lot more freely...a moment when you can take off a jacket to reveal a bare shoulder or a bare back...a moment for sliding a beautiful, wide gold cuff on a bare arm...or adding a solid ivory earring above a bare neckline (both symbolic of new seasonless, collectible jewelry)...a moment to make the simple change from a matte black stocking to one that's sheer pale-grey or off-white as you move into a sunlit place...a moment to savor the season's once-a-year delights as well as seasonless, timeless pleasures that characterize the best fashion today.

Father

IN THE CHRISTMAS STORY, ST. JOSEPH, HUSBAND OF the Virgin Mary and, according to New Testament sources, guardian and earthly foster father of the newborn baby Jesus, has always played a highly visible role. He is seen in early religious art as an elderly, bearded member of the groups worshipping at the manger. This iconographical type of an aged St. Joseph leaning on his staff or crutches for support follows scriptural descriptions of the Virgin as a young woman betrothed to an older man; he is divinely chosen to protect the holy infant she is destined to deliver. The inclusion of Mary's husband, Joseph, in the scene of the Nativity is proof of the importance of the physical presence of a human father figure in an image so theologically sensitive as that of the virgin birth.

During the Middle Ages, representations of St. Joseph were rare. In a celebrated essay on the symbolism of the Mérode altarpiece, a triptych by the early Flemish painter Robert Campin, Meyer Schapiro discusses the complex symbolism involved in representing St. Joseph in the context of an Annunciation, the moment an angel informs the Virgin she will give birth. Schapiro explains that the mousetrap being fashioned by St. Joseph, identified by biblical sources as a carpenter from Nazareth and depicted practicing his craft, is a metaphor for deceiving the devil into believing Jesus was merely human and not immortal. According to Schapiro, "The image of the mousetrap was only one of several metaphors of deception by which the theologians attempted to justify Christ's incarnation and sacrifice as the payment of a ransom owed to the devil, who held man prisoner because of the sin of Adam and Eve."

Early in the fifteenth century, the cult of Joseph was popularized by a number of such theologians, among them Flemish cleric John Gerson, who wrote of the necessity of representing Joseph as young enough to father a child to fool the devil into believing that Jesus was mortal and could die a human death. In this context, the marriage of St. Joseph to the Virgin was a part of the plot to trap the devil by concealing the true nature of the baby Jesus.

Thus it is as a relatively young and robust figure in the prime of life that Raphael painted Joseph in his "Marriage of the Virgin," now in the Brera Gallery in Milan. Perhaps the idea of St. Joseph young enough to be an appropriate husband for Mary, taken to extremes by Jean-Luc Godard in his controversial film *Hail Mary*, was made tolerable by Raphael because his style was so idealized that the concept of a physically viable husband became a theological abstraction. In the ultra-naturalistic medium of film, on the other hand, in which everything appears literal, a youthful Joseph is by definition a blasphemous assault on the doctrine of the virgin birth central to Catholicism. Realizing that a naturalistic image of a young St. Joseph would be theologically problematic, seventeenth-century artists, who inspired our modern conception of down-to-earth realism, once again depicted St. Joseph as a bald, grey-bearded, wrinkled old man, more likely to be the grandfather than the husband of the Virgin.

The Catholic Counter-Reformation demanded an emotional, concretely believable art, such as Bernini's "St. Teresa in Ecstasy," that could engage viewers with dramatic and theatrical scenes with which they could identify personally. Not surprisingly, the familiar domestic scenes involving the Holy Family became especially popular as vehicles to arouse sentiment and encourage *(Continued on page 371)*

BY BARBARA ROSE

Love

THE LOVING RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MEN AND BABIES IS THE RARELY PORTRAYED SUBJECT OF GUIDO RENI'S "ST. JOSEPH AND THE CHRIST CHILD," 1638–40, IN WHICH THE AGED CARPENTER CRADLES THE INFANT JESUS AS TENDERLY AS ANY MADONNA.

Courtesy French & Co., Inc., NYC

SERENITY OF SPIRIT

...IN A SETTING OF TOTAL
TRANQUILITY AND STILLNESS,
A MOMENT FOR REFLECTION,
COMPLETE RELAXATION...
AND A PERFECT INTRODUCTION
TO JAPAN'S CLASSIC
TRADITIONS

Photographed in Atami, Japan at the Hōrai inn
Denis Piel

IN JAPAN

THE ATTRACTION OF OPPOSITES

The beginning...of a special fashion/beauty adventure...
The setting...Japan, a country of striking contrasts. On one side, modern Japan with its twenty-first-century technology, its speed, efficiency, energy. On the other, its centuries-old traditions, classic rituals undisturbed by time.
The star...Kelly LeBrock, who brings glorious good looks and style to the story, the clothes. Her first screen role—as *The Woman in Red*—led to understandable typecasting: as "the ideal woman."
The fashion...the best new warm-weather dressing: for day and evening, in or out of a city—with a continuing emphasis on body shaping...on black and white...and on unexpected fabrics that give the season a different character...

The attraction...Tokyo's Tsukiji Central Fish Market—a fascinating blur of color, noise, men, fish (most, live!). And Kelly LeBrock, *right*, with Tokyo's hard-to-miss colored phones. Hinting at the fashion ahead: a glimpse of emphatic black-and-white print. Cartier ring....*Beauty Note:* The attraction of the best makeup for day—minimal color with unmistakable polish. Here, Lancôme's Cedar Rose blush; Rêve and Gala/Soirée eye shadows; Sun Touched Terra and a gloss of Nacre on lips, blotted to a matte finish. These twenty-two pages: hair by Suga of Studio Beauty, Japan/Suga Salon, NYC. Makeup, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco. Details, last pages, this issue.

Denis Piel

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

. . .of a traditional Shiatsu massage, *left*—a "service" available all over and part of a unique Japanese approach to beauty and well-being (more about it, later these pages). . . . The more "energetic" attraction, *right*: a typical Japanese pachinko parlor (here, the "Happy" parlor in Atami) with the constant clatter of shiny silver balls. And in that intriguing setting, a wonderful new variation on city suit dressing. . . one that moves—with ease—into a warmer climate

[illegible]ran's now-signature [illegible]all-on-the-body, shaped turtleneck top, in white, with a matching 7/8-length coat—strong-shouldered, shawl-collared—and her [illegible]

[illegible] Top, about $120, [illegible] about $200, [illegible] about $[illegible]. Late January at Saks Fifth Avenue, Charles Summer [illegible] from Dusky, Burdines, Maylen & Gidding-Jenny, Dillard's, Dillard Indianapolis IN; Liberty House of Hawaii. Details, stores, last pages.

Denis Pi

目黒区
え27-31

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

really work in a city: a shapely, sleeveless turtleneck in black silk/rayon knit with a matching cardigan and white wool cavalry twill pants. Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Top, about $130; cardigan, about $220; pants, about $270. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Ballet's. Top and pants at I. Magnin. Necklace, Mikimoto . . . For relaxed, nonworking mo[illegible] cream-colored cotton knits from Calvin Klei[illegible] and pull-on skirt—the easiest easiest to b[illegible] skirt, about $150. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Lazarus, [illegible] Omaha NE; I. Magnin. Earrings, Mikimot[illegible]

Denis Piel

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

. . . the excitement, *this page*, of Tokyo's justly famous Ginza [illegible] theaters, restaurants, bright lights, crowds of shoppers, lookers, perpetual [illegible]. An attraction in Tokyo, everywhere—Sumo wrestling, the ancient sport. *Right*, Kelly with Tochidaigami at the Kasugano Beya Sumo Training Stable. . . . An outstanding attraction at night [illegible] season's new pyjama dressing. And one of the best examples, *this page*, from Gia[illegible]—colorful, pleated silk

Denis Piel

pyjama pants, black top, rounded black jacket. Jacket and pants, about $1800. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills & Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR. . . . Another approach to evening, to pants dressing—minimal, lower-key—from Zoran, *right*. His charming loose-fitting jacket and walking shorts in thin black silk taffeta . . . dressing that's not confined to a particular season, a particular place. Jacket, about $350; shorts, about $200. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Ultimo, Chicago; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN. For details, see next to last pages.

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

...el high-speed ...ficien-...cy ...e-age technology ...mbolized, this page ... by the "shinkansen" or bullet train—one of the world's fastest and safest, most on-time. At the departure point, here, for perfect on-the-go dressing: Zoran's soft camel cashmere coat, taupe cashmere pullover, taupe cotton chino pull-on pants—all with an ease, an unflappability that works in transit...and long after. Coat, about $1600; sweater, about $500; pants, about $250. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Ultimo, Chicago; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; Lou Lattimore, Dallas....When the situation demands an authoritative presence, *left*, a dress that lives up to the demand and does it with a singular style: Geoffrey Beene's soft navy silk crepe, beautifully shaped, simple, strong; the contrasting French cuffs and wide belt in ribbed white cotton. About $1575. January at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; Mary V.; Tyler TX; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

. . . of a meticulously planned evening—the food, the setting, the entertainment, every detail is arranged to perfection, for total enjoyment. Part of the enjoyment this evening, at Hōrai, a geisha's performance. . . . The same level of perfection in evening dressing from Geoffrey Beene—here, a glorious example of understatement at its most provocative: his narrow, sinuous evening dress with a long, body-fitting top of navy wool jersey, curved slightly longer in back; the white silk crepe skirt ingeniously draped, soft-falling, held at the waist by a dazzling pavé-buckled belt. . . it's the kind of dress that sets a different standard for modern nighttime glamour. Abraham jersey; Lafitte silk. About $1880. January at Martha; Suky Rosan, Ardmore PA; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Frederick & Nelson. Details, more stores, last pages this issue.

IN JAPAN: THE ATTRACTION

. . . the pleasure of an unhurried dinner, where each course is an artistic experience, a study in presentation. The experience heightened, right, in Tokyo's Ryotei Shimizu restaurant (at The Westin Akasaka Prince Hotel; its outdoor balcony shown, *left*) with the attentive presence of a geisha—Katsuyo of Shimbashi. . . . *Left:* A charming turn to dinner dressing—Emanuel Ungaro's short, strapless, curvy black and white silk moire print, with a short, rounded black moire jacket. (As for the charming turn in Kelly's look—the addition of a glossy black wig; a closer look, next page.) Emanuel Ungaro Parallele. Turnout, about $1195. Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Houston; Calitti, Millburn NJ; Mary V's, Tyler TX; Bullocks Wilshire, Wilshire Boulevard. . . . The classic attraction of gold at night with a totally modern sense of [illegible] Norma Kamali's new "mermaid" skirt—long, very narrow, gored at the hem—and a fitted, collarless, longer jacket, both in gold lamé—nonstop, seasonless eve[illegible] dressing. Here, over a hand-painted bronze maillot from Giorgio Sant'Angelo. OMO Norma Kamali jacket, about $650, and skirt, about $[illegible]00. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Maillot, $[illegible]500. To order, Giorgio Sant'Angelo [illegible]. Details, more stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

IN JAPAN: TOTAL BEAUTY...

REAL-LIFE MAGIC

EXPLORE THE FANTASY... AND FIND THE REALITY BEHIND THE MYSTERY OF THE EAST. BY SHIRLEY LORD

In movement—in stillness—in sound and in soundlessness—in environments where the very lack of ornamentation casts a spell, casts out friction/tension—where meals are "celebrations," created to appeal to *all* the senses—of course, taste and smell (a broth made of wildflowers, iced oysters on a bed of seaweed) but especially sight, too, each course a "scenic attraction" (a cascade of leaves, for example, representing a waterfall, parting to disclose the sound and texture of one perfect small sizzling fish): these are the things never to be forgotten about Japan. These are the things that perfectly illustrate the differences between the Eastern and the Western approach to beauty and fitness in everyday life.

Even sitting still in the East is an art—and an exercise. Sitting still for an hour, two hours, with symmetry, posture, balance, is as demanding of the body, as taxing on the muscles as any calisthenic or aerobic program and—more important as far as the Japanese are concerned—totally links the mental to the physical by directing the mind to concentrate on this simple act for more self-awareness, self-knowledge, and—it is hoped—self-improvement.

Perfect posture is taught in Japanese schools in many ways, all of them practical, perhaps the most practical of all, through calligraphy—the way the hand is told to hold the pen, the position of the shoulder, the back, the head held high. Few Japanese homes have backrests at the low dining table (backrests are for foreign visitors). Their absence is a natural reminder of how essential it is to grow up *(Continued)*

Exploring the fantasy: Kelly LeBrock at the ancient Hōrai Japanese Inn in a blue-and-white cotton *yukata* (for more ceremonial wear, there is a different kimono color for each season), "geisha" makeup, and a classic Far Eastern hairstyle using *motoyui*, a black or white hair cord made of paper or wax. Here, the transformation begins...with Green Veil under Ivory foundation, Glazed Apricot/Barely Bronze shadows on eyes, Soft Splendor lips—all from Shiseido's Moisture Mist collection. These pages: Hair, Suga of Studio Beauty, Japan/Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco; wigs from Jacquelyn International, NYC. For details, see last pages.

Denis Piel

IN JAPAN: TOTAL BEAUTY...

REAL-LIFE MAGIC

(Continued) gracefully.

Experts say there is no actual difference between Occidental and Oriental skin, but Japanese women have been told from their kindergarten days that their skin is very sensitive and they must take care of it. Part of that care, they explain, is restraint, taught as part of their culture. The attitude is that "the face is a mask; a presentation, as much an image of perfection as possible. Therefore, it is rude even to say 'no'; ruder still to show anger, resentment. It is important that the face remains controlled, tranquil, smooth."

Another accepted fact of life in Japan is that with most things, "less is always more," expressed in things as vastly different as the martial arts to the art of applying makeup (and removing it). The best practitioners of karate, judo, Tai Chi use few movements to exact in minutes mastery over their opponents.

When it comes to beauty, Japanese women also learn from childhood that the lighter the movement and the less time the fingers spend on the face, the less traumatized the skin will be.

But you cannot talk or think about beauty in Japan without also thinking about the vital part that water plays in so many of its traditional regimens. The Japanese believe nothing affects the body and beauty more profoundly than water. "It is the fluid of life itself," they say. Seventy percent of our body weight is water. More than half of most of the food we eat is water. . . so what better place to understand oneself and strive for perfection than to immerse oneself in water!

"Water is good. It benefits all things," said the Eastern philosopher Lao-tzu in the sixth century B.C. Shinto, one of the earliest religions in Japan, stressed purification through cleanliness, and bathing has always been a daily ritual, as much a part of Japanese life as breathing.

As a sixteen-year-old senior high school student wrote in the *Asahi Shimbun*, a Japanese daily newspaper, "In Japan where the humidity is quite high, the bath is an inevitable part of daily life. For the Japanese, a bath scene is as natural as a dining scene. We find many bath scenes in Japanese classic literature and one of them says that any human being is just as they were born, without any greed, when they take a bath. We think that in a bath we unmask our minds."

Cleansing, soaping, rinsing come first—outside the tub—sitting on a simple yet beautifully designed wooden stool, using a wooden bucket, before entering the usually very deep tub made of

cypress wood to soak, relax, and—*think* in water that would be considered excessively hot in the West, often made fragrant with cotton bags containing tangerine, lemon or orange peel, a favorite Japanese custom, or—another—cotton bags of nuka (the outer part of rice grain removed in polishing) sometimes mixed with the hulls of camelia seeds and nightingale droppings! When the bag is dampened, both men and women rub it briskly all over the body to leave skin silky as a pearl.

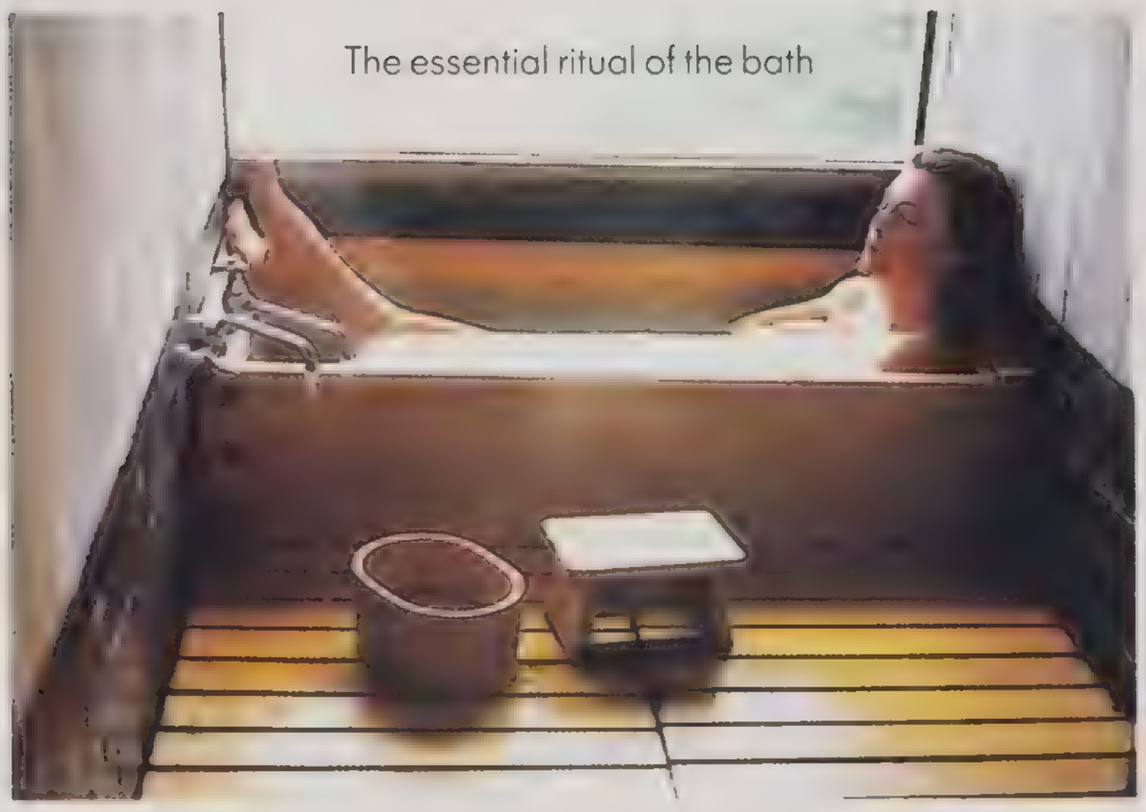
Camelia oil is used regularly to style hair—and the Japanese comb has widely separated teeth to facilitate combing and to ensure hair once arranged in the morning stays that way for the rest of the day. It is not "correct" to comb hair more often.

The camelia flower has special significance in Japanese beauty treatments—the reason the Shiseido Cosmetics Company, one of the world's largest, calls its beauty club the Camelia Club, to which one out of every five adult Japanese women—about ten million—belong.

Shiseido's Essential Energy Body Care System, a recent arrival here from Japan, focuses on cleansing as much as on the toning/moisturizing body products we are more used to. The Body Cleansing Set includes a Body Cleansing Lotion to be used with an oblong textured body towel, packaged with it and fashioned after those traditionally used in Japan. When wrung out, the towel is

meant to be used again for drying, leaving the body obviously not quite dry but moist and, Shiseido experts believe, in the best condition to receive the benefits of toning/firming products.

Savants of Japan know that it can truly be described as a "spa-spangled country," for over two thousand spas—hot springs—providing a rich variety of minerals cover the country from Kyushu in the south to far away Aomori in the north. In Kyushu, there is one of the most developed spa resorts, Beppu, with thousands of hot springs and bubbling baths which pour from the earth in amazing, striking colors from blood red to turquoise. These "hells," as the Japanese call them, are valued for their relaxing, restorative powers. In Beppu, visitors also can bury themselves from the neck



The essential ritual of the bath

down in hot sand to receive the full force of the mineral waters that bubble beneath.

Despite the number of Japanese hot springs with extraordinarily beneficial waters, few have been developed to encourage foreign visitors. The majority of the springs—most of them colorless, transparent even, tasteless, odorless, but dissolving soap well—are used for bathing by the local people as a normal part of everyday life.

No Japanese "spa" resembles the kind of spa or health resort we are used to in this country or in Europe. . . in fact, to stay at a Japanese "spa" or inn, which they are more normally called, with a hot spring on the premises or nearby, is one of the most intimate ways to encounter and understand the country.

An hour's train ride south from Tokyo in Atami is the Hōrai, one of Japan's finest inns, a classic of Japanese *Sukiya* (teahouse style) architecture, with a mineral spring rich in magnesium, calcium, kalium, natrium, and more than a dash of sodium chloride.

"Taking the waters" at the Hōrai or anywhere in Japan is not just a matter of soaking in the water or, usually, ever drinking it, but is as the Japanese themselves describe it "a total experience"—hearing the water, seeing it, as well as resting in it to bring peace to the mind and body.

Every suite at the Hōrai has a private cypress bathtub, but part of the daily ritual is not private but public bathing in the main bath

THE ALL-IMPORTANT SENSE OF TOUCH

Removing makeup—rewarding to beauty

house, constructed in a style almost two thousand years old, no nails or screws, everything held in place by a craftsmanship of joints and slots that is an art in itself. At the bottom of a precipitous steep hill and approached down hundreds of steps, the bath house overlooks Sagami Bay; there the mineral-spring water is mixed with cooler tap water to lower its natural temperature, still a steaming one hundred and eight degrees!

Ofuro is the Japanese communal bath tradition. Usually, the bath is taken before dinner and shared by men and women, often strangers. It is a time for conversation—or meditation.

WELL-BEING— MENTAL AND PHYSICAL: NOTHING LEFT TO CHANCE

At the Hōrai, as in the best Japanese inns, luggage isn't really necessary. *Yukatas* (short *happi-coats*) are in abundant supply in every room, and the bathroom stocks not only the basics—toothbrushes, toothpaste, razors—but hair dryers, special combs and brushes, and even polished toothpicks in lacquer boxes.

Life at the inn is both pristine and luxurious. It seems a million miles away from the noisy, bustling streets outside and the skylines of screaming antennae. Almost stark in their simplicity, with only low lacquer tables, soft, calm-colored cushions for furniture, all rooms offer sanctuary, special places to gaze at changing light patterns over tiny personal gardens, perhaps with a tiny stone pool. Returning to your room after dinner, you find an inviting deeply soft futon set on the tatami for a bedtime massage.

Is this where East meets West? Again, the massage is unique to Japan—although versions of it have traveled here. The most widely known is Shiatsu—essentially finger pressure applied to specified points ("tsubo") of the body, which enhances energy flow and metabolism and, it is believed, helps the body perform to its maximum potential, and most of all provides total relaxation, physically and mentally. As the masseur works rhythmically on all meridian points, from the soles of the feet along the *sides* of the body to the crown of the head, it is almost impossible not to fall asleep before the massage is over. Another unusual point, the massage is generally applied through a robe and not *(Continued)*

Details, last pages.

REAL-LIFE MAGIC

(Continued) on bare skin.

Perhaps East comes closest to West when it comes to makeup. New colors, new ideas are as eagerly followed and enjoyed in Japan as they are here. The light and shadow of a face is particularly emphasized, although many Japanese makeup artists say, "Every person retains his own sense of shadow and light though some are not aware of it. It is the merging of one into the other that creates the image, that 'presents' the beauty." Makeup removal is much more of a special ritual. It is not unusual to see classes in department stores where women are taught how to remove their makeup without "pressurizing the skin," followed by a light facial massage to "renew" skin, fingers moving in time to what we know as "do-ra-me-fa-so-la-ti-do."

Facial massage is something Eastern women are taught to believe in from childhood. As it was explained, "It is not only the massage that is going to make you look prettier or the actual massage that gives the benefit. Rather, Japanese women who follow this massage regimen every morning and night tell themselves—as they have been taught to do—that as they carry out the steps, they are doing so to make themselves prettier, more presentable." Again, water plays a part. Shiseido experts liken a cleansed face to a dry sponge which cannot receive any benefit until it is dampened.

Things are changing in Japan as a woman's place in Japanese society and the work force improves, and her place in the world grows more important. However, as Seiyu Furutani, owner of the Hōrai inn, explained through an interpreter, "Today, the modern Japanese girls wear a kimono less and less, but when they do, they all say that it changes the way they think. The kimono reminds them of a past we all share...it reminds them to move more gracefully, to slow down and to find more time for themselves...for self-knowledge and self-improvement." ▽

In the gardens beside the Ryotei Shimizu restaurant of the Westin Akasaka Prince Hotel, the special art and grace of giving, perfected by the geisha who offers Kelly LeBrock a holiday gift, wrapped in the traditional manner of the season. Another unexpected pleasure: the appeal of skirt dressing at night, seen here in a close-to-the-body, fan-pleated silk skirt worn over a bare black maillot—both by Gianni Versace. Gift wrapped by Isetan. Vogue's team flew to Japan on United Airlines. Fashion details, stores, last pages.

(For more on Japan, see page 245)

Denis Piel

THEMES AND VARIATIONS: EXPRESSIONS OF A UNIQUE STYLE AT UNGARO

On the silk-organza evening dress, Emanuel Ungaro's designers have used the fashion-house signature print, a profusion of camellias, as a delicate lace. Its fitted bodice and sleeves are from the collection, but a separate, deep-flounced tulle underskirt [illegible] completely draped, the full sleeves tucked at the shoulder, the skirt very narrow over the hips, ponsted ending in a long, curved train, all ornamented with pale-pink camellias. Brocade Abraham. . . . Equally beguiling, the headdress, far left, a pale-pink damask turban with clusters of pink camellias, a [illegible] veiling. Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. . . . *Beauty Note:* The [illegible] Ungaro's [illegible] Nina, to extend its [illegible] luxurious way, a new bath collection called [illegible] Soins du Corps. These eight pages photographed in France at the [illegible] Raray; interior design by [illegible] Hair, Edward Tricomi for Pierre Bussieres, NYC, makeup, Cindy Joseph for Factor, Paris. For details, see next to last pages.

UNGARO: THEMES AND VARIATIONS

Perfect of its diagonal, Emanuel Ungaro photographed by Pete Turner. . . And a look, this page, at his singular sense of coloring expressed in this collection is extraordinary new pale colors for evening. Left: His bare-back halter dress in fine-grain silk Moroccan crepe, beautifully cut and draped; "streamers" of lavender and pale turquoise for an expected/unexpected Ungaro contrast. . . Center: Romantic pants dressing—the bias-cut chrome yellow tunic of silk Moroccan crepe in a bias-cut Ungaro shape—broad-shouldered, full sleeved, side-draped and shirred at the hip—with very narrow black silk velvet pants. Dress above: A dramatic couple to the [illegible] Ungaro dress of silk Moroccan crepe [illegible] bias-cut [illegible] Above: Abraham velvet by Clement Pellis [illegible]

Emanuel Ungaro... orchestrating a singular vision of fashion and of women, creating a world of fascinating possibility BY HOLLY BRUBACH

This season, while other designers chose to accompany their couture collections with music that was up-tempo ("The Heat Is On") and up-to-the-minute (the Eurythmics' latest hit), Emanuel Ungaro presented his to such unlikely selections as Schubert's Op. 132 and one of Beethoven's last quartets—music that immediately put the clothes in a context larger than fashion.

Ungaro had been listening to Beethoven's string quartets every morning for several years. They are to his mind "the far edge of the world—no one has ever gone beyond them in creativity, in expression. And I am so impressed by the mental structure that is the shape of these quartets that I'm obsessed by it. I am trying to find the same harmony, the same structure. I am trying to make a collection like one of these quartets."

This collection, marking the twentieth anniversary of Ungaro's house, was unveiled in Paris on a Tuesday. "*Déjà vingt ans . . .*" was the slogan in the program: twenty years gone by, time running out, and still so much to do. . . . Ungaro allotted himself one day to rest, accept congratulations, and muster his energies to start again. On Thursday, he began designing his next collection.

The substance of Ungaro's life is his work; and while I have some reservations about conferring the status of art on clothes, I have none about calling Ungaro an artist. He has an artist's sensibility—compulsive, passionate, susceptible, preoccupied, and private. He has the appearance of an Impressionist painter, wearing a smock jacket and three days' growth of beard. He seems as if he would have more in common with, say, Matisse or Kandinsky than with Mainbocher or Dior. While most designers are trying to size up the moment, running to keep one step out in front of their customers' whims, Ungaro is engaged in a struggle with himself, an ongoing attempt to realize the images in his mind.

In the eyes of the press, retailers, and his clients, this season's collection is an enormous success, incorporating and elaborating on the themes that have characterized Ungaro's clothes for the past twenty years: sumptuous fabrics as pleasurable to touch as they are to look at, often in unusual prints, which are often mixed; a silhouette that is sleek and curvaceous, even in tailored sportswear; ingenious cut and fluid construction; and a highly original, sophisticated color sense.

This collection is a success in Ungaro's eyes, too, but for different reasons. "Before, I suffered so much—doing a collection was really difficult for me, full of despair and anguish. But this time I had no fear, no inhibitions, no regrets. I was working in a state of serenity. And I settled my accounts—this collection is, I think, the first time I have ever expressed in my work the accumulation of my thinking, of my dreams."

There is, I realize, something slightly wrong with this picture of the artist alone in his atelier, toiling late into the night over bolts of silk and velvet, while all over Paris people are drinking a toast to life. What's wrong is that the artist is sitting on top of an empire *(Continued)*

THEMES AND VARIATIONS

Distinctly, provocatively Ungaro: the juxtaposition of colors and patterns and prints . . . the evolution of the idea of a dress-and-jacket for late day, for dinner . . . *Far left*: His slightly fitted, side-buttoned, 3/4 jacket in black Moroccan crepe with deep red flowers; the lining and soft lapels in a contrasting floral print of emerald on black. Underneath, a charming, side-draped turtleneck dress in black silk jacquard with a sharp yellow print. . . . And, *near left*, another of his small, perfect jacket shapes—broad-shouldered, curved at the hem—in a black on bright-yellow silk jacquard print. The dress: emerald flowers on black silk jacquard, wrapped to a low V-front, draped at the hip. For more details, see last pages.

Deborah Turbeville

UNGARO: THEMES AND VARIATIONS

Above: Long and short, covered and bare, highly body-conscious—a series of perfect black dresses from Ungaro. . . . *Far left:* In silk-and-cashmere jersey, the quintessential short black dress; the back, bare, softly draped. . . . *Center:* Another captivating short black dress in the same seductive jersey—the front, draped and held on one side. . . . And the striking presence of a long black dress at night, *directly above.* Here, black velvet and black satin—the full sleeves held by buttoned cuffs; the neckline beautifully carved; and the narrow skirt with knife-pleated insets and a pleated "mermaid" train. . . . The ultimate variation, *opposite,* on this evening dressing, on body dressing—and the most ravishing long dress: the top in black velvet, small-fitting, low-cut; the skirt of the palest grey satin, breathtakingly narrow, with knife-pleated satin insets and a pleated satin train. These two pages: all velvet of silk by Clement; all satin crepe of silk by Taroni. For details, more stores, next to last pages.

"Women are for Ungaro an obsession: they are his subject, and clothes are his medium... clothes that are emphatically, unmistakably feminine..."

(Continued) that spans three ready-to-wear labels, a best-selling fragrance, fifty-two licensing operations worldwide, and retail sales that in 1984 totaled $150 million. It may be that Ungaro is really motivated by greed and egomaniacal glee, that the seriousness with which he discusses his own work is a pose, but I doubt it. Dedication is hard to fake.

Ungaro leads a modest life. He rarely travels, and only then on business. He is reclusive—not antisocial but without time for society; he almost never attends the events to which his clothes are worn. The fame and the money seem to be beside the point. He has not surrounded himself with the trappings of a high-fashion designer's success. "You think I have two Rolls-Royces," he teases. "One black, one white. And two chauffeurs—a black chauffeur for the white car, and a white chauffeur for the black. You see what good taste I have, the finest in the world."

Home in Ungaro's mind is not Paris, where he lives, but Aix-en-Provence, where he was raised, working alongside his Italian immigrant father, a tailor, singing duets from *La Traviata, Tosca, La Bohéme.* "In the beginning, my father sang both parts. Then, when I was old enough, he was Mimi; I was Rodolfo."

At the age of twenty-two, Ungaro left for Paris where, after working briefly in a few small shops, he settled down to an apprenticeship with Cristobal Balenciaga. "Unfortunately, today many people do not know exactly what Balenciaga was doing, but I know because I had the chance to work six years for him. I know that he invented modernism in our *métier.* Each time I start a collection, I *(Continued on page 374)*

Deborah Turbeville

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Chorus Line Struts On Screen

Seventeen performers on a bare rehearsal stage in a darkened theater, going through their paces, exposing their souls, their tender egos, to an all-powerful, invisible judge. It's the auditorium as confessional, the audition for life. It's the oldest show-biz metaphor in the world—as obvious as Shakespeare, as arty as Pirandello—and the pop conceit that made Michael Bennett's "Chorus Line" a groundbreaking Broadway musical. Running for an astounding eleven years, the play spawned a host of films from "All That Jazz" to "Fame" because it uncannily anticipated our twin attractions to art and aerobics, our awareness of dance as a common language.

Oddly enough, until now no one has succeeded in adapting "Chorus Line" for the movies, but Richard ("Gandhi") Attenborough's film version of this show of shows promises to be the splashiest event of the Christmas movie season. Undaunted by either the huge

success of the play, which is still packing them in on Broadway, or by other directors' failure to "lick" the film, Attenborough waxes enthusiastic about the huge pool of talent he's drawn on. The choreography is by Jeffrey ("Flashdance") Hornaday; Michael Douglas will star as Zach, the director/choreographer; and Zach's ex-lover, Cassie, will be played by newcomer Alyson Reed, whom Attenborough describes as "a Meryl Streep type who dances like Ann Miller."

But it is Attenborough's own experience as an actor that brings him so close to the heart of the matter. "You place these kids in a pressure cooker," he says, describing the audition, the central image of the film, "under what is almost criminal scrutiny as to who's going to make it. And it's all there—the elation and the despair."

How can such a movie miss? As one critic said: "If you don't respond to 'Chorus Line,' check your vital signs."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Sonia Braga: Good Clean Sex

Sonia Braga talks a lot about Marilyn Monroe. Which makes sense. Directors have stripped her bare, or tarted her up, to use her as an icon. (In *Kiss of the Spider Woman,* she plays *three* archetypal women.) And critics, bedazzled by the lithe body, the amazing hair, and the exotic features have hailed her as a South American Bardot.

She is smaller, more delicate, less polished than she appears on film. What you notice are the laugh lines around her eyes; the strong, unmanicured hands, a stark contrast to the regal cheekbones; and what we used to call in the days before persona, *personality*. Unfettered by missing links of language, she is as friendly, funny, curious, savvy as a well-adjusted kid. Brazil is a country of unsullied appetites—for food, sex, work, even death—and Sonia Braga is just one of its more gorgeous children. If she is a sex symbol, she is a completely unself-conscious sex symbol.

Now thirty-five, Braga never studied acting. "I'm not very intellectual. For me the best school is watching people, talking. I see men and women together. They work. They go out and drink and dance—enjoy life. Even if they fight, afterward they make love."

Her naturalness may be what confuses people who see her uninhibited sexuality as some kind of political statement. For Braga sex and nudity are simply part of life.

"In Brazil," she says, "you use the word *political* more because everything is political." Even a film as overtly political as *Spider Woman* is for Braga about "strength and fragility. The power of love."

—TRACY YOUNG

Steven Meisel

Details, last pages

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Bill Irwin: Send Up the Clowns

By James Traub

A few years ago Bill Irwin was a knockabout clown and dancer working on a micro-reputation in the avant-garde precincts of San Francisco. Now he's a hit, a Promising Young Talent. His 1982 play *The Regard of Flight* enthralled mainstream critics. Two years later, manna rained down from heaven in the form of a $180,000 "genius award" from the MacArthur Foundation. But Irwin's modesty and self-doubt are too deep to let a little success go to his head; he has an ear cocked for failure creeping up from behind. I spoke to Irwin during the rehearsal of his most recent play, *The Courtroom,* and he was at least half convinced that the play wouldn't finish out its three-week Off Off Broadway run. "It's a Frankenstein monster," he said, not once but twice. He was just waiting for his mad creation to turn on him.

Irwin has made his premonition of failure work for him. Like Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin, he gives the impression of forever skating on thin ice, a victim waiting for misfortune. Irwin thrills an audience with his adroitness, and then touches it with a haplessness that seems to come from his very soul. One of his favorite routines begins with a virtuoso display of, say, soft-shoe technique. Irwin's smile begins to fade as the tip of his foot, then his leg, then his whole body, baggy pants, suspenders and all, are sucked towards the curtain. His expression turns to utter panic as he begins to slide backwards, on his belly, through the curtain and off the stage—"the paranoid vision," as he describes it, "of being pulled somewhere by a kind of vacuum force." His trunk, then his head, finally a thrashing arm, disappear, as if Death were wielding the vaudeville hook.

Irwin doesn't *look* paranoid. His *(Continued on page 373)*

Post-modernist pratfalls: Bill Irwin, left and right, used fiendish soft-shoe routines, trick trunks, and his own witty body in "The Regard of Flight" to play fast and loose with both old vaudeville and "new theater."

Jean Pagliuso

India's royal splendor

Of all our images of India, none is so enthralling as the unimaginable opulence of its vanished royalty. Now, in a stunning costume exhibition at NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art, Diana Vreeland pulls together the glory of a divinely inspired civilization.

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

India has dazzled us for the past year with a grand parade of its arts, but the major extravaganza—the jewel in the crown, so to speak—is the spectacular "Costumes of Royal India," curated for NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art by special consultant Diana Vreeland. The show invites us into a fabulous world, invisible to most Westerners, a world of splendor that is now only a memory contained in empty palaces and these jewel-weighted clothes.

The costumes reveal more than the mind-boggling riches of the princely families. India court fashion was ruled by a sign system: every color, every gem, belt, and turban signified social rank or spiritual station. Diamonds, for instance, might symbolize vast wealth, ward off evil, and serve as a defense against colds as well.

"There is a mystical side to court dress in royal India," Diana Vreeland observes. "Each person in this world is dressed to embellish his existence. The brilliance and individuality of dress within the established rules afforded not only variety, but a glorification of life on earth."

Enthusiastic about "the splendor of wardrobe chambers the size of ballrooms, the splendor of elephants fantastically outfitted with gems of tremendous quality, the splendor of beds made of silver," Vreeland laments that, "in our world today, there is little splendor," and hopes this show will be "a romantic blackout from reality."

Far left and center: Silken patkas—sashes—woven with gold threads, were given as symbols of status by maharajahs to their courtiers. Near left: A Hindu king would wear an angarkha—tunic—encrusted with jewels. Also, a mirror ring to look at himself and deflect the evil eye. Turban indicates his clan.

Details, last pages.
Sheila Metzner

India's royal splendor

In the harems, rank was measured by the yard: some highly esteemed Muslim women had farshi pajamas—divided skirts—that used yards of cascading silks, draped in front of each foot like reverse trains. Exuberantly embroidered sun-burst patterns (left) radiate from the folds of fabric, symbolizing luck, grandeur, and a mystical link to the cosmos. Color is another code: the saffron shade (right) is a sign of good fortune; the red of the kurta, celebration.

RELIGION: THE NEW FORCE

Everywhere there are signs of spiritual hunger. Christian rock stars top the charts. Church socials draw crowds of formerly swinging singles. TV evangelists promise direct-mail salvation. Psychiatrists locate God in the unconscious. And people are *still* meditating. We want moral guidelines, a hedge against Armageddon, a renewed faith in love, a value beyond success. Religion for some means a return to orthodoxy, for others a walk in the woods. As we go slouching toward the year 2000, we long to connect to a power greater than ourselves.

SPIRITUAL HUNGER

To be religious is to have a life that flows with the presence of the extraordinary. AN INTERVIEW WITH ANN BELFORD ULANOV BY DEBORAH MASON

Vogue asked Ann Belford Ulanov, M.Div., Ph.D., L.H.D., professor of psychiatry and religion at New York City's Union Theological Seminary and a psychoanalyst in private practice, to talk about the private face of religion today. What emerged was a radical new definition of what it means to be religious—one that ranges beyond the walls of our churches and temples to encompass the vital and urgent workings of the spiritual in our daily lives.

Deborah Mason: *Do you see a resurgence of religious feeling in this country?*

Ann Belford Ulanov: Yes, there is clearly a tremendous religious hunger all around us. I can see it in my work as a teacher and as an analyst. People coming for analysis may say outright, "I've lost a sense of meaning," or "Everything is flat," or "I can't find the point anymore of why I'm doing things," or "I want to be connected with people, with events, so things *matter*." Students may ask frankly, "How do you pray?" or "How can I pray better?"

Anybody can see this concern about meaning just by picking up the paper. It shows itself in all forms: fringe groups, and a looking to Buddhism and Hinduism, which are now more available to the West than at any other time. And people are going back to established religions. Often a generation is skipped—the parents weren't religious at all—and then suddenly the children become faithful orthodox Jews or converts to Catholicism or fundamental Protestants.

I think this resurgence of interest comes in part from a tremendous fear—fear of the bomb, fear we will annihilate each other and all life, fear that we cannot find better ways to live together and share more equitably the world's resources. There is this generalized anxiety. We feel helpless in a hostile world, just like those people who were held hostage on the plane for so many days last summer. Everybody was identifying with the terrifying position those people were put in. There was no clear-cut solution; we didn't have an outlet for our outrage.

The yearning for spiritual connection also comes individually, right out of the center of people. They feel it as a nameless hunger, a restlessness, a searching. A man successful in his job said to me, for example, "Is this all there is?" meaning, is "success" only this? Something essential was missing—a sense of living close to the heart of life and with all one's heart. Our coming to the end of a millennium, to the year 2000, also bears on this restless yearning. A century is closing and many feel the whole modern era is coming to an end. Is another opening up? What endures? What is the essential tie between this time and the next? What links us all together?

These sorts of anxieties make people, encourage people, push people, to turn to religion, not just for solace, but also as a practical resource. Religion makes a containment for suffering and holds out the conviction that nothing is wasted. We see something like purpose in our pain, a use for it, if only to make us understand and be compassionate with the suffering of others.

DM: *What does it mean to be religious?*

ABU: To be religious is a certain state of psyche. It's not reducible to reverence or good feeling or discipline or a crutch. There's a wonderful line in a play by Tom Stoppard where he says something like atheism is the crutch of those who are afraid to believe in

God. To be religious is to be conscious of the connection to an extra-mundane authority that's beyond oneself, beyond one's parents, beyond one's society. Religion gives us a point of reference and a meaning beyond current fashions in collective politics or collective moralities. It carries with it a sense of immediacy and conviction and authority that anchors us in the midst of the vicissitudes of daily life and decision-making.

Being religious also involves an openness to experience and to love, a capacity and desire to "introject," to take in the being and goodness that's made available to us. And to take in others' sorrows and sufferings, the woundings of the hearts of those around us. The greatest of religious people not only see what their neighbor is going through, but they want to make amends for the suffering. They want to make up for the hate, the malice, the wickedness that afflict us all and that we inflict on one another.

DM: *But does it always work that way in practice?*
ABU: People in dominant roles in religion today do not always exemplify this state of psyche and this religious awareness. What we hear from them too often is a religion of threat or fiat. What's operating here, as best one can tell at a distance about another's person's psyche, is that one projects outward into the world, onto others, all the bad stuff one cannot and will not try to assimilate as belonging to oneself. The bad, then, is always the other person's fault and responsibility. Our side has *the* answer to make everything perfect. And if others don't identify with our position, we persecute them.

In contrast to this attitude is Mother Teresa's and that of all the others who daily do extraordinary works of mercy. She takes in what's around us, and she reaches out to make it better. The religious way is not to create utopias and perfect societies or perfect solutions. It's to take the good that's available and build it up.

DM: *How do we let the "transcendent"—or whatever we are going to call it—enter our daily lives? How do we give it latitude?*
ABU: That is *the* question. Well, there are countless ways people have done it. In prayer, that's what people are doing. They're talking back, they're talking over, they're sorting through. The same thing in meditation, all kinds, all denominations. Just struggling to ask: I had this tremendous dream; what does it mean? Maybe it involves talking about my childhood problems; it probably does. Or, what does it mean, then, that I feel a calling to go into public service? Or to give my life to be a missionary, or give my energy to serve the feminist cause, or work against the nuclear arms race? Not only do we have to try to do that kind of work, but we have to be examining constantly why we're doing it.

You neither withdraw into a safe little niche until you have it all figured out, nor do you just charge ahead thinking you have it figured out for everybody. There's this middle space that grows bigger—it used to be called the life of interiority. And that is the soul's life where we are constantly examining, inspecting what we love, what we believe, what we think is the truth.

In our lives, we're all brought, often by suffering, to things that transcend our power, our knowledge, and our willingness, that break in upon us and seem to crack us open to acknowledge that there is at least *something*. We don't know what it is; we cannot explain it. A dear old friend of mine who was not a religious person thought of herself as an agnostic until her first child was born. It was an experience of abasement, wonder, awe. It finished her. She was religious from then on. It's the feeling that *this* is it—not whether I succeed at my job, not whether I lose ten pounds, not whether I'm beautiful or blond or six feet tall, not even whether I'm healthy.

Religious experience comes in odd and wonderful ways. For example, a person emerges from terrible suffering willing to love again after rejection in love, willing to risk living fully again even after being cut off from all that made life seem worth living. We sense flowing in such persons a power bigger than themselves. We should be awed, too, when a tangle of family jealousies, misunderstandings, even betrayals, gets miraculously untangled as love circulates again in the family. Any one of us may find after much anger and hurt and struggle the grace to forgive. We know we did not create the willingness to love, that untangling, that forgiveness, even though we struggled toward it. It felt like a gift. Who then, we ask, is the giver?

To be religious is to have a life that, for all its ordinariness, flows with the living presence of the extraordinary.

DM: *How do we assimilate these religious insights into our everyday lives?*
ABU: When we have moments like this, in order to house them—to live them, to acknowledge them, to enter into conversation with them—we have to clean out all our closets, to make room for them. A lot of other things must go because this is what matters. And the struggle is certainly there; we are still lazy and boring and taken off onto side paths. But we are marked by those experiences. They summon us; they make demands of us. If we're to have them and live with them, we have to put things in better order so that the first things really are first every day, not just when we have time on our vacations.

DM: *How much of this do you do alone and how much with other people?*
ABU: It's hard to house a religious insight without communicating it. For one reason, other people smell it and see it, and they say, "What's happened to you? Something's happened, I know it; now tell me." They just sense it, and they usually won't let you alone until you say something. Also, such a big event pushes us into life. It's too big for our little personality. It makes us do something. It's too big a secret to keep within us alone.

We're all brought, often by suffering, to things that transcend our power, that make us acknowledge that there is at least *something*. And we can't explain what it is

One of the functions of any temple, church, or meditational center is to provide a place in society, a zone where unharnessed, undomesticated, undigested energies may be experienced without danger, in groups as well as just privately, to be worked over and made more civilized, to be slowly transformed. It's like a buffer zone at its best. At their worst, churches and temples and meditational centers simply impose a way we ought to be and usually exclude as much new experience as they try to impose.

But the great secret is that "the spiritual" is not just in the temple—it's everywhere. We don't have to go to the mountain. It's the old matter of just having the eyes to see and the ears to hear.

DM: *Is it possible to have a "religious experience" and never do anything about it? Just let it sit—never communicating it?*

ABU: Yes. Some people have wonderful experiences through nature, through kneeling in prayer, *(Continued on page 377)*

ONE NATION, DIVIDED, UNDER GOD

Do the passions of the Christian right represent a renewed faith in God—or a decline of faith in democracy? BY BARBARA EHRENREICH

Not so many years ago, the big news about God was that He had died. Clergy in mainstream Protestant and Jewish denominations watched their congregations ebb away; wise suburban priests rescheduled mass for early Saturday evening, so as not to interfere with the Sabbath's recreational opportunities. But the obituaries, as we know, were premature. Nowadays, almost daily reports detail God's opinions on foreign policy, abortion, federal spending, and the arms race. He is alive and well; although, since all the reports are secondhand, it is hard to be sure if He is a left-wing revolutionary, as some radical Catholics believe, or a middle-aged conservative, as the Moral Majority seems to think. Either way, His name has become a regular feature of American political debate—whether invoked by one side or, as happens increasingly, by both.

Credit for the resurrection of religiosity in American politics goes largely to the Christian right, a swelling network of electronic congregations, educational institutions, and lobbying organizations that wage special campaigns on everything from abortion to foreign policy. Fifteen years ago, the Christian right was an insignificant speck on the political landscape, referred to by complacent moderates as "the lunatic fringe." Now it is a major political force, ranging ideologically from Billy Graham, on what might be called the left, to paramilitary groups like the Christian Identity Movement, on the far, far right, which has reportedly urged white Christians to take up arms for the coming confrontation with Jews, nonwhites, atheists, and other "Satanic" elements. Within the mainstream of the Christian right, the best-known spokesmen are the Rev. Jerry Falwell, whose Moral Majority claims six-and-one-half million members, and Pat Robertson, of TV's evangelical *700 Club*, who is thinking of running for president.

As an atheist, I find the revival of religion in politics chilling. I did not arrive at my atheism through adolescent skepticism or even through spiritual laziness; it's a matter of family tradition. My ancestors abandoned religion because it seemed to them to be unduly compromised by the hypocrisy and greed of its earthly representatives—all this long before the advent of TV preachers flashing out their toll-free 800 numbers. But as a child in the 'fifties, I learned to be guarded about my family's beliefs. In that intolerant decade, "atheist" meant "communist," and to confess to being one was to face, at the least, some nasty persecution on the playground. So when I hear the soaring rhetoric of religious evangelicism, especially in its politically dogmatic forms, I start to feel like the proverbial atheist in a foxhole: I wish that I had it in me to pray for our quick salvation.

There is a religious left, too; on the whole, I feel more comfortable with its adherents, if only because they seem to have no plans for a second Inquisition. But viewed from either side of the political spectrum, there is something disturbing about what we might call the Christianizing (for Judaism is still very much a worried bystander) of politics and the politicizing of religion. It's not that all religious Americans have become politically polarized, or that everyone at the political poles has had a conversion experience, but we do seem to be heading toward a time when public policy will be a matter of scriptural interpretation, and when political debate will be a contest between Bible-thumping believers.

The Christian right sees nothing wrong with mixing religion and politics, if, in fact, its leaders even see a distinction between them. Lurking within right-wing Christian thought is the notion that America is, or ought to be, a "Christian Nation," governed by Biblical law. "The idea that religion and politics don't mix was invented by the devil to keep Christians from running their own country," Jerry Falwell has said. And Pat Robertson believes that "the minute you turn [the Constitution] into the hands of non-Christian and atheist people, they can use it to destroy the very foundations of our society." It is this ambition to run America as a "Christian republic" that most alarms Americans who do not happen to be Christian or who are unfavorably impressed by other theocracies, such as the Ayatollah Khomeni's Islamic republic.

But there is no denying that the Christian right has struck a responsive chord with a considerable segment, perhaps even an eventual majority, of the American public. How much of the appeal is spiritual and how much is purely political is hard to tell, especially since right-wing politics and conservative religion have both been enjoying revivals. Today, 40 percent of the adult population call themselves "born-again Christians," and another 20 percent count themselves as evangelical Protestants. Some twelve to twenty million people tune into the Christian broadcasting empire; and at least one million children attend Fundamentalist schools (many of which were founded as an alternative to integrated public schools—hardly a religiously pure motive).

> Both the religious right and the religious left claim to have God on their side, but it is the right that has powerful friends on earth

This huge pool of believers has been a rich recruiting ground for the secular wing of the New Right: The Moral Majority was founded in 1979 at the suggestion of leading New Right strategist Howard Phillips, who had been impressed by Jerry Falwell's ability to get his TV congregation to write letters to their congressmen. In today's network of New Right organizations, religious groups like the Moral Majority, the Religious Roundtable (a lobbying group), and Christian Voice (which, in 1984, published the *Presidential Biblical Scoreboard*) are tightly linked to secular groups like the Conservative Caucus, to the evident profit of the latter. A cynic might conclude that religion is being used by the right as a nonprofit front for more conventional political ambitions.

But a cynic would be wrong to discount the genuine religious impulse that inspires many on the Christian right or, for that matter, the religious left. Why, in the era of microwaves and MTV, so many people are drawn to dogmatic versions of ancient beliefs is still a puzzle for the sociologists. But the reason why so many Americans have been "born again" is probably not too different from the reason why young Arabs have been taking to Islamic fundamentalism, or why some American Jews are returning to orthodox Judaism. As the recently religious say, religion provides rules, a ready-made community, and a sense of belonging to something more lasting than the swirl of *(Continued on page 375)*

Barbara Ehrenreich *is at work on a book that will examine the New Right's influence on American attitudes.*

GOD & FREUD

What makes a bestseller?
By Susan Bolotin

Eight years ago this spring, Simon and Schuster published, without fanfare, an exploration of the connection between spiritual and psychological growth. *The Road Less Traveled,* by M. Scott Peck, M.D., was unusually readable: stuffed with juicy, almost voyeuristic case studies, it was the work of an obviously thoughtful man—a psychiatrist, no less—willing to expose himself, to use his own questions and experiences to encourage readers to join his search for the life well-led. But sales remained a lot less inspiring than Scotty Peck's honesty—until the serendipitous confluence of a rave review, a short but dynamic publicity tour, and some archetypal word-of-mouth, at which point, as Joseph Heller might say, Something Happened. Scotty Peck, incidentally, believes that serendipity is proof of God's existence.

Today, *The Road Less Traveled* has sold well over a million copies—as much as, say, *Jane Fonda's Workout* in hardcover. It has appeared on *The New York Times* best-seller list for more than a year. (Dr. Peck's second book, *People of the Lie,* a disturbing acknowledgment of the power of evil, has sold close to a quarter-million copies.)

What turns this story into more than an industry report for *Publishers Weekly* is what it says about our country: the book wasn't "made" in New York or in Los Angeles, but deep in the Bible Belt. And Dr. Peck neither panders to traditional religious leaders nor relies on the panaceas of traditional self-help books. To sample randomly: he thinks that skeptics are spiritually more developed than Fundamentalists, who want their principles black-and-white. He writes respectfully, and at this late date, of open marriage as "the only kind of mature marriage that is healthy and not seriously destructive to the spiritual health and growth of the individual partners." He admits that if he ever had a patient whose spiritual growth would be furthered by a sexual relationship with him—a situation he finds difficult to imagine—he would sleep with her. And he hails the symptoms of neurosis as signs of grace, a gift from God, who resides in the unconscious of each of us.

It's not so much that what he says is new, but, oh, what a package.

Like Erich Fromm in the 'sixties, Dr. Peck is a philosopher whose time has come. To put it baldly, and as he might not, he believes that people are ready to accept both God *and* Freud. I recently asked him why. "The majority of *The Road Less Traveled*'s audience," he said, "have had, or are in, therapy of some sort—either professionally, or with a group like Alcoholics Anonymous.

"The effect of therapy on this country has been incredibly profound. And the popularity of *The Road Less Traveled* and *People of the Lie* is a direct result of the fact that a substantial number of people have reached a higher stage of development—partially because they have gone through the process of therapy.

"For many of these people, a very formal religion, something you do on Sundays, is no longer satisfying. This is why the mainstream Protestants have not done well. People are terribly lonely; they're looking for something to be at the center of their lives. They're looking for a true community—not a traditional church or a town—but a place where they can be themselves, where they can be honest, where there's love and sharing. As I go around the country, despite the massive regional differences, the one constant is the lack of, and the search for, a community.

"This is why I think the formation of Alcoholics Anonymous in 1935 is one of the great events of the twentieth century. It was the first organization to acknowledge people's hunger for community, as well as the first movement to combine psychology and religion, and the first self-help group.

"As people grow up further, as they do in therapy, as they do through this searching, they begin to doubt. They think more for themselves; they become skeptical. From there, only a minority of people, but it's a growing minority, can go further. It used to be that one in a million, like Jesus, could reach the next stage, where one can transcend traditional culture, where one can break away from the old ways of seeing and doing things, but now it's more like 5 percent. But it's where people want to be; it's where integration takes place.

"I think the unconscious and the spirit are helpmates," he explained. "In traditional Christian terminology, I would say that the spirit operates *through* the unconscious. One of the great paradoxes of Christian doctrine is that God resides both inside of us, as the still small voice in the unconscious, and simultaneously outside of us. People get locked into looking one place or the other, rather than integrating the two."

Dr. Peck acknowledged that the American enthusiasm for the spiritual—which has fed (and continues to feed on) books like his—has erupted from more than therapeutic sources, or even loneliness. "There has been an influx of passion into the church, which in turn leads to a heightened spirituality. But more important, people are disenchanted with technology," he said, "with traditional science and social planning. They're afraid that we're going to blow ourselves up, and they no longer buy the statement that you can't get involved because it's not your specialty. They're seeing that, in something like the arms race, the problem is that the politicians don't understand the theology and psychology of it, and the theologians don't understand the economics and politics of it.

"People who respond to *The Road Less Traveled* have learned that the life of 'compartments,' which is a very comfortable way to operate, doesn't work; it lacks integrity."

But, I wonder, aren't there dangers to the integrated life, like the end of the separation of Church and State? "The mesh between religion and policy is here to stay," Dr. Peck said. "Neither Fundamentalists nor more sophisticated people are going to leave the area of religion and politics alone—separations like that are simply no longer viable.

"Besides, while the involvement of Fundamentalists in politics scares me, the bishops' letter on the economy, for instance, is a sign of a very good involvement. We're in a state of great and exciting flux, and I would not overestimate the Fundamentalists. Go back to the fact that my greatest popularity is in the Bible Belt: you have to wonder if some of the noise of the traditional Fundamentalist leadership isn't the noise of a wounded animal."

The Road Less Traveled is doggedly explicit on one point—forging the integrated life, moving to the next level of development is hard work: love pushes us to spirituality, and laziness keeps us from it. Perhaps America's current quest for God is the ultimate extension of our I-can-have-it-all life. Some ironies are too rich. ▽

She was named Paloma—the Spanish word for "dove"—after the bird that figured in her father's art at the time. After growing up in Pablo Picasso's gigantic shadow, she established a name for herself by designing jewelry and inventing a perfume. Now, she has created a spectacular new nest for herself in a New York duplex and stands amid the symmetrical decor of her drawing room (left). The foyer features a bronze cast of one of her father's most famous sculptures, "Girl Jumping Rope" (above), 1950, assembled from, among other things, a wicker basket and cake pans. Details, last pages.

A Picasso Original

A woman of protean talents, Paloma Picasso, says her husband, director Rafael Lopez-Sanchez, "can do anything but cook." Their quest for the perfect apartment has ended in a dazzling display of family art treasures, theatrical flair, and the highest standards of workmanship and design—all reflecting Paloma's extraordinary personal style. Here, an intimate look at the American home of an international woman. BY JOHN RICHARDSON

Horst

Paloma skipping rope greets you in the hall—in effigy that is, for the rope-skipper turns out to be a bronze cast of one of Picasso's most eye-catching sculptures. Like an African fetish, this figure has been constructed out of rubbish: the remains of a basket, corrugated cardboard, bits of wire, and a pair of Paloma's mother's old shoes. And like the best fetishes, it has a powerful presence—so powerful that it makes the bronze and marble artifacts—urns, plinths, and columns—in Paloma's handsome *grisaille* foyer look a touch stately. So powerful, indeed, that it wafted—no, *jolted*—me back to the afternoon I first saw it in the artist's studio at Vallauris, many years ago. "I want my figures to be so real," the artist was saying (and he did not mean *realistic*), "that you can smell the garlic on their breath, so powerful that you want to go up to them and say '*Bonjour*.' "

With these words in mind, I said "*Bonjour*" to the bronze Paloma, and "*Bonjour*" again to the real one who emerged from the living room, as vampishly glamorous as the movie star she briefly—and successfully—was, and as quintessentially Spanish as the great-great-great-great niece of an Archbishop of Lima and Viceroy of Peru that she is. Could this poised beauty be the rope-skipper I had met, over thirty years ago, in the ugly little villa that her father shared with Françoise Gilot (the mother of Paloma and her brother, Claude) at Vallauris? Was this the pigtailed *gamine* I had watched at play in the gardens of La Californie, the great Art Nouveau house at Cannes where Picasso went to live after he and Françoise separated? Yes, it was, and the more I see of Paloma, the more I realize that inside the cool woman of the world lurks the urchin: an exuberantly funny, irrepressibly dynamic spirit.

Let's face it, Paloma's upbringing *(Continued on page 322)*

A Picasso Original

Paloma's décor is keyed to the neoclassical style —in both its nineteenth- and twentieth-century manifestations. The foyer has a gilded console table with paw feet (right), topped by nineteenth-century serpentine vases and flanked by Art Deco chairs by Jules Emile Leleu. Here, as elsewhere in the apartment, Paloma has played down color and kept to a dramatic contrast of black and white against a grey wallpaper background of trompe-l'oeil draperies and real mahogany doors.

Horst

(Continued from page 320) was unlike anyone else's. She grew up surrounded by infinite treasure and infinite junk (Picasso never threw anything away, not even a cigarette packet). Given her father's notions of decoration—furniture was prized more for oddity than beauty or practicality—I was curious to see how Paloma would do up her New York City apartment. No clutter—that is abundantly clear. However, Paloma is her father's daughter to the extent that she is compounded of contradictions; likewise the rooms in which she lives. These are by turns theatrically extravagant (the drawing room) and discreetly low-key (the bedroom); *outré* to the point of camp (the bathrooms), but serious when seriousness is called for. And yet, for all the eclecticism, the contrasts of periods and idioms, the apartment is all of a piece. It reflects not so much taste (taste was a concept that Picasso abhorred) as an extremely personal sense of style, as well as the highest standards of quality, workmanship, and design. Remember, too, that Paloma's husband, who is also her partner and business adviser, has collaborated on every detail of the apartment. Rafael Lopez-Sanchez is a playwright and director from Argentina, hence the theatrical flair, not to speak of the hint of tango that gives these rooms their special, slightly nostalgic character.

The search for the ideal apartment was "endless," says Paloma, "because we had a very exact idea of what we wanted. Rafael and I wanted an apartment on the upper East Side that would provide us with enough space to keep out of each other's way, enough room to pursue separate careers; an apartment that was high up in a good building, had style and charm and character, and, above all, good architectural features and reasonably lofty ceilings. We had also set our hearts on a library—paneled if possible. Eventually we found the perfect *(Continued on page 327)*

A Picasso Original

The dining room blends the sleek formality of Art Deco with the graceful curves of neoclassicism. On the mantel: Etruscan-style vases and marble busts of Galileo and Tasso. In drawing room, Picasso's 1937 "Woman with a Vase of Holly" (right) hangs above the artist's 1950 bronze "Pregnant Woman." On the table: a statuette of Egypt's falcon deity, antique stucco head.

Horst

A Picasso Original

A spectacular nineteenth-century Bessarabian carpet establishes the drawing room's black-and-gold color scheme as well as the ringlike forms that recur on the mantel, the mirror, the armchairs, and the bronze rosettes holding back the curtains. Eighteenth-century marble lions from Venice flank the fireplace, alongside floral-carved marble columns. On the cocktail table, a starburst roof ornament in gilded tin.

Horst

A Picasso Original

Paloma's husband, Argentine playwright and theater director Raphael Lopez-Sanchez, works in a paneled study that features (left) five Picasso drawings, including an 1897 self-portrait in chalk, a 1933 bull's head, a 1928 "Harlequin," and two studies of hands. On another wall of the study (above), still more Picassos are mixed with a Kandinsky and a Karsh photograph of Stravinsky. Picasso's whimsical portrait of Paloma as a child with a doll is immediately to the left of the mica lamp shade.

Horst

(Continued from page 322) place and spent almost two years doing it up. The ideas for decorating were Rafael's and mine, but we were lucky in having a marvelous architect to work with, Bonnie Roche.'' Roche made a few minor changes in the architecture and planned the kitchen—all black lacquer, aquamarine glass, pale wood floors, and, when I was there, orchids—of which Paloma is especially proud.

The result is an apartment with enough swagger for one of Manuel Puig's movie heroines (though not the Spider Woman: she's too tropical) to slink around dressed in a gleaming satin sheath. Paloma says that she started with no preconceived ideas of style or color or period; that ''everything just evolved.'' Granted, she had the advantage of a remarkable collection of Art Deco furniture, which she has been accumulating since she was a teenager. However, many of the best pieces from her former Paris apartment—pieces by Jean Dunand, Jean-Michel Frank, and Jacques-Emile Ruhlmann among others—were not shipped to New York, because, according to Paloma, ''Much as I love them, I had been looking at them for rather too long.'' Still Art Deco clearly remains her favorite period, as witness the dining room that boasts a marvelous set of chairs by Ruhlmann, a monumental black lacquer table on a terra-cotta base by designer Armand-Albert Rateau, and Diego Giacometti's ingenious urn-shaped lamp (circa 1930) with water-filled glass handles lit by tiny electric lights. And, although they are not Art Deco, the set of peculiar pin-headed chairs in the dining room—caricatures of furniture that Picasso might have designed—is not to be missed. Apparently made in the nineteenth century for a trio of chamber musicians, this bizarre ensemble reveals that Paloma approaches the business of decorating with wit as well as style. *(Continued on page 328)*

(Continued from page 327) To temper the high stylishness of Art Deco, Paloma has carpeted the reception rooms with a superb collection of nineteenth-century needlework rugs, sharp in color, architectural in design. She has also made imaginative use of a no less impressive collection of fabrics—old velvets, embroideries, paisley (everything but chintz)—to brighten and soften the 'thirties look. For the library, for instance, she has found a handsome pair of antique red curtains, encrusted with needlework, to enhance the dark richness of the paneling—very *goût Rothschild!* And in the drawing room, curtains of flame-colored taffeta prove the perfect foil for a preponderance of black furniture. For Paloma has used bold black accents—black lacquer chairs, black bronze objects, black ebony frames—to provide a basic structure and hold disparate elements together, just as her father used to do in his paintings. Likewise white—a very white white—in the form of plaster light fixtures, appliqués, and other architectural details, gives a starched *piqué* sparkle to everything, and sets off the strong colors (for instance, the deep blue-green of the dining room), which Paloma prefers to half tones.

Paloma is to be congratulated on the fastidious way she displays her collection of her father's work. As he left no will, all of the art in his estate was divided among his heirs, but only after the French government had stepped in to take a giant share of the art in lieu of inheritance taxes; the nation's Picassos are now installed in Paris's brand-new Musée Picasso. Given the riches at Paloma's disposal (even after the Musée Picasso had taken first pick), who could blame her for indulging in a drop-dead *(Continued on page 372)*

A Picasso Original

One of Paloma's favorite pictures is her father's 1936 portrait of Marie-Thérèse Walter (above), the artist's principal model for many years. A rare example of the artist's work in pastel, the portrait is displayed simply in the master bedroom, propped against a Regency mirror, whose frame is carved to emulate bamboo. The surprise attraction in Paloma's study (right) is a French nineteenth-century swinging daybed. On the draped table, reminders of the ancient world: an Italian swivel mirror with figural columns and a bronze sphinx.

Horst

In a spirit of fun, in a playful make-up season: the entertainment of makeup (unmatched mosaics of metallic eyeshadows) enhancing "eyes" that are, in fact, colored contact lenses on closed eyelids . . . An illusion to make the very real point that the pleasure now of eye makeup at night also can involve liquid liner, false lashes, colored brows—drama that works beautifully in real life with a less emphatic mouth. And this bright bicolor mouth? A dazzler with less extravagant eyes . . . Perfect setting: foundation that's slightly paler, as here, or darker than real-life skin . . . . Makeup, Christian Dior: Teint Dior in Sheer Beige; Hibiscus, Fire Opal on lips. Left eye: Brown, Black, Lime, Yellow; right eye: Sunrise, Emerald, Cinnamon, Purple; Violet mascara on brow. Makeup by Tyen for Christian Dior; hair, John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC. Lashes by Evelyn Marshall. Color-sample lenses, Copeland Contact Lenses, NYC.

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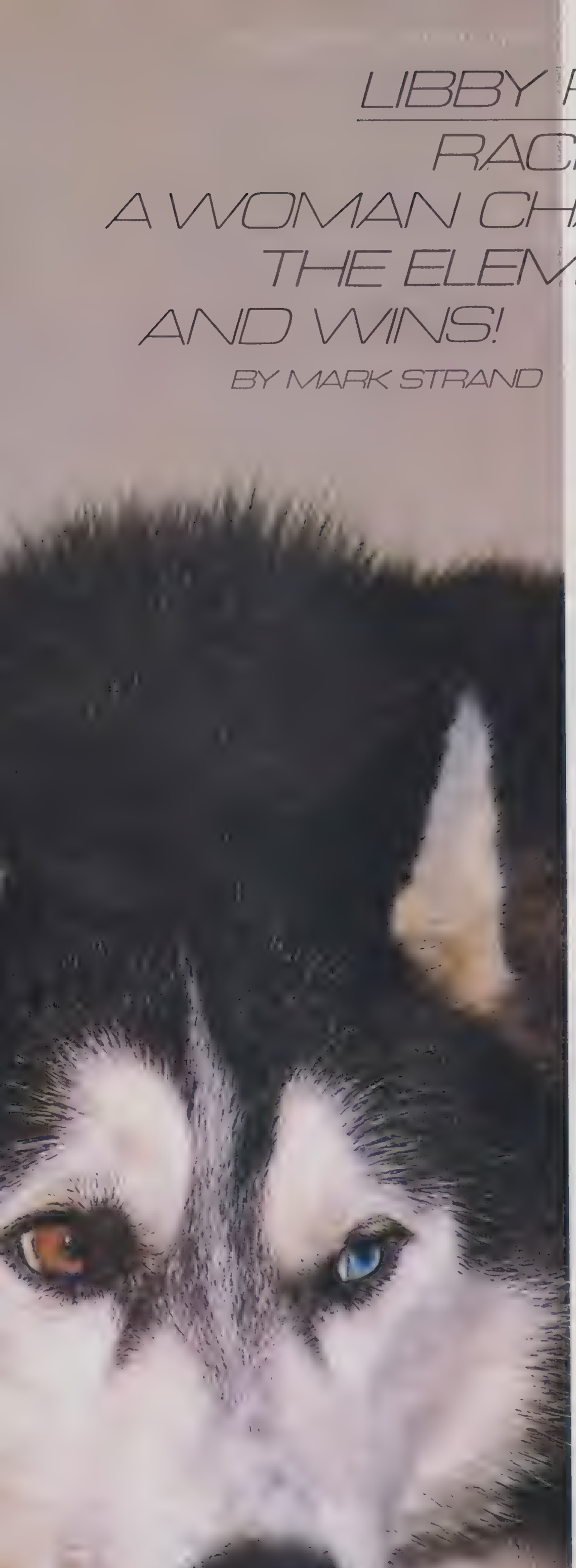
LIBBY RIDDLES RACING TO VICTORY: A WOMAN CHALLENGES THE ELEMENTS— AND WINS!

BY MARK STRAND



The Iditarod, called by its promoters "The Last Great Race," is probably the most unusual and potentially punishing of sporting events. A sled-dog race covering 1049 frozen miles through a variety of difficult terrains—mountain ranges, stretches of tundra and sea ice—from Anchorage to Nome in western Alaska, it is one of the supreme tests of athletic cunning and courage. This year, for the first time in its thirteen-year history, and under weather conditions unusually severe even for Alaska, the race was won by a woman. Eighteen days, twenty minutes, and seventeen seconds after they began their arduous trek, Libby Riddles and her team of thirteen huskies crossed the finish line, with the closest of their rivals a good two hours behind.

Starting out with a few sick dogs, Riddles played it safe for the first part of the race by not pushing too hard and by resting her dogs as often as possible. She fed them high-quality food and gave them plenty of time to digest it properly. She also saw to it that they had straw to sleep on whenever possible. If they didn't have straw, she'd give them a gunny sack or would cut some spruce boughs. By the halfway point, the sick dogs had shaken their virus and began to look strong. The careful attention she lavished on them payed off.

At Unalakleet, 270 miles from the finish, Riddles took a short break, and while it was still dark, slipped out of town to get a jump on the other mushers. Until then, the leader had been Lavon Barve. But Barve had to hold back because his dogs hadn't enough rest to continue yet. Riddles was off and running. After fighting extremely high winds, she and her team were the first to arrive at Shaktoolik, the next checkpoint.

In a desperate attempt to keep her lead, Riddles spent only three hours in Shaktoolik, where she massaged and oiled her dogs' feet to keep them from getting dry and cracked and put their feet into specially made booties, then headed out in what she admitted was probably the worst weather she'd ever been in. She and her team pushed ahead, through a swirling ground blizzard, over the packed ice of Norton Bay to Koyuk. After ten miles, it was impossible to see the trail markers. Riddles parked her dogs and spent the night in her sled, while forty-mile-an-hour winds drove the wind-chill factor to fifty degrees below zero. The next evening in Koyuk, when asked about her decision to drive into the storm, she was quoted as saying, "It was the stupidest thing I'd ever done." Perhaps. But it helped her to nail down her victory.

Someone not so lucky was Susan Butcher, who, encountering bad weather earlier in the race, inadvertently drove her team into a moose that had wandered out of the deep snow and onto the trail, looking for food. The alarmed *(Continued on page 373)*

"Mushing" her way to history: Libby Riddles, *left*, the Women's Sports Foundation Pro Sportswoman of the Year '85, whose ethereal good looks belie her stamina and determination to tough it out as the first woman to win the Iditarod, a grueling two-week sled-dog race that crosses Alaska. Given her success, Riddles remains unfazed: still her favorite pastime—sewing fur hats. A woman for our times, with compassion as well as courage, Riddles says about her win: "I could have finished earlier, but I rested my dogs." (Beauty, details, last pages.)

Eric Boman

S

able–then, now, always,
the most luxurious of furs. Once, in fact, its pleasures were reserved solely for royalty.
Today, in contrast, this silky, silvery-tipped fur is the season's fur of choice...
a star in collection after collection...for day, for evening, for new possibilities...

The word used consistently to describe the very best wild Russian sable—"precious." And while the controlled rarity of the fur plays a part in establishing its value (experts say that there is only enough prime sable to make a few hundred coats a year), the unusual beauty of the fur more than fulfills its promise: sable is noticeably silkier, softer, and especially lighter than one would imagine. This year, it's all of that and it's something more: sable has emerged in the season's key fur shapes, key fur proportions, and in an extended new range of coloring, making it more than ever (for those who can afford it) the fur choice among choices. On these eight pages, a look at the best ...starting, *opposite*, with the most luxurious, most romantic fur anywhere—everything one wants, expects in a sable...and more: a big hooded wrap of a coat from Galanos—square-shouldered, straight-sleeved, long, with a slight "swing" in the back, and so silky one can see—as well as feel—the softness ...perhaps the ultimate in natural Russian Barguzine sable. For Yarmuth-Dion. About $150,000. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. ...*Beauty Note*: A new softness, a new naturalness in makeup. Here, Chanel's Tawny Lip Rouge. These eight pages: hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

How to judge what's best in a sable coat? Experts say it's the way all the elements come together: the richness and uniformity of its natural color; the quality—texture—of the skins themselves; the ease and movement of the silhouette. For example, *this page*, Donna Karan's perfect sable coat—fur treated as effortlessly as cashmere in full-length natural Russian Barguzine sable—tuxedo-collared, long, wonderfully racy—it just wraps...and wraps...like the world's most luxurious robe. Donna Karan New York for Birger Christensen. About $100,000. Neiman-Marcus. ...And, *opposite*, the unexpected luxury of a pullover in sable—the season's most sportive fur shape—at its best at Fendi: a big, soft, long, rounded "sweatery" shirt in natural Russian medium brown sable. About $150,000. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. All fashion details, next to last pages.

SABLE...THE BEST OF THE BEST

Arthur Elgort

SABLE . . . THE BEST OF THE BEST

Key to a new excitement in sable this fur season—the range of distinctive colorings—from smoky browns with a silvery blue cast, to warm, ambered golden blond. Attracting a special measure of attention—gold-[illegible]able—gaining new importance now as a day time fur. The perfect symbol—the natural golden Russian sable jacket, *opposite*, from Bisang Fourrures for the Tepper Collection, cut just like a casual cardigan, with horizontally worked skins; big, square shoulders; an over-all bigger, more appealing scale. About $40,000. To order at Neiman-Marcus.... And a new generosity of scale often makes all the difference when it comes to coats. A different style from Paris's experiment in the natural dark Russian sable, *right*, from Christie Brothers—a perfect notch-collared polo coat in the classic tradition, cut a little bigger, a little easier, and falling from a broadened shoulder. And, in a full-length coat like this, the special weightlessness of sable is another difference that hits home. About $75,000. Christie Brothers, Atlanta; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Swansons on the Plaza. Fashion details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

SABLE . . . THE BEST OF THE BEST

Continuing: the look—the luxury—of sable on a glorious new, bigger-than-ever scale. *This page,* from Grosvenor Canada, a beautiful horizontally worked coat in dark, natural Russian sable. Everything about it says "more"—the stronger shoulders; the wider, more luxurious shawl collar; the deep-sleeved fullness; the richness of length. About $45,000. The Fur Gallerie, Saddlebrook NJ; Jay Leonard Furs, Chestnut Hill MA; Thomas E. Midkiff Furs, Oshkosh; Bleeker Fur Company, Kansas City MO and Overland Park KS; Burt-Dimon Furs, Dallas; Roberts Furs, San Francisco. And, *opposite,* the softest, roundest, Canadian sable jacket from Oscar de la Renta—another key fur shape this season. Here, in rare winter beige bleached golden sable, with deep dolman sleeves, and an easier, casual attitude—the perfect fur, the perfect length to slide over everything from satin evening pants...to a short velvet skirt...to classic khakis! For Wagner Fur. About $20,000. Dittrich Furs, Detroit; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO and Overland Park KS; Bullock's; I. Magnin, San Francisco. To order at Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue.... *Beauty Note:* The perfect neutral lip color—Germaine Monteil's Pêchette. Fashion details, more stores see last pages.

Arthur Elgort

IN THE SWIM

THERE'S MUCH MORE

TO SWIMSUITS... AND IT ALL MEETS THE EYE

MORE LUSTER, MORE TEXTURE, MORE VARIED

PROPORTIONS, A VERY ATTRACTIVE

GEOMETRIC APPROACH TO DESIGN

Sheila Metzner

Sheila Metzner

IN THE SWIM

The season's modern geometric feeling comes across in a variety of ways. In graphics like the bold stripes of Claude Montana's sophisticated maillot, *opposite*. And in the strategic placement of ornamental cut-outs like the one at the suit's midriff: a small ellipse that creates the effect of a long top over a high-cut bikini bottom—one of the new proportions. About $120. Mid-Dec. at Bloomingdale's, Suzy, Great Neck NY; Saks Jandel; Ultimo, Chicago; Tootsies, Houston; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills . . . Another way you get this geometric feeling: in what's happening to straps. Now, straps as an important design element: crisscrossed; asymmetric; glittered; or in contrasting colors like the emphatically shaped maillot, *this page*: cut deep under the arms, high on the leg . . . zipped up both sides. By Gitano. About $18. Gimbels East; Deb Shops, Philadelphia. Makeup, *opposite*, Linda Mason; *this page*, Kevyn Aucoin . . . *Beauty Note*. More pale but warm lip color, Elizabeth Arden's Sugarcane. Details, more stores, last pages

Another sensational look: this beautifully shaped two-piece suit of puckered black nylon/spandex. It highlights the season's strengths with its crunchy texture, with the new proportion of its longer, asymmetric-shoulder top and mini tube skirt (more news) with a built-in bikini. Also built-in: the option to play with the proportion by rolling or folding the top of the skirt to make it shorter, and/or the bottom of the tank to give that a bandeau effect ... depending on your mood, how much cover you want. Liza Bruce for Factory Team. About $85. Bonwit Teller, Sara Fredericks, Miami; Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago; Just Add Water, Dallas; Bullock's (available Jan.), Macy's, San Francisco. Towel, Descamps. Makeup, Linda Mason.

Beauty Note: Another sensational barely there lip color: Estee Lauder's Roselit Beige. For details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Sheila Metzner

Part of the fashion idiom: "easy dressing"—meaning dressing that's unstudied, uncomplicated, easy to wear. . . all in an attractive polished, real-life way. The concept's American. We started it. We do it best. And we keep doing it better. This season, "easy" goes to a whole new level—racier, sharper, more sophisticated. What does it: fabric with more character; patterns with more strength, more precision. . . color!

There's a new character to Ralph Lauren's sportive American classics, i.e., when his traditional trousers, *this page*, are in a bold floral print of silk, and his shawl-collared "robe" is vivid purple in soft, languorous silk charmeuse. Another plus: these looks needn't wait for warm weather, a resort—this is terrific at-home dressing any time. Trousers, about $358. Robe-jacket, about $658. Late Dec. at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Hudson-Belk's, Raleigh NC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, San Antonio. Ring and bracelet, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. Donald Judd chair, courtesy Max Protech Gallery, NYC. . . .Everybody loved the look, the Fred Astaire nonchalance of Ralph Lauren's impeccable, classic trousers. . . in brilliant chrome silk charmeuse!, *opposite*. Here, played against a navy double-breasted wool gabardine jacket and white tank. Trousers, about $358. Jacket, about $396. Late December at Barneys New York; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Costa Mesa CA; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver; Polo/Ralph Lauren, San Francisco. Rings and bracelets, Bulgari at the Pierre Hotel, NYC. Elizabeth Jackson chair for Arc International, Inc., NYC. These, next two pages: hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, more stores, last pages.

Andrea Blanch

A STRONG SENSE OF EASE

A STRONG SENSE OF EASE... COLOR— AND SUDDENLY EVERYTHING CHANGES

Typical of this "laid back" American approach: very polished sweater-and-skirt dressing for low-key evenings. And what a sweater-and-skirt this is! By Ralph Lauren, *this page*, a long, soft-moving, bias-cut skirt of flag-red silk crepe de Chine with a generously sized navy cotton turtleneck sweater. The turtleneck—so important this winter—keeps evolving for warm weather, with long sleeves, short sleeves, even on halters. Skirt, about $258. Sweater, about $198. Turnout late December at Alcott & Andrews, NYC; Short Hills NJ; Hartford CT; Washington DC; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Atlanta. Skirt, Polo/Ralph Lauren, Ft. Lauderdale. Elizabeth Jackson chair for Arc International, Inc., NYC....Pure pow! The dress everybody applauded, wanted!—Donna Karan's—*opposite*. In double-faced, full-bodied bright red silk—strong shouldered, tightly cinched at the waist, with a graceful, ankle-length skirt—it sets up a whole new definition of shape in a dress, of dressing for easy evenings. Donna Karan New York. About $890. Late Jan. at Bloomingdale's; L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Alexander Beegle, Virginia Beach; Hudson's; Hattie, Palm Beach FL and Scottsdale AZ; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. Chair, Laverne Originals, c. 1960, courtesy Fifty-50, NYC. Details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Andrea Blanch

A STRONG SENSE OF EASE... PATTERNS ARE PRECISE, SHARP—UNSENTIMENTAL

The best of these patterns, when they aren't in strong color, are in strong black or navy with white, like this very attractive city dressing for working women—easy to wear, but polished, meant to be taken seriously. . . . David Hayes's black-and-white suit, *left*: a body-close, pointed-edge jacket and short, narrow skirt, both in strongly textured silk cloqué. . . . a look that moves from day into evening. About $460. . . . Regimental precision—the navy-and-white stripes, *right*, of Gloria Sachs's silk button-back blouse and classic trouser: all the raciness of a jumpsuit. Top, about $220. Trousers, about $290. . . . And then there are patterns so precise, they give

Andrea Blanch

you a feeling of texture. Anne Klein's starring jacket, *left*—long, clean, collarless—continues; in black-and-white, perfect proportion with this short, slim linen/satin skirt; with trousers. Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Jacket, about $380; skirt, about $160. Jewelry, Paloma Picasso for Tiffany & Co. . . . Another attractive jacket, *right*. By Mondi, in navy gabardine, slightly more classic but not blazer-y—it's longer, more relaxed, it moves. Here, over matching trousers, a white shirt. Jacket, about $290. Trousers, about $160. Shirt, about $120. Hair, Edward Tricomi for Pipino-Buccheri, NYC; makeup, Laura Mercier. Details, more stores, see last pages.

A STRONG
SENSE OF EASE...
THE SINGULAR CHARM
OF A SOFT SUIT
IN A STRONG
MIX OF PATTERNS

Usually hard to find: suit dressing that strikes the right balance between crispness and ease. You find it, opposite, in Oscar de la Renta's striking plaid/check suit of navy-and-white wool—the jacket lightly shaped and rounder; the skirt short, narrow, slit; the look sharpened by the jolt of a red-and-white striped silk blouse. About $1190. Late January at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sara Fredericks, Boston & Palm Beach; Montaldo's; Higbee's; Balliet's. Jean Prouvé chair, Global Furniture, NYC. In a more dressed mood, this page, Bill Blass's soft-falling 7/8 coat and slim, gathered, knee-length skirt, both of silk in a controlled, allover "palmetto" print, (fabric, Abraham) set off by a striped silk halter that wraps at the waist (fabric, Teseo). Day or night, a pulled-together, altogether charming way to look. About $2570. Late January at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Martha, Palm Beech & Bal Harbour; John Baldwin, St. Petersburg FL; Jacobson's, Michigan and Ohio; Frost Bros. Hair, Ray Allington for Vidal Sassoon; makeup, Margaret Avery. Details, more stores, next to last pages this issue.

Andrea Blanch

A STRONG
SENSE OF EASE...
IF IT'S EASY,
ATTRACTIVE
AND SEASONLESS—
ITS MILEAGE
CAN'T BE BEAT

VOGUE PATTERN #9429

VOGUE PATTERN #1446

VOGUE PATTERNS For some women, "easy but polished" often means a sweater and skirt or pants, a go-with-everything coat. But these standbys don't have to be static. The current takes are racier, more dashing, and infinitely more versatile if you have them—sew them—in seasonless new fabrics and colors. A cleaned, small-collared, straight-falling coat, *this page*, has a whole new persona when it's a pale beige, very soft, very light silk gabardine with a silk taffeta lining. It becomes the kind of coat that works any hour, any place, over anything. One of the most appealing ways it works, the way it is here: belted with a touch of swagger, over matching straight-legged, pleated trousers, a white cashmere sweater. . . . You see the sweater in beige cashmere, opposite—tunic-length, closer to the body, worn with a gutsy belt over the season's narrow, knee-length skirt in the same gabardine as the coat. Bracelets, Bulgari at the Pierre Hotel, NYC. Coat, Vogue Pattern #1446. Trousers, Butterick Pattern #4015. Skirt and sweater, Vogue Pattern #9429. Coat, trousers and skirt fabric, S. [illegible] this page, Ray Allington for Vidal [illegible]

BUTTERICK PATTERN #4015

VOGUE'S

Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: with new takes on bareness... or seasonless dressing; if it's a matter of working clear bright colors...or the most versatile coat length

What works? Often, you'll find, the key to much of the best dressing this season—and looks in this issue—is a lack of adornment. It's a noticeable, and intentional, one. A sense of something extra, and ornamental, at this moment may be simply the surprise of a bright color or a fabric used with a new sense. **The strength of the season starts in clothes' purity of line. And it looks best when you don't add a great deal to it.**

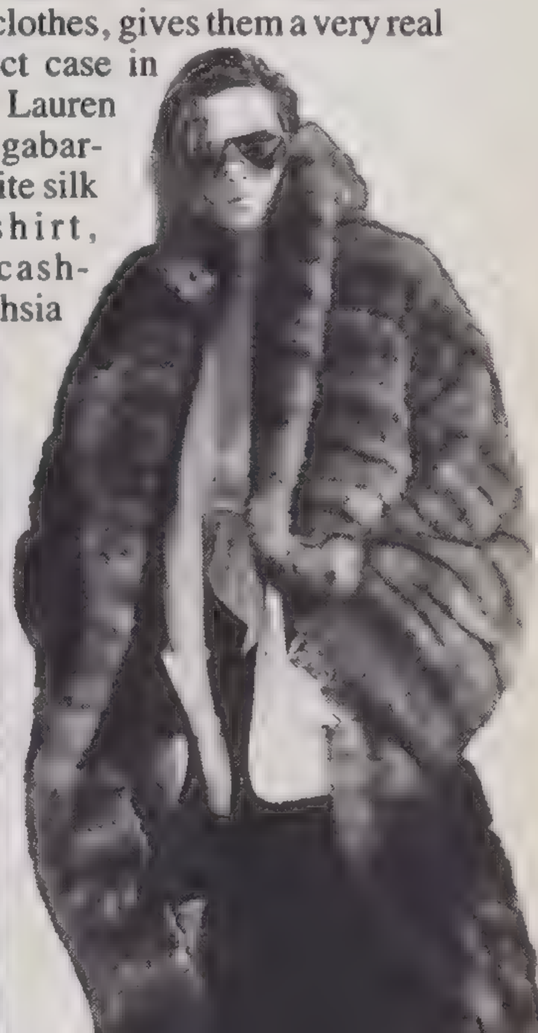
Example: What stands out about Zoran's new jacket and walking shorts (1) is a crisp black taffeta fabric. That traditionally nighttime taffeta, when it's applied to the most easygoing sort of sportswear shapes, creates pieces with an ability to work north or south, across a variety of different seasons or dressing occasions. Dressing this relaxed, you'll find, requires accessories with a similar sense of sportiness and restraint: decorated black stockings, perhaps, but simple black flat shoes. Even the jewelry we used was black—a black watch and simple cord bracelet.

Style this season often means, first and foremost, a relaxed attitude: an ability to take something as uncomplicated as Donna Karan's long silk shirtdress (2) and wear it as warm-weather dinner dressing. Glamour, in this case, comes in a bright-red color, in bareness at the neck; the dress, even at night, doesn't need much more than flat shoes and strong gold bracelets. What this season's uncomplicated looks demand, you'll find, is a sense of softness and fullness, a decidedly feminine presence, in a woman's hair. The look of hair stays as unstudied as clothes do, but it's an integral part of the most polished dressing.

Be it an open neck (like Donna Karan's), a small sleeveless turtleneck (3), or a halter top (4) beneath the jacket of a suit, **a continuing theme of the season, quite clearly, is one of bareness. Bareness may be more subtle than overt; it still demands, in truth, quite a bit from a woman's body.** These pieces tend to focus attention on a specific part of anatomy, on upper arms, shoulders, a bit of back; clothes may closely hug your shape. When you wear them, you'll pay attention to the condition of your body—and to the look of your skin. You may find, surprisingly, that more bareness is easier to take than less. A strapless maillot, for some, is a good alternative to a cut-back halter.

What is, inevitably, easy to wear is a shoe with a high heel: heeled pumps in this issue are the finishing element for everything from Bill Blass's black and white print knee-length dress to Anne Klein's (3) white twill trousers. When pants, as these do, become somewhat wider at the ankle, heeled pumps provide a lift, a "dressed" edge. In a clear color like red, they may be the one really standout accessory you add when you're dressing.

A current delight, surprise: finding true, bright color in unexpected fabrics—in heavyweight silk satin and charmeuse, in thin shiny wool gabardine, in cashmere knit—and in unexpected places—such as (5) under a big-scaled, luxurious sable coat. The reason: this texture/color combination lends a seasonless, timeless quality to clothes, gives them a very real adaptability. Perfect case in point, these Ralph Lauren pieces—sapphire gabardine trousers, a white silk charmeuse T-shirt, chrome-yellow cashmere cardigan, fuchsia satin scarf-belt—pieces that work well in this cold-weather daytime situation worn with a flat colored moccasin, contrasting-color socks. With a change to a sheer, faintly glimmered stocking and a high-heeled, heavier-strapped sandal in gold, the same look moves right into easy-evening dressing—in both cooler and warmer (without the fur) climates. What gives it even more of an edge at night: the low-key character, the sportive attitude of the casual shapes. But for all the ease, it's real dressing...and it has a certain style—all of which makes it a pleasure this, any time of the year. ▽



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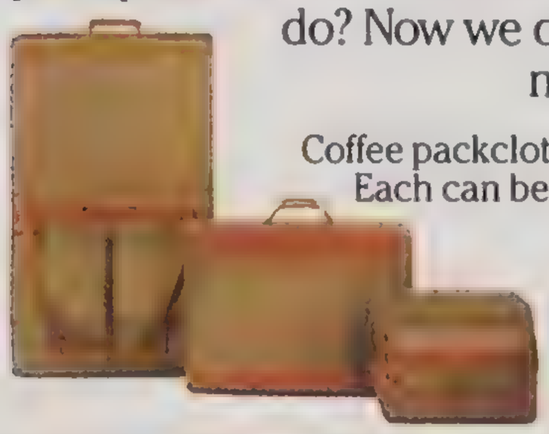

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HEALTH *style*

The breakfast advantage . . . your prescription "I.Q." . . . stamina boosters . . . frozen entrées: lean or mean? . . . winning the power game

THE WAITING GAME

When over four hundred women were asked to name their most common sources of stress, waiting—in line at stores, the bank, the post office—was one of the unexpected answers, noted psychologist Georgia Witkin-Lanoil, Ph.D., of NYC's Mt. Sinai Medical Center, and author of *The Female Stress Syndrome* (Newmarket Press). How to take the tension out of the seemingly unavoidable waiting we all face during the holiday season: "Be prepared. What makes waiting stressful is the sense that time is being wasted," said Dr. Lanoil. "Carry a book, or a pad and paper, with you at all times. Do a crossword puzzle or, better yet, do simple relaxation exercises, such as slowly counting backwards from thirty, relaxing your muscles each time you exhale during the first ten, closing your eyes on the second ten, and imagining yourself in an idyllic setting on the last ten. You'll be amazed at how time flies."

SWEET TOOTH **Experts estimate that we Americans should *halve* our sugar consumption for a dentally healthful diet. Unexpected sources of the tooth attack, note nutritionists at the Center for Science in the Public Interest, are prepared bran muffins, tonic water (over *eight* teaspoons of sugar per twelve-ounce glass), some seemingly unsweetened bran cereals and fruit yogurts, and ketchup (a staggering 63 *percent* of its calories come from added sugar, not tomatoes!).**

Healthy attitude: What men fear most about aging, according to a survey of one thousand men over thirty-five: loss of physical stamina, not of youthful good looks

where there's smoke...

Several new cigarette products may not be as harmless as they seem to be. The "natural" ingredients in clove cigarettes—which increased in sales over 40 percent in the U.S. in the last year—have never been tested for safety when burned and inhaled rather than consumed in foods, notes a recent article in the "FDA Consumer". Also fueling concern: despite the herbal allure, the two most popular clove brands contain 60 percent tobacco and almost twice the tar and nicotine of conventional moderate-tar brands. As for new "smokeless" cigarettes, which are inhaled but not burned, experts note that the nicotine in these products is as, or more, potent—and addictive—as that normally taken in by smoking cigarettes. Worrying physicians: Even smokeless nicotine can adversely affect health, and federal laws do not mandate warning labels on smokeless tobacco products.

HAVE A HEART . . . The focus of a new program sponsored by the American Heart Association: helping companies of *every* size to offer valid preventive health information to their employees. Possibilities range from distributing health-information booklets to arranging blood-pressure screenings and revamping the company cafeteria to offer more healthful fare. The payoff: improved quality of work, reduced absenteeism and employee turnover, plus—key to many corporate interests—fewer expensive health insurance claims. Already signed up: Exxon's one-hundred-and-seventy employee research division, Nestle Foods' two-thousand-worker-strong corporate headquarters. For more information, contact your local American Heart Association.

ENERGY BUILDERS

While occasional tiredness usually can be "cured" with a good night's sleep, a persistent lack of energy can be the body's alarm signal that something is wrong, notes Holly Atkinson, M.D., in her new book, *Women and Fatigue* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, to be published in February). To rule out underlying illness, chronic fatigue should *always* be brought to a doctor's attention. But, commonly, the cause is simple overload—the result of multiple, sometimes conflicting demands that add up to more than a woman's body *and* mind can handle. In that case, advises Dr. Atkinson, a woman needs to "rebalance" her life to build in more energy. Her checkpoints:

- Care for yourself with a balanced diet, regular exercise, and restful sleep.
- Set aside 10 percent of each day (about 90 minutes) for yourself—and do whatever *you* wish. Refreshing possibilities: reading, going for a walk, exercising, or simply doing nothing.
- At least once a day, take a rest period, even if only for a few minutes. The only rules: no alcohol, no nicotine, no caffeine.
- Take at least a two-week vacation each year—and, to avoid spending half that time trying to wind down, ease into a slowed-down pace during the two weeks beforehand.
- Put more pleasure and mastery into your life. Enthusiasm and a sense of control are essential to continued energy.

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HEALTH *style*

"Lite" Frozen Meals: How Nutritious?

Are "lite" frozen meals all they claim to be? Yes and no. On the whole, lower-calorie frozen dinners are fairly tasty and provide an adequate amount of protein. Most are less than 300 calories (for the average woman who wants to lose weight and should be consuming between 1200 and 1600 calories a day, 300 calories for the main-meal entrée is close to ideal).

On the minus side, portions are skimpy—one important reason they're low in calories. And "like other frozen meals, they're high in sodium," says Bonnie Liebman, director of nutrition, Center for Science in the Public Interest. Some of that sodium comes from monosodium glutamate (MSG), a flavor enhancer that causes allergic reactions in sensitive people.

The National Research Council recommends consuming between 1100 to 3300 mg of sodium a day (Americans average 4000 to 5000 mg!). The average frozen low-cal entrée has about 1000–1500 mg of sodium (most labels don't indicate how much sodium is contained in the product, some have even more).

Although many frozen "lite" entrées are low-fat enough to fit within current fat guidelines (not more than 30 percent of our total calorie intake), some of the entrées, though only 300 calories or less, are high in fat. Liebman calculates that the average "Lite and Elegant" entrée, for example, has 19 percent of its calories from fats; "Weight Watcher" dinners, about 35 percent, with some even higher: their Beef Steak, for example, has a whopping 59 percent of its calories from fat.

"A good rule of thumb in selecting frozen meals is to choose ones that have less that 10 grams of fat," Liebman suggests. "Five or fewer would be even better."

Is it okay to use "lite" frozen dinners to diet, eating them several times a week or even almost every night? Liebman says yes; but cautions that you "limit sodium intake during the rest of the day."

If you eat frozen entrées, guidelines to keep in mind:

- As with all meals, vary your foods. Choose a variety of entrées.
- Be sure to supplement your diet with high-fiber foods and foods with nutrients that these frozen dishes tend to be skimpy on, such as calcium, vitamins A and C, and trace minerals. You'll probably still be hungry and unsatisfied after eating a light frozen entrée, so round out the meal with a salad or other fresh vegetables; whole-grain bread, and fruit or low-fat yogurt for dessert.
- If you're dieting, don't confuse regular frozen entrées (Le Menu and Dinner Classics) with lighter versions—Lean Cuisine, Lite & Elegant, Classic Lites. Check that your choice is less than 300 calories.
- Read labels: Compare sodium and fat contents; remember to stay away from foods that contain more than 10 grams of fat.

—SUSAN LANG

IMPROVING YOUR PRESCRIPTION-DRUG I.Q.

As many as one of every two prescription drugs is taken improperly, according to a recent Harris survey. Some 96 percent of people with new prescriptions said they had asked no questions about how to take their medications.

There are key facts everyone should know before taking any prescribed drug, says Richard Merkler, M.D., associate, clinical pediatrics, College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University. Make sure that you ask:

—*The name of the drug.* You may be treated by several specialists or by different doctors within a group practice, and each physician may not know what medications the others have prescribed. Also, drugs may have very similar names, even though they are for very different purposes. Knowing the exact name is a good way to double check that the pharmacy has given you the right drug.

—*What the drug is supposed to do.* Every patient should know why a particular drug is being prescribed and what results to expect. Your knowledge can help the doctor, too, if you recall, for example, that the drug caused a bad reaction in the past or didn't work for a similar illness.

—*When to take it and in what doses.* "Always review verbally with the pharmacist the directions on the drug label," advises Dr. Merkler. Does three times a day mean during the waking hours only, or must the medication be taken at regular intervals around the clock? Should certain foods be avoided? Some mood-elevating drugs, for instance, react dangerously with cheese and other aged and fermented foods.

—*What side effects to expect and what reactions are serious enough to warrant calling the doctor.* "Mild headaches or mild stomach upsets are considered acceptable side effects of certain drugs," says Dr. Merkler. "But more serious reactions may mean the drug should be stopped and another substituted."

—*Whether to take the whole supply or to stop taking the drug when you feel better.* Some medications, such as asthma drugs, may be used only when symptoms are present, but others—particularly antibiotics—must be taken for a specified period, even if symptoms disappear.

—PHYLLIS LEHMANN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Required reading—Joe Graedon's newly revised "The People's Pharmacy" (St. Martin's Press), a consumer's guide to the most commonly used prescription and over-the-counter drugs.*

RODGER DUNCAN

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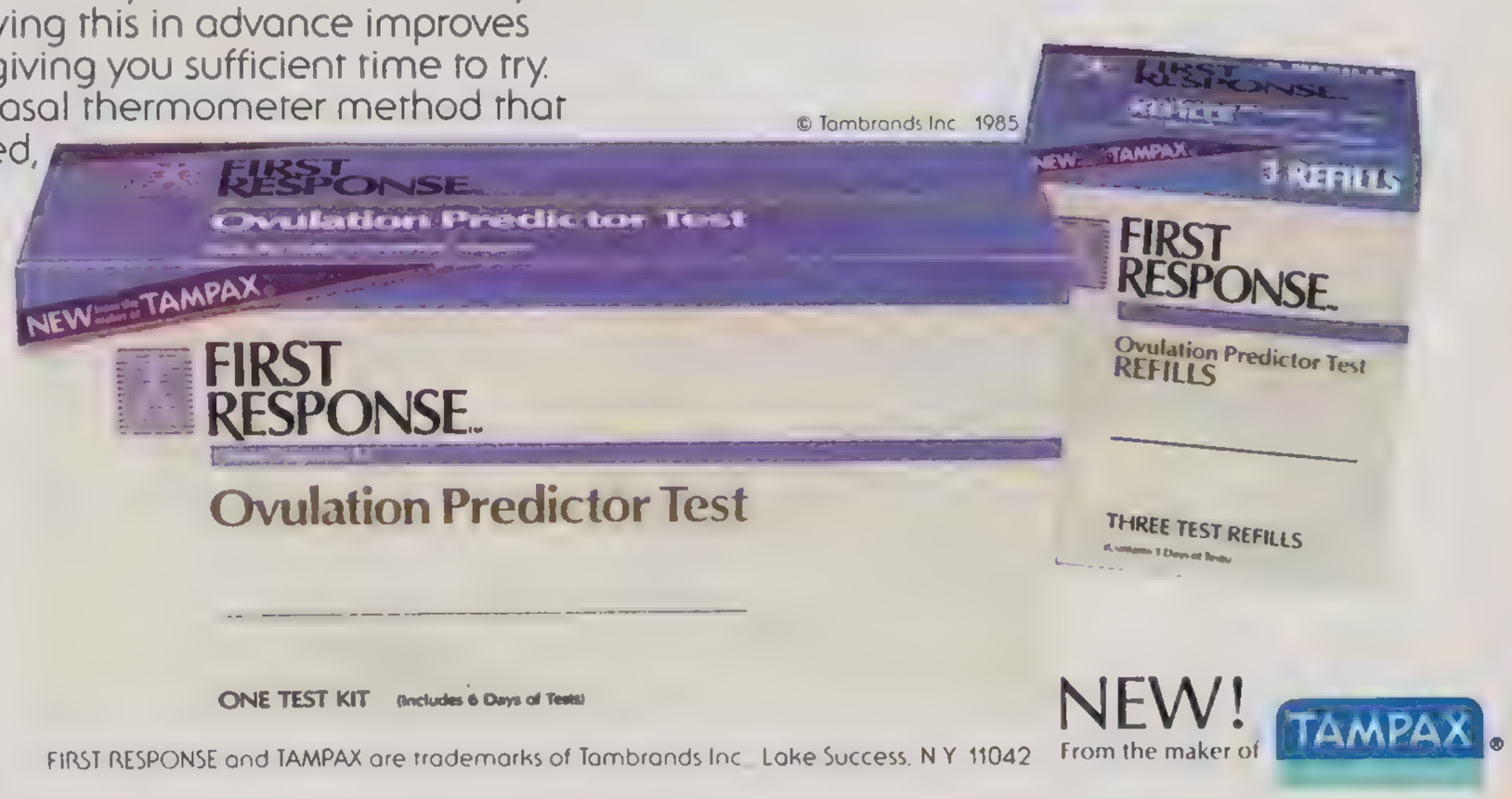

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SITTING SMART

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One woman's answer to how she had lost so much weight: "I ride my bicycle to work every day..."

FITNESS MOTIVATION

What keeps regular exercisers coming back for more? When Jazzercise execs queried women between ages twenty-five and forty-five who regularly attend their classes, the most frequent response was the effect exercise had on their appearance. Runners-up: the way fitness made them feel and—not to be ignored—the fact that classes were *fun*....

YOUR DIET: *Breakfast? or not? style*

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

Nutritionists (and mothers) have been saying for years that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. While this is still being debated by nutrition scientists, it is clear that breakfast is the meal that millions of Americans forget to eat, and "there is no question that breakfast is an extremely important meal in delivering critical nutrients to women," according to nutritionist Gilbert Leveille, Ph.D., director, Nutrition and Health Sciences, General Foods. These important nutrients include fiber, vitamin C, calcium, and iron.

The importance of breakfast has been based in part on the 1962 "Iowa Breakfast Studies" which showed that maximum work output—measured by riding a stationary bicycle for one minute—was improved in women who ate breakfast. If breakfast was skipped, a mid-morning break improved subsequent work performance in almost half the subjects. "Coffee alone" did not do the trick.

Omitting breakfast was no advantage for dieters either, because breakfast skippers were comparably hungrier as well as less efficient in the late-morning hours, one strong argument for eating breakfast, since roughly two of every three American women go on at least one weight-reduction diet a year, according to a study by Johanna Dwyer, Sc.D., R.D., Tufts University.

If you decide to eat breakfast in hopes of improving physical or mental performance, do not eat the basic "Iowa Breakfast" (the traditional All-American juice, two eggs, bacon, toast with butter and jelly, and milk): it contained approximately 750 calories, was high in total fat (half its calories), saturated fat, cholesterol, sodium, and low in fiber. Although many nutritionists feel that breakfast should provide 25 percent of your daily calories, 450 calories for breakfast really limits what the average woman eating about 1800 calories can eat for the rest of the day. Try not to exceed 300 calories, with no more than 30 percent of them from fat, keep sodium to 550 mg, and try to get at least 5 grams of dietary fiber. Consider the following combinations.

BREAKFAST AT HOME

Cereal with Fruit

A serving of high-fiber dry cereal (see below), ½ cup skim milk (45 calories), ½ cup fresh berries (about 30 calories), coffee or tea contribute 30 percent RDA for calcium and considerable fiber for less than 200 calories, which leaves you room for a modest mid-morning break.

When choosing a dry cereal, read the nutrition label and pick one that provides approximately 25 percent of the U.S. RDA for most vitamins listed, supplies about 3 grams or more of dietary fiber per serving, has little added sugar, and does not have large amounts of sodium (greater than 300 mg). Examples include 100% Bran Flakes (⅔ cup: 90 calories, 3 g dietary fiber); Fruit & Fibre (½ cup: 90 calories, 3 g dietary fiber); Bran Chex (⅔ cup: 90 calories, 4.6 g dietary fiber).

Breakfast Shake

Blend 1 cup of your favorite fruit with ½ small banana, ½ cup plain low-fat yogurt (or ¾ cup skim milk), ¼ teaspoon lemon juice, 1 rounded teaspoon brown sugar, ¼ cup water, 2 ice cubes. (A sampling of fruits' fiber content: strawberries have 3.4 g dietary fiber; cantaloupe, 1.6 g, raspberries, 9.1 g.) One slice of Wasa Fiber Plus crisp bread adds 25 calories (and 2.5 g dietary fiber) for a total of about 250 calories.

Freezer Breakfasts

One Roman Meal waffle (140 calories, 1.5 g dietary fiber) with ½ cup fresh raspberries (35 calories, 4.6 g dietary fiber) and a mug of hot café au lait (½ cup coffee, ½ cup low-fat milk) totals less than 250 calories. Another alternative fast from the freezer is a pancake and blueberry "Great Starts" breakfast. If you eat only *half* a portion (1 ½ pancakes—200 calories) your total is still under 300 calories, but this breakfast is less than ideal because it is low in fiber, calcium, and vitamin C, high in sugar and sodium.

BREAKFAST OUT

Order the usual dry cereal/fresh fruit combo at a hotel, but skim milk is usually not available (add 25 calories for ½ cup low-fat and 35 calories for regular milk). Or, order one-half grapefruit (40 calories, 0.6 g dietary fiber), 2 slices unbuttered whole wheat toast (112 calories, 4.2 g dietary fiber), or one modest-sized bran muffin (105 calories, 3.2 g dietary fiber) with ½ cup cottage cheese (110 calories). Try not to order a Danish (200+ calories), English muffin (130 calories), glazed doughnut (185 calories), or croissant (200+ calories)—no calorie bargains and all are low in fiber.

If you're tempted by fast-food offerings, consider that Arby's sausage-and-egg croissant has 530 calories, McDonald's Egg McMuffin, 353—and both are loaded with sodium, cholesterol, fat. (Anything involving a croissant is high in fat.)

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

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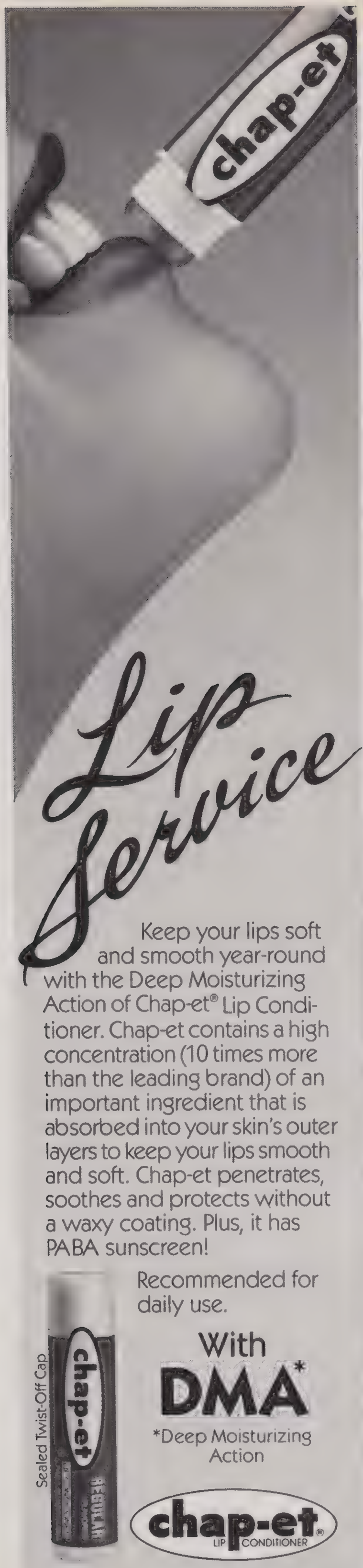
How to teach your hair some *new* body-language.

By Christie Brinkley

My first tip is Prell full-body shampoo. Because Prell shampoos body in, instead of out, and brings out fullness.

Next, new Prell Protein Enriched Conditioner. It's especially formulated to work with Prell Shampoo...and helps manage all that body. I call it my Prell body-building system.

Prell Shampoo and New Prell Conditioner
The New Prell Body-Building System



Your Well-Being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Contrary to popular wisdom, there's no reason women should feel comfortable being assertive, exercising power, or taking control! It's too soon. We need more time to overcome our social conditioning.

There have, of course, always been powerful and controlling women, but their image was negative. Joan Crawford played them to a T. They were prototypes of individuals who try to exert absolute control over the actions and even the feelings of others because of their own insecurity and underlying fear of powerlessness. Such people typically are driven by a need to achieve perfection just to pass internal muster; an inability to see others as separate from themselves; a sense that if they relax and let someone else take charge, something terrible will happen: they may be wiped out; end up having no power whatsoever. Largely missing have been truly powerful women (female Clark Gables and Cary Grants) who were at ease with themselves and their power, and thus able to give plenty of personal space and freedom to others.

Getting comfortable with power: a challenge that takes time

Historically, women's power has been limited to the home. Those who got power in the outside world traditionally did so unexpectedly. (Judy Holliday, in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, wrote compassionate letters to stockholders who, unsolicited, gave her their proxies and control of the corporation.) Such women retained happiness by turning their power over to a man they loved. As late as 1963, in *The Thrill of It All*, Doris Day, contented wife of obstetrician James Garner, mother of two, and satisfied user of Happy Soap, becomes, just by being her bubbly self, the national advertising spokeswoman for Happy Soap. As her fame, income, and outside obligations grow, her marriage totters. Then she happens to assist her husband with an emergency delivery on a woman in a car stuck in traffic on a Manhattan bridge! Dewy-eyed, Doris tells James that she finally realizes how wonderful it is to be an obstetrician bringing new life into existence, and that more than anything else in the world, she now wants to be—are you ready?—an obstetrician's wife!! We leave her at home, having quit Happy Soap, climbing upstairs with her husband to do something which in nine months presumably will give her one last opportunity to participate in the miracle of birth.

Now, no one ever expected Doris to enroll in medical school. But she never even thought of taking charge of her lucrative and enjoyable career, using her clout to say "no" to some of Happy Soap's sudsier demands, and setting limits she and everyone else might live with. She simply abdicated her power, fled success.

That scenario has changed today. Yet power still is frightening. On the one hand, it's all tied up with self-assertion and self-actualization, with the struggle to realize your potential. This is heady, exciting stuff. And you don't want to loosen your grip on power for fear you might not be able to grab hold again. So it's hard to shift in and out of the power mode.

On the other hand, you don't just get power; it gets you. At first you're not sure where it's taking you, what it might be turning you into, whose love it might cost you, or how it might lead you to behave toward others.

You may be unaware of your impact on friends and loved ones. "Hey, I'm not in a board room with you, ease up," a roommate may protest. Or, "I feel you don't have time for me anymore." That might, temporarily at least, be true. It's a cost. You may discover that self-assertiveness, especially when sharpened by haste, is antithetical to the gentle, nurturing, concerned relationships women ideally established. A big loss. But if this is your time to be single-mindedly goal-oriented, you can't help worrying, "Why am I sitting here just chatting and *wasting time*?"

The bottom line is that until you've tasted and tested and learned you can control power, and above all, until you've reconciled power and self-assertiveness with your basic values, you're *going* to be uncomfortable. And that's your saving grace. It means you're not on a blind power trip, but instead, you're continuing to ask the original question: does all this make me more self-realized? No one has come up with an easy or permanent answer. ▽

There's not a forehead,

nor a nose,

nor a cheek,

nor a chin,

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Nothing equals the oil absorption of Corn Silk Liquid to give you flawless oil free color and coverage. And Corn Silk Powder absorbs more oil to impart a silky translucent finish. Used together your face stays oil free and beautiful. And it never has to shine again.

HEALTH *style*

Q&A

Seeing spots . . . do-it-yourself Heimlich? . . . sitting pains . . . boning up

I sometimes see flashing spots of light in front of my eyes. Is this normal or should I see a doctor?

"Chances are that you are describing 'phosphenes,' little flashes of light that occur in the center or peripheral portion of the visual field and last only for a split second," said Mark J. Kupersmith, M.D., associate professor of neurology and ophthalmology at the N.Y.U. Medical Center, director of neuro-ophthalmology at the N.Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary. "Phosphenes may be normal and by themselves don't indicate any disease. They are commonly caused by pressure on the eyeball or a temporary change in the blood supply—from rubbing your eyes or standing up suddenly, for example. But if the flashes of light are continual and associated with a thread-like veil, or curtain effect, upon the eye, then you should have a very careful retinal exam by an ophthalmologist."

Flashes of light may be associated with migraines, but these flashes usually last for several seconds. They can also occur in conjuncture with a seizure, "but those flashes are persistent—they don't move around in the visual field," Dr. Kupersmith explained. He emphasized, however, that "visual flashes rarely indicate any type of neurological problem."

I often eat at home alone; what could I do if I choked on food while by myself? Is it possible to perform the Heimlich maneuver on oneself?

"Yes, many people have saved themselves from choking using the Heimlich maneuver. You would do it on yourself almost as you would do it on another person," answered Henry J. Heimlich, M.D., president of the Heimlich Institute and professor of advanced clinical sciences at Xavier University in Cincinnati.

"You put the thumb side of your own fist against your abdomen, slightly above the navel and below the rib cage, grasp your fist with your other hand and press suddenly inward and upward. Repeat as many times as necessary to remove the piece of food.

"If you cannot do it to yourself in that manner, then place that same spot on your abdomen against a firm object that is not sharp, such as the back of a chair, the edge of a sink, or the side of a table. Press suddenly inward with your full weight, and repeat until the object is expelled," Dr. Heimlich advised.

When I sit for long periods of time, my tailbone gets very sore, and I must stand up and walk around. Is there anything I can do to prevent this discomfort?

This is a fairly common problem, especially among men and slim women who have less "padding" on their buttocks, according to Joseph M. Lane, M.D., professor of orthopedic surgery, Cornell Medical School, and chief of metabolic bone disease, NYC's Hospital for Special Surgery. The tailbone or "coccyx" can become jarred, often after a fall. The person then continuously irritates and rebruises it by sitting in a slouching position, putting direct pressure on the coccyx.

"This condition is curable, but you have to work on it by not irritating the coccyx for about six months, and by strengthening your back and abdominal muscles so you have good sitting posture," said Dr. Lane. Learning to sit correctly is of prime importance—rather than leaning back and slouching, you should sit up straight on your "sit bones" and shift your weight forward. Sit on high, hard chairs, *never* on soft couches, he warned. If you don't always have access to hard chairs, "get an 8-by-12 inch board and wrap it four times with your favorite color corduroy and carry it with you in your briefcase; wherever you go, sit on it," Dr. Lane advised. Also, do *not* sit on a doughnut pillow—although they are sometimes recommended for this problem, "they can actually make it worse by squeezing your soft tissue against your coccyx."

A good exercise to help this condition by strengthening your abdominal muscles is to lie on a mat on the floor, knees bent, back flat, and lift your head towards the ceiling without sitting up totally. "Don't do full sit-ups," warned Dr. Lane, "or you will roll over the area and that would hurt it again."

To help ease pain in the area, try soaking in a hot bath, but be sure to place a mat or wet towel underneath you to avoid direct pressure on your coccyx when leaning back. Mild anti-inflamatory drugs like aspirin or ibuprofin may also help. If you follow these suggestions and are not almost entirely well in two or three months, said Dr. Lane, "then you should consult an orthopedist—but remember, that last residual discomfort takes a long time to go away."

I don't think I'm getting enough calcium in my diet. Should I consider taking a supplement? Which one?

You're not alone. Every day, two-thirds of American women between eighteen and thirty-four fall short of the 800 mg RDA for calcium—a critical nutrient in the war against osteoporosis. Dairy foods are the prime sources, but most women either cannot or will not reach their calcium requirements by food alone.

Enter calcium supplements. Before swallowing a pill, consider:

- Side effects. Calcium supplements can aggravate kidney stones in a few susceptible people. Kidney stones or not, every woman should check with her doctor before supplementing. Other side effects: all calcium supplements can be constipating; chewable tablets reach the system quickly but may cause gas; pills produce less gas but are absorbed slowly. Avoid bone meal and calcium dolomite supplements; they may be contaminated by toxic metals.
- Concentration. Examine labels for the supplement's percentage of elemental calcium versus "filler." Calcium carbonate has the highest concentration (40 percent) of calcium per tablet; calcium gluconate and lactate have only 15 percent.
- Compliance. The fewer pills required to meet the RDA for calcium, the more likely it is that those pills will be taken. Compliance is also a matter of taste. Palatable forms for women who have trouble swallowing pills: chewy Suplical, 600 mg. of calcium per vanilla-flavored cube (Suplical's sugar and corn syrup add flavor—but only twelve calories per square); and Tums antacid tablets—with calcium carbonate as its active ingredient—are commonly recommended by doctors as an easy-to-take, inexpensive source of calcium (200 mg. of elemental calcium per tablet; four or five tablets daily shouldn't significantly upset acid levels in the stomach, nor cause antacid dependency).
- Timing. Because some foods inhibit the absorption of calcium, it's best to take supplements alone, on an empty stomach—either between meals or before going to sleep. ▽

Every day, this bottle is opened with anticipation by millions of women around the world. For they know they are opening up the promise of radiant beauty. The promise of Oil of Olay. Each drop, so sheer and light, penetrates beneath the skin's surface to replenish youthful fluids. Easing tiny dry lines, so that even in winter your skin stays soft and younger looking, just as you feel inside. After all, the bottle is just the beginning. Within it lies a promise that will be kept.

Beauty Hint: Share the secret of radiance this Christmas by giving Oil of Olay to someone you care about.

The new view of creative living.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VAUGHAN

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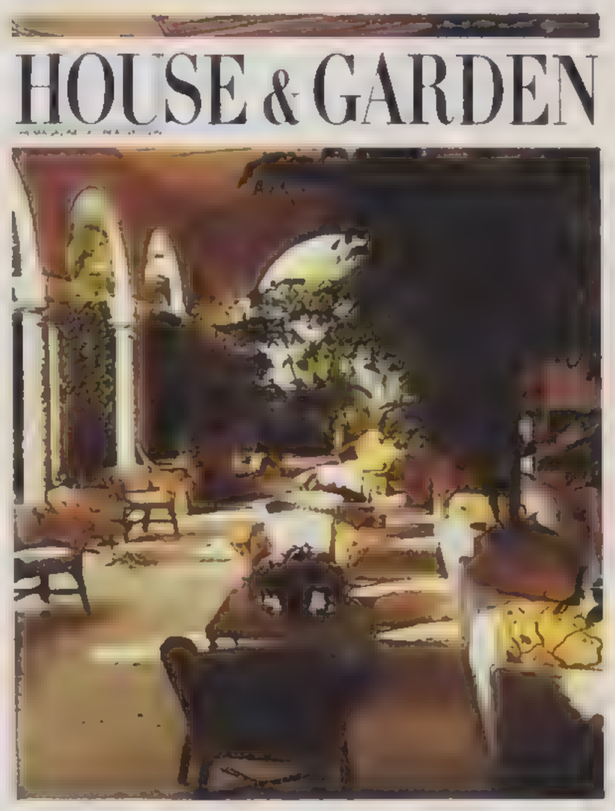

father love

(Continued from page 273)

empathic identification. Not only the Madonna and Child, but also images of Mary and Joseph with the infant Jesus and of Joseph with the Christ child were common, especially in Italy and Spain where the human interest of the Holy Family augmented the popularity of Joseph as a kindly, paternal, terrestrial father figure. This human father deliberately did not compete with the distant, patriarchal figure of God the Father. Indeed, St. Joseph emerged in baroque painting as the opposite of the wrathful Old Testament Father figure. Depicted as a loving, sweet, nurturing parent who gazes at the infant Jesus as adoringly as the Virgin, the St. Joseph of Counter-Reformation painting prefigures today's participating partner in parenting, the feminist father. This new father shares responsibility for child rearing from infancy on and, like St. Joseph, attends even the scene of childbirth.

This is how Guido Reni, one of the masters of baroque classicism, depicts St. Joseph in a recently rediscovered late painting, "St. Joseph and the Christ Child." In this exquisite and touching painting, Joseph cradles the baby as tenderly as any Madonna; indeed the obvious love he radiates seems more like unconditional mother love than the traditionally conditional expression of father love, which disciplines and punishes. The splitting of the father image into earthly and divine results in a maternal, sensitive image of St. Joseph, mortal foster father of Christ, contrasted with the *terribilità* of the distant, abstract, divine God the Father, based on the Hebrew Jehovah. This splitting of the paternal and the patriarchal may indicate the further evolution of Christian concepts of loving and forgiving away from Jewish theology. In any event, Guido Reni's St. Joseph is most unusual—a personal and intimate image of the bond between father and son.

Contemporaries of Guido Reni also painted St. Joseph with the young Jesus, but the artist's "St. Joseph and the Christ Child" is unique in directly transposing the conventional pose of the Madonna and Child, in which baby and mother are bonded from the birth as they lovingly gaze into each other's eyes, into an image of fatherly love and child care that anticipates the contemporary conception of the feminist father.

Today the name Guido Reni is familiar only to art historians and scholars; yet in 1610, the year Caravaggio died, the Bolognese master was considered the leading painter in Rome. It was precisely the sweetness, delicacy, and refinement of his style—"feminine" characteristics, if you will—that caused Guido's measured harmonious classicism to go out of style at a point when taste demanded more sensationalistic, violent, and "masculine" images. Until recently, this master, known in his time as the heir of Raphael and Titian and sought after by connoisseurs, popes, and cardinals, has been virtually as forgotten as Vermeer and El Greco were during the centuries when their art could not be understood. For El Greco to be rehabilitated, the German Expressionists had to reinvent a new way of seeing, just as the Cubist *(Continued on page 372)*

Sally Struthers' Christmas Wish.

"Somewhere in the world there is a child who will spend Christmas Day the same way he spends every other day.

"Hungry. Poor. Helpless.

"I know, because I found such a child ten years ago. I became a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"I wish you could know the joy and love I have known from sharing these past Christmases with a needy child.

"I now help care for a little boy named David who lives in a cold Bolivian village.

"Since I became his sponsor, I know David has daily meals, warm clothing and a chance to go to school. And the kind of love that every child needs.

"But all that I have given seems like nothing when I think of the new meaning sponsoring a child has given to my life.

"You can know the richness, the joy of giving to a child who needs your help.

"You can know it in time for Christmas.

"You can become a sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"All it costs is $18 a month, but you help give a child so much.

"Regular meals, medical attention, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive life.

"You needn't send any money now.

"First learn about the child who needs you.

"Just send the coupon.

"We'll send you a child's photograph and tell you about his way of life—his age, health, interests and family background.

"We'll also tell you how this child can be helped, and give you details on how you can exchange letters and share a very special part of his life.

"After you find out about the child and Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor.

"Simply send in your check or money order for $18 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

"Get to know a child who needs your help. Somewhere there is a child who wishes he could share something special with you this Christmas. Love."

Send Your Love Around The World.

Dr. James MacCracken, Executive Director, CCF, Box 26511, Richmond, VA 23261

☐ I want to sponsor a child now. Enclosed is my first monthly gift of $18. Please send photo and Sponsor Kit.

☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first $18 monthly gift within 10 days. Or I'll return the material so someone else can help.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but I'll give $_____ to help poor children.

I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either

Check the country you prefer:

☐ Wherever the need is greatest ☐ Brazil
☐ Colombia ☐ Ecuador ☐ The Gambia
☐ Guatemala ☐ Honduras ☐ India
☐ Indonesia ☐ Kenya ☐ Mexico
☐ Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Togo
☐ Uganda ☐ U.S.A. ☐ Zambia

(To sponsor more than one child, please specify the number in box[es] of your choice.)

Mr. Mrs.
Miss Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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CANADA: 1027 McNicoll Avenue East, Scarborough, Ontario M1W 3W6
Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

father love

(Continued from page 371)

revolution prepared the eye to understand the geometric constructions of Vermeer. In this context, it is perhaps not an exaggeration to view the renewed luster of the reputation of Guido Reni, despised for centuries for his "languid," "sentimental" style, as part of a revolution in consciousness that has legitimized androgyny and exalted a maternal form of father love.

As consciousness changes, so does taste. Suddenly the cool silvery harmonies of Guido Reni's later style, when he returned to Bologna from Rome to paint even more lyrical and intimate paintings, seem quite the opposite of the grandiose, rhetorical, official baroque style, expressing the wealth and pomp of the Church as an institution rather than the humble piety we perceive in a painting like "St. Joseph and the Christ Child." Here devotion is made human not only in the nature of the relationship between father and son, but also in the sublimation of eros into sensuousness in the pearly glowing flesh of the holy infant, who seems appropriately to glow with an incandescent light. Typically, the color harmonies chosen by Guido Reni are unusual combinations of pastel tints like mauve and peach that appear sweet but not saccharine to a contemporary eye educated by Matisse to understand such juxtapositions. Even the fruit held by the baby looks fleshy. Could it be a peach? Or perhaps, more appropriately, a golden apple referring to the original sin from which man will be redeemed only by the crucifixion of the blissfully innocent baby who toys with the fruit, protected by the paternal guardian, St. Joseph?

Not only St. Joseph's nurturing attitude, but also his advanced age is significant, in terms of the artist's own life as well as for contemporary behavior patterns. We know very little about Guido Reni's life. The son of a choirmaster, he opposed his father's wish that he become a musician and studied painting instead, although the lyrical feeling and harmoniously balanced fugal organization of his compositions reveal a lifelong devotion to music.

There is no mention that Guido Reni either married or had children himself. What we do know, however, is that when he painted "St. Joseph and the Christ Child" around 1640, he was about sixty-five years old, which seems to be the age of the wizened St. Joseph in his painting, if we think in terms of how people

> *Reni exalted a maternal form of father love*

looked in the seventeenth century. This seems to be a particularly personal image for the artist in failing health, once the toast of Rome, now living alone with a servant, painting small pictures in a style considered old-fashioned. Yet Guido's St. Joseph is an image that is inspiring, not despairing. There is pathos in the pairing of an old man and a newborn baby, but there is hope in the bond of continuity and interactive participation linking the two.

Perhaps the new appreciation for the art of Guido Reni, exemplified in the publication of the first complete catalogue of his work last year by D. Stephen Pepper (New York University Press) and the plans for a 1988 loan exhibition curated by Scott Schaefer of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, marks a shift in taste from an art of radical rupture with tradition to a new sense of artistic and religious continuity. Certainly, as psychoanalyst Alexander Mitscherlich emphasizes in his book *Society Without the Father*, much of the current alienation, dislocation, and lack of continuity with tradition is a result of the absence of the father from the home.

The image of the present father, exemplified by St. Joseph, as opposed to the absent father who abandons the family, is a figure of contemporary relevance. But, as Mitscherlich and other writers also point out, a father who assumes a thoroughly feminine role, becoming a surrogate nurse, creates sex role confusion for the child, which may ultimately be as dangerous to the integrity of the social fabric as the punitive, rejecting, or absent father. Moreover, one may also see the new pattern of elderly fathers in their fifties, sixties, and seventies, some, like the traditional St. Joseph, old enough to be grandfathers to their wives, as an assertion of the masculine prerogative based on the fundamental inequality between the sexes, for whom the biological clock ticks at different rates.

Today, Guido Reni's "St. Joseph and the Christ Child" resonates with contemporary relevance and a moving and original artistic beauty. Unambiguous in its sincere religious sentiment, the painting remains highly provocative in its projection of an understanding of the relationship between men and babies. This basic relationship is fundamental to the future evolution of the human personality. By inference it is also the key to the relationship between men and women who, despite all the inventions of modern science, continue actually to carry life and to give birth, a function no father, no matter how maternal, can usurp. ▽

paloma picasso

(Continued from page 328)

display of filial pride? But no. Apart from a few carefully contrived effects—like the radiant portrait of Marie-Thérèse Walter (the sexy blond who was the artist's mistress and principal model from 1927 to 1937) in one of those enormous ebony frames usually seen on a Rembrandt, or the mammoth sanguine drawing of Picasso's eldest child, Paulo, as a baby, that dominates the space behind Rafael's desk in the library—the hanging is very low-key. Paloma's treasures are the more impressive for being treated casually, like the family things they are.

What a thrill it is, especially for an art historian like myself, to come upon so many works that are virtually unexhibited or unpublished, like the 1922 portrait of the artist's first wife, Olga—a masterpiece enthroned, appropriately, in the dining room that evokes the same 'twenties period. And what a relief it is to find paintings that have retained their studio freshness, the bloom that hands other than artists' can so easily destroy. What is more, most of the things on Paloma's walls are bull's-eyes in terms of quality—evidence of the astute choices she made when the Picasso estate was divided up.

Children of genius—particularly of a genius as paradoxically tender and misogynistic as Picasso—have a heavy burden to bear. But Paloma is straightforward and strong-willed and has never behaved as if her parentage weighed her down, or as if she resented her father's gigantic shadow. On the contrary, she seems to have inherited so much of Picasso's spirit and energy that she has had no problems striking out and making a career on her own. Even if her name were not Picasso the world would have heard of Paloma, for she is infinitely protean, infinitely enterprising. Some years back she starred in a French movie, *Immoral Tales*, in which she gave an unforgettable performance as the murderous Countess Báthory—a female Gilles de Retz who was the scandal of seventeenth-century Hungary. She managed to be so formidably sexy, so horribly convincing that one can only regret that she hasn't played more wicked-lady roles. A few years later, Paloma wanted to star in a movie about Coco Chanel: perfect casting given that she has Chanel's *chien* (her sense of style), but in the end nothing came of the project. "One of these days when I have more time . . ." she sighs.

And indeed, most of her time is taken up with work for Tiffany & Company, where she has established such a name for herself that she is no longer regarded as her father's daughter. Paloma's jewelry designs have given new life to a craft that was, in America at least, dying of dreariness. Until she came along, young women who wanted a decent piece of jewelry had to make do with one of those demure bracelets or pendants that daddy traditionally gave the Prom Princess for her graduation. Or they had to fall back on those matronly baubles that put decades on whoever wears them. Costume jewelry, it seemed, was far more adventurous. Paloma has changed all that. She has come up with a look in real jewelry that is bold and chunky and instantly recognizable: sophisticated yet youthful, eye-catching yet cool. As her great friend Jack Loring, Tiffany's senior vice president and design director who lured her to the company, says, "Paloma has taken the gaudiness out of jewelry, but kept the glitter. She is never overawed by precious stones or precious metals. And because she has this assurance, this comfortable relationship with very valuable things (some of her pieces are valued at half a million dollars), she works them to perfection."

Meanwhile Paloma has also proved herself in yet another area, the booby-trapped field of fragrance. Instead of coasting along on her name, Paloma supervised every detail of packaging; and then, accompanied by Rafael, went out on the road for months on end to market her eponymous products. As a result the "Paloma Picasso" perfume is now an established success. But then I am beginning to suspect that there is virtually nothing that Paloma, given her energy and panache, cannot do. Decorating is a case in point. As her husband says, "Paloma can do anything but cook." ▽

libby riddles

(Continued from page 333)

moose killed two of her dogs and injured several others. Butcher had to drop from the race.

To live in Alaska is a choice few people would make; to live in a remote and northerly part of Alaska is a choice even fewer people would make, but it's one that Libby Riddles made eleven years ago, in St. Cloud, Minnesota, just before turning seventeen. Tall, strikingly blond, with large blue eyes, she seems to possess the right stuff for survival in rural Alaska—self-sufficiency and common sense. When she describes her life in Teller, a small town seventy miles north of Nome, on the Bering Sea, there seems to be no question in her mind that her decision to go to Alaska was a sound one.

Libby has always had an interest in animals, but in Alaska that interest has grown into a livelihood. She and her friend Joe Garnie, who also happens to be the mayor of Teller, raise dogs both to sell and to race. Training good sled dogs is extraordinarily time consuming. Even before the pups are born, their mothers are well fed. When the pups are three or four weeks old, Riddles begins to hold and handle them a lot to compensate for their tendency to be shy or standoffish. When they are a few months old, she will let them run loose behind a team; and by the time they are six or seven months old, being hitched up in a harness will not seem unusual. In the end, what Riddles hopes to have is an animal that is very fast, pays attention, and is manageable.

Everything points toward racing, especially the Iditarod—where all one's efforts to train and put together the best possible team are not only given their stiffest test, but are paid off if one should place among the top finishers.

As winner of this year's Iditarod, Riddles earned fifty thousand dollars, not much money when one considers the time the race took and the risks it offered, nor when one considers what other athletes earn for premier events in their sports. In fact, dog racing costs money. Beside the $1249 entry fee, Iditarod drivers will spend at least four or five thousand dollars on the equipment and dog food they'll need for the race.

One doesn't get rich by winning an Iditarod, which may be why the event has an element of purity about it and its participants seem honestly involved in its challenges. Riddles herself has none of the vanity that characterizes other athletes. She shares none of their tiresome confusion over whether they are athletes or entertainers, nor does she speak in platitudes that she feels will enhance her marketability. There is none of that about her. She is remarkably straightforward and modest.

She differs from other athletes, too, in the relatively casual way she looks after herself. Staying in shape poses no special problems for her. Riddles eats what she and Garnie can catch or shoot themselves. For them, eating to win means lots of fresh salmon, white fish, and flounder. And for meat, lots of moose and occasionally reindeer or rabbit. Instead of relying on fashionable weight-training programs or sophisticated exercise regimens, Riddles keeps trim by hauling firewood and by fetching drinking water for her dogs. Her normal round of chores gives her all the muscle she needs.

Because she and Joe Garnie are partners and share their dogs, picking from among them the ones that will make the best single team, Riddles and Garnie never race against each other. This year, it was Libby's turn to race the Iditarod, next year it will be Garnie's.

Such reciprocity may say something about the term of endurance in a difficult climate. It certainly suggests that Libby Riddle's humaneness—exemplified by the care she gives her dogs—extends to her relations with people. She seems to know what many of us have yet to learn—that mutuality is an act of survival. ▽

bill irwin

(Continued from page 308)

face is as open as a palm, he has light-blue eyes and rusty hair and a surprisingly solid build. But he has the ingratiating gift of *appearing* helpless, like Christopher Reeve, whom he somewhat resembles, playing Clark Kent. Like so many creative people, Irwin has a peculiarly vivid recollection of being a child, of being undersized and overawed. It was paranoia, he says, that taught him how to be inventive. "I used to get lost at school," Irwin recalls, over the racket of a coffee shop on Manhattan's far West Side, where small plays go to incubate. "I wouldn't remember what room to go to. So I'd invent an illness, because I knew where the nurse's office was."

Irwin also recalls his dreams—recurrent dreams of flying. Irwin's father, it turns out, had the same dreams. Irwin senior became an aerospace engineer; Irwin junior, a dancer. Before he discovered dance, Irwin was also fascinated by physical comedy. "In junior high school," he says, "I used to watch Jackie Gleason. And I used to be so thrilled realizing why it would be funny. He'd talk Ed Norton into quitting when Ed didn't have another job, and this *look* would come over Ed's face." Irwin performs the mime's conjuring trick of passing a hand over his face to reveal a shocked expression.

In his professional education, Irwin migrated back and forth between the traditional and the experimental. In 1968, he enrolled as a theater major at UCLA. But Stanislavski seemed reactionary at the time, so he switched to dance. Two years later, he joined the radical, non-illusionistic California Institute of the Arts, where "bourgeois" theater was considered a form of cultural pathology. Irwin may not have despised bourgeois gimmickry enough to be altogether at home there. In 1974, he enrolled in the Ringling Clown College, where he learned the noble and ancient art of the pratfall.

Irwin was now a card-carrying member of the impoverished West Coast avant-garde. He made money juggling in hotel suites at corporate shows, working as an artist-in-the-schools in the federally financed employment program known as CETA, taking odd jobs. Meanwhile, he wrote and performed clown dramas. And then came *The Regard of Flight*, the sort of show that normally vanishes into the *(Continued on page 374)*

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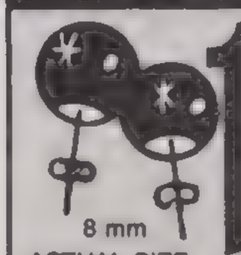

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bill irwin

(Continued from page 373)

black hole of New York cultural life. This one did not; it became a must-see.

The Regard showcased Irwin's incredible mimetic skills. He jammed on a crumpled hat, twisted his face into a grimace, puffed out his cheeks, sank down until he was almost walking on his ankles, waddled across the stage, and presto!—he was a shrunken and sour old man. He stepped into a trunk and seemed to walk downstairs inside it, until he vanished. It was vaudeville, viewed ironically, restored lovingly. The play had a hero—Irwin—and a villain—"the new theater," an esthetic killjoy frowning darkly at entertainment and fun. Between hijinks, Irwin intoned lines like "I'm trying to be here in this space now." The pianist and narrator, Doug Skinner, interrupted a wild chase scene up and down the aisles to explain "environmental staging." In the final scene, our beleaguered hero drove a giant pencil through a critic's heart.

The Courtroom, a far more ambitious production which appeared this past May, is a cross between Kafka and the Keystone Kops, with lawyers storming the bench to overthrow the judge (played by a dyspeptic Irwin), but also with show-stopping bits of jugglery, tap-dancing, and even break-dancing. *The Courtroom* is half vaudeville, half narrative—two forms in search of a marriage. It has all the earmarks of a talented artist trying to accommodate his many talents.

Irwin describes himself as an actor first, a writer second, and a mime last, which may explain why his mimetic gifts get such short shrift in *The Courtroom.* But as a mime, Irwin is a rare poet, a poet of comedy and pathos. In the last of *The Clown Bagatelles,* a group of pieces that followed *The Regard of Flight,* he plays a puppet, dressed as Pierrot. Strings seem to tug at his bent elbows and knees as the invisible puppet master marches him in a silly dance. And then something happens. He feels behind his head—the strings are gone. For one glorious moment, the puppet is free. He slowly swings his head upward and gazes in astonishment and joy. He jerks his own limbs and collapses—a wooden toy that imagined itself a man—into the puppet master's box.

"I try to make people laugh," says Bill Irwin wistfully, "but that doesn't necessarily make them happy." ▽

emanuel ungaro

(Continued from page 302)

rediscover the teachings of Balenciaga. His rules are still with us—they are golden rules. Every designer today has a debt to him."

When after six years the time had come for Ungaro to strike out on his own, he left his mentor and went briefly to work with another Balenciaga disciple, André Courrèges. Then finally, in 1965, Ungaro and Sonja Knapp, a Swiss-born graphic artist and his girl friend at the time, established the house of Ungaro in a one-room studio on the Avenue MacMahon. His first collection was, he says, "a cry, I was calling out in my own voice. I was terrified." There is nothing from that collection that he would want to salvage. "That time in fashion was in fact very strange. We were working under the cover of a modernism that was completely fake. It was the era of Op Art, which is nothing today. Those years have disappeared completely."

The clothes Ungaro designed during the 1960s look more like the 'sixties than like Ungaro—a white organza bell-bottom jumpsuit with daisies appliquéd around it in rows, for instance, or a steel brassiere above wide-leg pants of black-and-white feathers, layered in tiers. It's hard to evaluate these clothes, because they look so alien to us now. Even so, you can see in them certain indications of the designer Ungaro would eventually become: as small as clothes were at the time, Ungaro's were never skimpy, and however geometric their cut, his were never harsh.

Once past the 'sixties, the style that we recognize as his began to emerge in the terms familiar to us today. In 1971, Ungaro pioneered the so-called "layered look," with leggings and a maillot as the base, to which a woman could add any number of lightweight pieces. As time went on, he furnished her with unlined jackets, sarong skirts, and various coverings of ethnic origins—djellabas, burnooses, and, for evening, oversized tasseled shawls. These came to be characterized by intrepid combinations of fabrics and prints. By the mid-1970s, the after-image of an Ungaro collection was one of stripes, tweeds, prints, and plaids, together and in motion.

When Ungaro first mixed different prints, he was scolded for it in the press. Since then, the idea has been adopted and interpreted in different ways by dozens of other designers. The current penchant for bright colors with black also made its debut on Ungaro's runway; he is rarely given the credit. Ungaro shrugs. Scoring points in fashion requires a certain awareness of what other designers are up to and a knack for timing your ideas just ahead of the pack; Ungaro has been too intent on his own work to scan the field and look over his shoulder. "I was not an opportunist. I was not calculating, thinking about how to be successful, how to please people. I was giving everything I had, like a young horse. I did these collections with my heart prevailing."

He is unstinting with his ideas. Some designers differentiate between couture and ready-to-wear in their minds, and so design ready-to-wear that is simpler in concept, saving their more original ideas for the couture. But Ungaro brings the same vision—a couturier's vision—to both. Couture is Ungaro's first language, in which he thinks and dreams. His ready-to-wear is in principle mass-produced couture, and it looks accordingly special.

Like George Balanchine who, when asked about choreography, would posit that making a ballet was like making an omelet and then launch into a recipe, Ungaro when asked about the clothes he designs changes the subject. "I did the collection—I can't say more than that. The images are there, you can see it. If you can't understand, if you need an explanation, forget it."

The conversation is switched to music, which as it turns out is a topic not all that far from Ungaro's work. "Music is an atmosphere for me," he says. While he works, he listens to the same piece over and over again, until every note is familiar. There was, he recalls, one collection that took shape to the strains of Mozart's *Idomeneo*; another, to *Parsifal*, though he now finds Wagner's music too imposing to work by.

Ungaro chooses the "score" for his collections painstakingly, and his use of it is pointed. "The significance of the collection is in the music," he says. This season, for example, he decided on Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" to accompany a group of printed silk dresses. And the resemblance is apparent: there are brash harmonies, bright-colored snatches of melody, wild syncopation—a happy clamor that one hears in the music and sees in the clothes.

When he thinks back over the past twenty years, the collections that stand out in memory are the momentous failures, which he recalls fondly. "I did eight years ago a collection inspired by the paintings of Balthus—all satin charmeuse, in very strange colors put together. The music was Ravel, who is for me a genius, the most fantastic inventor of forms. The outcome was fabulous but such a flop, you cannot imagine." And then there was the time he cleared his reception area and turned it into "a real jungle, with a lion, a chimpanzee, birds, humidity, and so on. I was at the time completely impressed by *esotérisme*, and I decided that I wanted to make a *parcours initiatique*, a course of initiatory experiences, so that people who came to the house would have to go through one situation, another situation, then a third. I had the taste of adventure. So, the audience came through a dark corridor, arrived in a dark room, and in the dark we played the opening of *The Magic Flute*. Then the lights came up and we began the collection."

In fact, the progress of Ungaro's career sounds like a *parcours initiatique* he has laid out for himself. "I had to do certain things, even if I knew they were difficult for people to understand," he says. "And if I exposed myself, I had to accept the criticism, because I was doing what I needed to do, for myself."

If he has on occasion been misunderstood, Ungaro is willing to bear his share of the blame. To the extent that the clothes convey his attitude toward designing them, that attitude has been at times "violent and aggressive. I was transmitting my own anguish, my anxiety, my *inquiétude. Mes interrogations étaient énormes.*"

Ungaro's style has ripened; he has entered into the phase of his maturity. "Now I work inside a world, like—please excuse the comparison—Beethoven. When he wrote the last quartets, he was furthering music, but within the world of his own music—he did not all of a sudden write music like Schumann. You create your own world as you go along. Working inside of it is a limitation but so rich, so full of possibilities. It is the same song, always the same song, but each time you have to find new words for it."

Women are for Ungaro an obsession; they are his subject, and clothes are his medium. "I think all the time about women—what they want, what they expect. They expect to seduce. When I am doing a dress, I am always thinking, Would a woman in that dress be seductive? Seductive,

with restraint. Which is, of course, the height of eroticism. The most erotic scene in any movie to me is in *Gilda*, when Rita Hayworth takes off her gloves—the way she does it, it is more erotic than if she were taking off her dress.'' Like Picasso, like Balanchine, Ungaro exercises his fascination with women in his work. Like them, he seems to view women as foreign, enigmatic, and ultimately unknowable.

In the twenty years since he opened a house in his own name, the circumstances of fashion have changed completely. ''It's not fashion for its own sake anymore, it's fashion for the sake of the woman who wears it. I think we are now in another consciousness, much more intimate, more personal, with more interest in discovering a woman's true identity. When a woman does not lie to herself, at that moment the clothes she wears can play a good role.'' Well then, how important is it today that a woman be beautiful? ''Bah,'' Ungaro says scornfully, ''who is beautiful? Ava Gardner is beautiful.'' All right, how about intelligent? ''It's absolutely important. And more important than that is a sense of humor. If a woman knows how to laugh and to make a man laugh, she is a winner.''

The personification of this ideal Ungaro has in mind is Anouk Aimée, who now appears in advertisements as the official image of the house. ''She's a miracle, this woman,'' he says, extolling her femininity, her mystery, her elegance, her charm. She has been an obsession, he admits, ''a dream for me,'' ever since he first saw her in a film, *Les Mauvaises Rencontres*, in 1955. She was a young actress; he was young, too, still living in Aix-en-Provence, and he came to Paris, he says, on account of this film, parts of which were set there. Twenty-some years later—a few years ago—he finally met Aimée and said, as an opening line, ''At last, you are here.''

If there is one genre that a designer does well consistently, it is often a reliable indication of where his sympathies lie. Ungaro excels in several genres, but perhaps most notably in dinner dresses, and this seems somehow fitting, for the woman he has in mind is the type who would be seen to splendid advantage over a quiet dinner with friends. Ungaro's clothes are grandiloquent enough to command the attention of a roomful of people, but they also invite closer inspection; the woman wearing them must know not only how to make an entrance but how to substantiate that entrance as the evening wears on.

Ungaro's clothes are not for everyone. The world they refer to is cultivated, rarefied, once removed from the gritty realities of everyday life: the audience at an Ungaro collection breathes a thinner air. These clothes suggest a woman who is confident, fascinating, ambitious perhaps, but not on the make. She does not insist on herself. She looks curiously vulnerable, possibly because she is wearing clothes that are soft, without any bulk. Instead of standing away from the body and creating a shape of their own around it, like modern armor, Ungaro's clothes fall against the body and slide along the skin.

In twenty years, Ungaro has never designed a single garment that looks mannish or tough. He has been content to leave menswear and its various permutations to men to wear; women's clothing is for him a world sufficient unto itself. He works within the tradition of dressmaking, in a line of direct descent from Charles Frederick Worth, who drew his inspiration from a vast array of sources and then channeled it into the play of fabric on the female body. There is about Ungaro's clothes, no matter how complicated, a certain purity that sets them apart from the rest of fashion today. In an era that is no longer exactly sure what the terms ''masculine'' and ''feminine'' entail, Ungaro has managed to transcend the confusion and produce clothes that are emphatically, unmistakably feminine. The provocative dissonance that is conjured up by the sight of a woman in a double-breasted blazer or tuxedo pants or any other garment that is prototypically masculine does not figure in the clothes Ungaro designs. The woman who wears them transmits a sex appeal that is not at all androgynous, nor is it aggressive. Her fascination lies elsewhere, in her knowingness. In an era dominated by *garçonnes* and sirens, she is a sphinx. ▽

Holly Brubach *is an ''Atlantic'' staff writer.*

one nation, divided

(Continued from page 316)

consumer culture. Religion can also endow the rest of one's beliefs and opinions with an inarguable kind of sanctity, and this is as true on the growing religious left as on the religious right.

The religious left has no mighty network of organizations comparable to that of the religious right, but what there is of an organized American left—what's emerged after the dissolution of the ''new left'' of the 'sixties—has taken an increasingly religious form. Black churches, many of them as conservative in religious matters as those of the Christian right, have been a major liberal force since the Civil Rights movement, and they have already produced one presidential candidate, the Rev. Jesse Jackson. But perhaps the most surprising voice from the left has been the Catholic church, which entered the political fray in 1973 to oppose abortion but then parted company with the religious right over the issue of nuclear weapons. In their most recent foray into secular affairs, the American Catholic bishops are preparing a pastoral letter that is expected to call for expanded federal efforts to fight poverty—a form of Christian compassion that is anathema to most of the religious right.

Both the religious right and the religious left claim to have God on their side, but it is the right that has powerful friends on earth. The activist wing of the religious left is a low-budget, grassroots effort that resembles, in spirit and daring, the early Christians under the Roman empire. An estimated ten thousand congregations (Jewish as well as Christian) support the sanctuary movement, which offers havens and a public forum to Central American refugees whose lives would be endangered if they were deported. One religious network sends lay people and clergy to camp out, almost literally, on the Nicaraguan borders, to discourage the U.S.-backed *contras* from attacking. Other groups encourage their constituencies to ''bear witness''—nonviolently, but not necessarily legally—against the arms race, U.S. intervention in Central *(Continued on page 376)*

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one nation, divided

(Continued from page 375)

America, apartheid, and occasionally against abortion, which some of the religious left opposes almost as fervently as the right.

On the other side, the Republican party gave its stamp of approval to the Christian right by having the Rev. James Robison give the opening prayer at the 1984 Dallas convention. A somewhat rough-edged version of Falwell, Robison has said that "the nonChristian can't understand spiritual things," and once defined an anti-Semite as "someone who hates Jews more than he's supposed to." President Reagan is openly supportive of the Christian right, and at a 1984 gathering of (right-wing) religious broadcasters, he approvingly quoted singer Pat Boone to the effect that it would be better to have one's children "die now believing in God than live to grow up under communism . . . no longer believing in God." The President has also confided in a number of people, including Jerry Falwell and former California state senator James Mills, his belief that nuclear war is the Armageddon prophesied in the Bible, and is therefore inevitable.

If we had to choose between the religious right and the religious left, most of us would probably have no trouble deciding with which side our sympathies lie. A deeper question may be whether this is a choice we want to have to make—and whether the Christianizing of politics is compatible with the democratic process.

The founding fathers evidently thought it was not, and took pains to build our Constitutional "wall" of separation between church and state. One reason that they did not, as the Christian right claims, establish a "Christian nation" was that they respected the religious diversity of the young nation, and knew there would be trouble if the new government appeared to favor any particular sect or denomination. But there is another reason, which is seldom mentioned in history textbooks: the founding fathers did not make this a Christian nation because they were, for the most part, not Christians at all.

Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, and many of their co-revolutionaries, including, in all likelihood, George Washington, were deists, meaning they believed that God may have started the universe but had departed shortly after laying down the laws of nature. Some of them were overtly hostile to religion. Revolutionary war hero Ethan Allen wrote the first anti-Christian book published in America, entitled *Reason: The Only Oracle of Man*. Jefferson, who was, for all practical purposes, an atheist, believed that organized religion was universally "hostile to liberty." Although generally more discreet about his religious views, George Washington approved the 1797 Treaty with Tripoli that stated unequivocally, "The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

Nor were the founding fathers alone in their beliefs, or lack of them. If there had been a best-seller's list in the early republic, it would have included the works of free-thinkers like Voltaire, Rousseau, and Thomas Paine (whose *Age of Reason* is said to have converted thousands of Americans away from Christianity). No one, therefore, seems to have thought it strange that the Constitutional Convention proceeded without any religious invocation or blessing, and that the Constitution itself makes only one reference to the deity—in the date, "Seventeenth Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty-seven."

America's irreligious tradition includes not only the founding fathers, but Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, and Eugene V. Debs, the early twentieth-century socialist leader. Throughout the otherwise deeply religious nineteenth-century, "free thought" (or atheist) periodicals and organizations flourished, especially among poorer people like my ancestors and, as far as I can tell, many of their neighbors and co-workers in the Old West. Among America's better-known religious skeptics were Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln, and feminist leader Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who believed "the Bible and Church have been the greatest stumbling block in the way of women's emancipation."

It was only in the 1950s that nervous patriots began to equate religious faith with "Americanism." As Senator Joseph McCarthy saw it, "The fate of the world rests with the clash between the atheism of Moscow and the Christian spirit. . . ." In 1954, the phrase "under God" was inserted into the pledge of allegiance, apparently at the urging of President Eisenhower's pastor, who reportedly worried that the God-free version could "just as easily be repeated by little Muscovites pledging allegiance to the hammer and sickle." Two years later, "In God We Trust" was adopted as the national motto, without debate or a single dissenting vote in the House or the Senate. It was as if, in the global confrontation with communism, Americans wanted to be sure of being on God's home team.

Americans want to be on God's home team

Today's religious right is, in a number of ways, descended from the "Christian anti-communist movement" of the 'fifties, but until recently the Fundamentalists kept a chaste distance from the political fray. In the 'sixties, Jerry Falwell even criticized his fellow clergyman Martin Luther King, Jr., for becoming too involved in worldly matters. But a number of developments—the 1963 Supreme Court decision against school prayer, the Civil Rights movement and the resulting drive for integration, the perceived sinfulness of post-'sixties' America—finally goaded the (mostly white) Fundamentalists into battle with a hostile world. If they seem excessively belligerent about their political views, it is because they are used to thinking of themselves not as a "moral majority" but as a persecuted and excluded minority.

Whether the religious right succeeds in remaking America to suit its beliefs remains to be seen. In some areas, like their campaign against the teaching of evolution, they have lost ground; the California Board of Education recently decided that no available textbook for seventh- and eighth-grade science gives *enough* space to evolution. In other areas, they appear to have lost face. Certainly Jerry Falwell's outspoken advocacy of the white-minority government of South Africa has not increased his stature as a moral leader. Yet the institutions of the religious right—especially the schools that are preparing a new generation of the politically and spiritually committed—are thriving. The threat—or as some see it, the promise—of a Christian nation will be with us for some time to come.

Surely no one would insist that religious groups should have no voice in the political dialogue just because they *are* religious. Nor is it easy to quarrel with religious activists when they say that they are simply bringing morality into politics: We all make efforts—if only by writing an occasional letter to a congressman—to bring public policy into line with our personal sense of right and wrong. But when religion is defined as the only source of morality, and when a handful of religious leaders are in a position to define religious truth, we put our democratic tradition at risk, in at least two clear and obvious ways.

First, we potentially limit who can have a voice. It is no wonder that Jewish groups have been particularly outspoken in defense of church/state separation; in a "Christian nation," Jews would have no place. Even defining our political tradition as "Judeo-Christian"—as many leaders of the Christian right now do—leaves out the millions of American adherents of minority religions, such as Islam, not to mention all of us who are atheists or undecided. If nothing else, we should worry about adopting politico-religious assumptions that would have excluded Lincoln and baffled George Washington.

Second, any set of convictions derived either from dogma or personal revelation is, by its nature, beyond discussion—and if there is anything that democracy requires of us, it *is* discussion. When one side says that God commands us to build more nuclear weapons, and the other side says God commands us to tear them down, then there is really nothing that the two sides can say to each other. As the Fundamentalist bumper-sticker says, "The Bible said it, I believe it, and that's all there is to it." Only when we ask, "What is best for the world?" without resorting to supernatural authority to foreclose the question, do we open up the possibility of truly democratic decision-making.

It seems we are witnessing not so much a revival of faith in God as a decline of faith in democracy. We are deeply—and emotionally—divided over issues from abortion to federal spending, and we seem to have given up on the possibility of reasoning with each other. If God has endorsed our opinions, we are saved from the slow and demanding task of arguing our position and trying to convince our neighbors. We have only to invoke His name and rush to the barricades with banners proclaiming His support—secure in the knowledge that our adversaries are not only wrong, but probably damned as well.

Yet citizenship, in a democracy, means nothing if we are not willing to listen, to argue, to reflect, and sometimes to be persuaded of a new point of view. What we need most is not less faith, but more—faith in each other as reasonable people and rational citizens, and faith in the democratic process, imperfect as it is, that our infidel founding fathers left to us instead of a God. ▽

(Continued from page 315)

through having a child born, through a great love experience, even, as I've said, through betrayal. Something tremendous happens to them, makes them aware they are connected to something transcendent. It may be the most powerful experience of their life, and they put it in the back of their bureau drawer, only to be taken out on special occasions. It doesn't yield a religious life. It's only a moment. Others have such big moments and use them to fuel a career, or to become a new charismatic leader, or to gain power over others. That is not a religious life. Religious life is housing these moments in a way that gives back to their source what has been given to us.

DM: *What about the people who say, "God told me to do such and such"?*
ABU: What's left out there is the full response of the human psyche. To have the impulse "I'm going to murder this girl because God told me to do it" or the idea "God told me I'm the new Christ" is not enough. Such poor souls spend the rest of their lives in the back wards of mental hospitals. It's almost as if the religious moment has burned out the psyche, and there's nothing left but an empty shell and this crude, powerful, primordial impulse with nothing to domesticate it, humanize it, weave it into the textures of the ego world of time and space and having a job, having friends, growing old.

DM: *How do you know when it's the real thing?*
ABU: All the sources say the same thing: By the results. St. Theresa of Ávila says the result of the mystical union of the soul with God is work—loving work on behalf of others. If that's the result, we know the experience was of a religious impulse rather than religious fanaticism. Jung says the same thing in different language. He says if the result of a religious experience is to make us more nasty, sullen, power-ridden, we can be pretty sure it was from what we call "the devil." If the result is to make us more gracious, more bold, more loving, more kind, we can trust that it is a genuine religious impulse.

DM: *But how do we know we are not talking about some psychological need when we are talking about the "religious impulse"?*
ABU: Well, it certainly has been talked about that way. For Freud, it was our father projected into the heavens. For other theorists, it's been our need for social order. For still others, it amounts to projections of other family members—mothers or brothers or, now, sisters. Or, some say, God is the unconscious projected into the heavens or the earth or wherever we place the divine, the transcendent.

The question can be stated this way: is the unconscious the transcendent, or is it another medium through which transcendent things happen or come to us? I take the latter position: I don't think the unconscious is the divine, but I think it is a means of access to the divine.

DM: *Doesn't being "religious" also mean adhering to your own vision of who or what is the transcendent authority? A view that is necessarily at odds with another religion's point of view?*
ABU: Certainly all the great battles that tear apart our world are, in essence, over competing visions of what transcendent authority is. Sadly, in the history of the world and certainly in the history of religion, they have been extremely divisive. Political battles are finally battles over visions of what the good and true are; and that, in turn, is based on what the vision of the good really amounts to. If we say, "Now I really have the truth," and use it as a club to force everybody else in line, something that might have been divinely inspired has been put to demonic use.

We must remember that religion itself is a human product. It doesn't come ready-made and packaged. And it's no guarantee of universal happiness any more than a political system. It offers no immunity from evil and wickedness.

DM: *What about religious groups who lobby against issues like abortion, basing their views on intensely felt beliefs or dogma? What does the word "religious" mean in this regard?*
ABU: Dogma is a set of rock-bottom truths that are self-evident to those who accept them, largely beyond argument or laboratory experimentation. It is the work of countless generations, countless prayers, and insights into the human experience of the divine. Jung calls it the collective dream of mankind. Dogma should be a firm standing against fads, for, at its best it is a container in which feelings about central issues can be sorted out and guided. But when dogma loses its healing thrust and comes to be used as a wall against the unconscious, the unconscious will erupt. The result is that more and more experience accumulates outside the house of dogma, and then people lose their faith and abandon their religious beliefs.

Now let's take a difficult example. Abortion. Whether we believe in the dogma prohibiting it—and for some Catholics it is a dogma—or whether we strongly favor a woman's right to choose that option, the underlying point for both sides is that life is precious. That is the point. A mother's life, too.

I think that the religious point of view is to lead people to meditative acts and spaces where we can struggle to house both the conscious and unconscious and to permit the unconscious to erupt and consciousness to reflect.

The antiabortionist connects to the unconsciousness of instinct. You've got into this, so you can suffer. You have no choice. It doesn't matter how you feel about it. But we can also veer too much toward the conscious side. For example, to want to legislate abortion on demand for minors without knowledge of their parents is to overlook all the unconscious dimensions that went into seeking intimate sexual contact and resulted in pregnancy at such an early age.

In all of these issues, regardless of which side one takes, a real hatred of the female is operating. It is expressed in an unwillingness to recognize the reality of the feminine—the actual, particular experience of real women. It is also very important consciously to differentiate ourselves from our unconscious assumptions that to be feminine is to be maternal.

DM: *That is an equation set forth in so many of the world's religions.*
ABU: Yes. And it's one that ignores that two thousand years of Judeo-Christian tradition have established a life of the individual soul in relation to God. Woman is not only blood and milk and fertility. She is capable of theological discourse. She is capable of being damned; she is capable of being summoned. She is a person.

DM: *What peculiarly feminine qualities can women contribute to religious dialogue?*
ABU: To encourage people not to look to the abstract, the general, that which applies to all situations, but to come to the particular, the actual, the embedded, the many levels. You will find this idea in the symbology of the feminine. Think of Mary—she's the one that many Catholics pray to for their particular concerns. Will their crops fail? Is their child all right? Because she shares the human body, the attacks of aging, the trials involved in raising children.

The psychoanalyst Melanie Klein has said that all of us go through a feminine and a masculine position. My husband and I wrote a book called *Religion and the Unconscious* in which we contrasted the "matriarchal" and the "patriarchal" superego—that is, the conscience. The matriarchal conscience is much closer to the unconscious. It's characterized by moral ambiguity, mixtures of conscious and unconscious, affect and reason, good and bad, love and hate. The patriarchal conscience is more removed from experience, concerned with principles that can be "fairly" imposed on all—the sort of conscience institutionalized, say, in law school.

When the matriarchal level of conscience is projected onto institutions in society, you get, for example, the kind of school where I teach, whose ability to make room for many different kinds of students, and students going through patches of problems, is much greater than in a school that might be characterized as having more of the patriarchal conscience. But the patriarchal conscience has much to recommend it and shouldn't be buried in our present veering toward the matriarchal conscience.

DM: *Then you do see the matriarchal conscience operating in religion today?*
ABU: Yes. And it's both good and bad. I think in the sort of wishy-washy, flabby stance the church is taking, you see all the problems of the matriarchal conscience. The churches and synagogues seem to have lost a clear, assertive voice about traditional doctrines. Their attitude toward God's healing intervention in our lives, for example, is so uncertain that it appears to be as doubting as a non-believer's. I think part of the reason the strong fundamentalist groups have grown up is that the mainline church is often not clear about what there is to believe in.

Let's take one of the central beliefs of the Christian faith, the resurrection. Now, did it happen, or is it "merely symbolic"? The question itself betrays a misunderstanding of the word "symbolic," as well as doctrine. It is this kind of not-really-knowing grey area that attracts people to someone, perhaps on the far right, who says, "Well, now, I know what it is. It's this high, and it's this wide, and this is how you do it."

On the positive side, I think there is more of a feminization of the church and synagogue in the sense that people are taking more seriously the need to listen to where (Continued on page 378)

spiritual hunger

(Continued from page 377)

people are and where they are in their pain, so that they can be encompassed in these communities of faith rather than having to go outside in order to survive.

DM: *Do you see any lowering of the walls religions have built around themselves?*
ABU: To be religious, to be conscious of one's connection to the transcendent, also means to know that we *all* have this capacity. When we know that it belongs to our neighbors as much as to ourselves, our way of posing religious questions becomes less literal, more symbolic, less finalistic, more flexible.

I saw an encouraging example last year at Middlebury College in Vermont in a three-day conference on Christianity and Buddhism. Three Christians and three Buddhists lectured and listened to one another's lectures, served on a panel together, and conducted a worship service together. The service was a very moving thing to see—kids in sneakers next to shaven-headed monks and nuns in golden robes.

One of the Buddhists who was part of this conference was His Holiness the Dalai Lama from Tibet. He walked in with his bright-yellow and burgundy robes, and behind him were the rest of us in our big Batman-like academic gowns. Lining the path to the chapel were hundreds of Tibetan refugees singing their national anthem and waving flags of a country they no longer possess, holding up their children with tears running down their faces. For, to them, the Dalai Lama *is* transcendent authority made visible.

I don't think this would have happened ten years ago in this country. The point of it is that the differences between the two visions remain; but the hunger for that state of psyche, for that state of awareness in which we are capable of connection to what is central, is great enough to allow us to listen past our differences, not hopping over them, or denying them, but housing them, making room for them, without having to decide who is right and who is wrong.

Ann Belford Ulanov's *books include "Receiving Woman: Studies in the Theology and Psychology of the Feminine" and, with her husband, Barry Ulanov, Ph.D., "Cinderella and Her Sisters: The Envied and the Envying." The Ulanovs are at work on "The Witch and the Clown: Two Archetypes of Sexual Identity."*

fashion information

Page 48: Hat, Charivari, NYC. Choker, Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **188:** Earrings at Robert Lee Morris, NYC; Miriam Rubins, Beverly Hills. **210:** French porcelain plate, 19th c.; Empire silverplated vegetable dish, 19th c.; Regency silverplated candelabra, 19th c. and Directoire table, 18th c., all from Malmaison Antiques, NYC. Russian sterling silver flatware, c. 1830; English decanter, c. 1800; and English crystal wineglass, c. 1790, all from Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC. *Bottom photo* by Maria Robledo. **277:** Earrings, Cimabue. J. Antonio, NYC; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Fini, Seattle WA. Bag, Bottega Veneta, Madison Avenue NYC; Stamford CT; Beverly Hills. **278:** Teddy, La Lingerie, NYC. Silk/rayon jacket, Matsuda, NYC. Bag, Carlos Falchi. **279:** Turnout also at Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Glasses, I'dentity. Outer Vision, NYC; Optica, Beverly Hills and Costa Mesa CA. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan. Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Belt, Alex and Lee. Gayle Willson Gallery, Southampton NY. Cristina's, Andover MA. Bracelets, Jacques Carcanagues, NYC. Clutch, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman; Bob Ellis Shoes, Charleston SC. **280:** Red bag, Rafael Sanchez Designs. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC; Bal Harbour; San Francisco. Shoes, Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. **281:** Turnout also at Hudson's; Dayton's; Sanger Harris, Dallas. **282:** Earrings, Mark Davis. Body Sculpture, Boston. Bracelets by David. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. **283:** Outfit also at Neiman-Marcus, San Francisco. Bracelet, La Porte Bleue. **284:** Dress also at The Fashion, Shreveport LA; Jacobson's, Florida; Ohio; Michigan; Swansons on the Plaza. Calvin Klein Eyewear by Starline Optical. Bloomingdale's. Earrings, M & J Savitt. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac. **285:** Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Brown bag, Prada. Pink bag, Carlos Falchi. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Luggage, Bottega Veneta, Madison Avenue NYC; Stamford CT; Beverly Hills. **286-287:** Dress also at Sara Fredericks, Boston; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; I. Magnin. Bag, Judith Leiber. Bergdorf Goodman; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **288:** Turnout also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Nan Duskin; Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, Bal Harbour. Dim Hosiery. Burdines, Miami. **292:** *Above left:* Joseph Tricot wool knit dress, $250, and matching pants, $160. Joseph Tricot, NYC. *Center:* Bodysuit, Giorgio Sant' Angelo. *Below:* Kimono robe, Units by Sandra Garratt. **293:** Photo *right:* Silk tunic and skirt, Patricia Lester. To order at Barneys New York. **294-295:** Lycra maillot, about $135. Silk skirt, $630. Mid-December at Gianni Versace Boutiques NYC; Miami; Houston; Scottsdale; Los Angeles; San Francisco. **297:** Ponytail, courtesy of Theresa Wigs, NYC. **298:** Hat, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **300-301:** Turbans, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **302:** Hats, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **303:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **304-305:** Hair, Bets for Laurance les Copains; Sean Hoskins. Makeup, Levente for Laurance les Copains. **306-307:** Hair, John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC; makeup, Andrea Paoletti for Puccio & Franco. Manicure, Josephine Allen for Nails by Josephine. Shirt, Go Silk for L'Zinger, $145. Bergdorf Goodman; Tootsies, Houston; Theodore, Beverly Hills. **310-311:** Red vase, Fifty/50, NYC. Table, footstool, cane. James II Gallery, NYC; dagger, Temple Art, Inc., NYC; Regency lion-head chair, Rose Cumming, Inc., NYC. Photographed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. **310:** Model left: Necklace made for the exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Model right: Necklace, Byzantium, NYC. **311:** Turban pin available through Vishnu M. Lall, NYC. Emerald necklace and torso necklace from the Metropolitan Museum Shop, NYC. Earrings, tassel necklace, bracelet on upper arm and ring from Fred Leighton, NYC. Necklace around ankle by Dianne Spencer. Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages,hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Michel Voyski. Manicures, Cathy Fretta. **312-313:** Black urn, Niall Smith Antiques, NYC; footstool, James II Gallery, NYC; rug, Ghiordian Knot, Ltd., NYC: ram's head chairs, collection of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur L. Ross, Jr. Photographed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. **312:** Earrings from Fred Leighton, NYC. Other jewelry made for the exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. **313:** Necklace, Diane Spencer. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet from Fred Leighton, NYC. Other jewelry made for the exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Both pages, hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Michel Voyski. Manicure, Cathy Fretta. **318-319:** Hair, Craig of Kenneth Salon, NYC; makeup, Mariella Smith Masters. **332-333:** Hair by Garren for Garren, NYC; makeup by Levente for Laurance les Copains. Manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. Huskie from Linda Hanrahan/Animals for Advertising. **334-335:** Gloves, Portolano Products. **336:** Glasses, Alain Mikli. Morgenthal Opticians, NYC. Bracelets, Cara Croninger. Artwear, NYC. Bag, Ann Turk designed by Glen Miller. Trees, Cedarhurst NY; Very Contagious, Roslyn, NY. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. **337:** Pants, Fendi. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **338:** Pants, Zoran. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Bangles, Martha Bloom. Trocadero, NYC. Charm bracelet, X-Anne. Henri Bendel. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Shoes, Stephané Kélian Boutiques, NYC and Newport Beach CA. **339:** Beret, Ruza Creations. Honeybee, NYC. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Leather Bracelets, Becker/Birkani, La Rue des Rêves, NYC. Golden Nugget, Las Vegas NV. Socks, Hot Sox. Shoes, see information page 338. **340:** Grosvenor also at Henig Furs, Montgomery AL; Furs by Robert, Troy MI; Edwards-Lowell, Beverly Hills. Shirt, sweater, pants by Ralph Lauren. Glasses, Derapage for Private Eyes. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Bracelet, Isabel Canovas Boutique, NYC. **341:** Gloves, Portolano Products. **342-343:** Nylon/spandex swimsuit also at Eaton's, Canada. Goggles, Arena USA. Manicure by Cathy Fretta. **344:** Nylon/spandex suit also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; Added Touch, Pittsburgh PA. Manicure, Cathy Fretta. **345:** Nylon suit. Turban, Sachiko for La Crasia. Manicure, Cathy Fretta. **346-347:** Suit also at Atlanta Beach, Atlanta; Dianni, Bal Harbour Fl; Bliss Weekend Wear, Ontario. Cap, Speedo America. Paragon, NYC. Glasses, Sointu, NYC. Towel, Descamps, NYC. **348:** Turnout also at Frederick & Nelson. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Saks Fifth Avenue. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Kansas City MO. **349:** Turnout also at Nordstrom, Washington. Jacket at Frost Bros. Ralph Lauren Scarfs. Stockings, Hermès, NYC and San Francisco. Ralph Lauren Footwear. **350:** Earrings and bracelet, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Beene Bag. **351:** Dress also at I. Magnin. Bracelets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt and shoes, Donna Karan New York. Shoes, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **352:** David Hayes at Lord & Taylor; Saks Jandel; Jacobson's, Florida; Lillie Rubin—South & West; Montaldo's; Balliet's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Wolfman's, Houston and San Antonio; Bullocks Wilshire. Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Scarf, The Honey Collection. Bloomingdale's; Crowley Milner, Detroit; Joel's, Southern California. Bracelets, M&J Savitt. M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Dim Hosiery, Burdines, Miami. Shoes, Calvin Klein Couture. Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloria Sachs available January at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Garfinckel's; L.S. Ayres. Earrings, Laura Vogel. Rock Candy, Woodbury NY; Emphasis, Los Angeles. Shoes, Maraolo, NYC. **353:** Anne Klein & Co. Silk jacquard jacket. Linen/satin skirt. Altman's; Marissa Boutique, Naples FL; Balliet's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. Hat by David. Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Barneys New York. Dim Hosiery, Burdines, Miami. Albert Nipon Footwear. Mondi wool gabardine suit. Viscose shirt. Turnout at Mondi, NYC; Marie Claire, Washington DC; The Village Shop, Palm Beach; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Halls Plaza Store, Kansas City MO; Esther Wolf, Houston; Lafayette LA; Julian Gold, San Antonio and Midland TX; Wagener European Fashion, La Jolla CA; I. Magnin. Bracelets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Belt, Alden Howard. Shoes, Andrew Geller. Lord & Taylor. **354:** Turnout also at I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. Riviera Glasses. Lord & Taylor. Ball bracelets, M & J Savitt. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Bangles, Carol for Eva Graham. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Barneys New York. Leg Looks by Burlington. Macy's, Herald Square. Shoes, Paul Mayer. Shoes Plus, White Plains NY, Paramus & Whippany NJ. Serena D' Italia, Newport Beach CA. **355:** Turnout also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin (to order). Earrings, Melissa & Ernest Jackson. The Kruger Gallery, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Panty stockings, see information page 354. Shoes, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **356:** Skirt fabric, see information page 357. Raincoat, Paul Stuart, NYC. Glasses, Alain Mikli. Gloves, Chanel. Bloomingdale's. Belt, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor; Kaybees, Providence RI. Bag, Omega. Hue Hosiery. Marshall Field's. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour/Martinique. **357:** Coat and pant fabric at Kaplan Fabrics, Kansas City MO. Lining fabric at Rosen & Chadick, NYC. Glasses, Derapage for Private Eyes. Bracelet, Laura Vogel. Gindi, NYC. Bag, Omega. Ralph Lauren Hosiery. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour.
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Back views, yardages, details of pages 356-357

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